Dec. 30, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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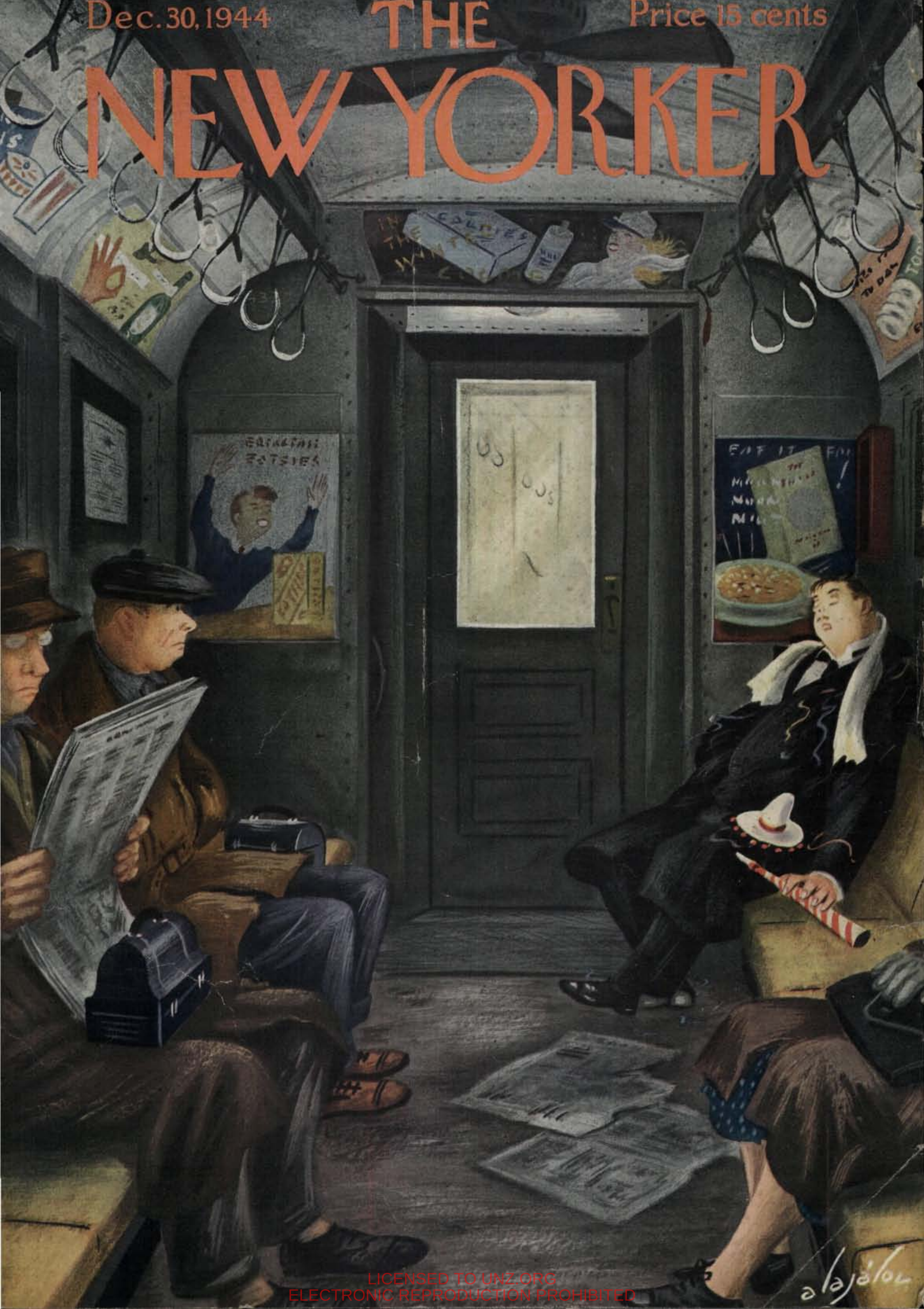

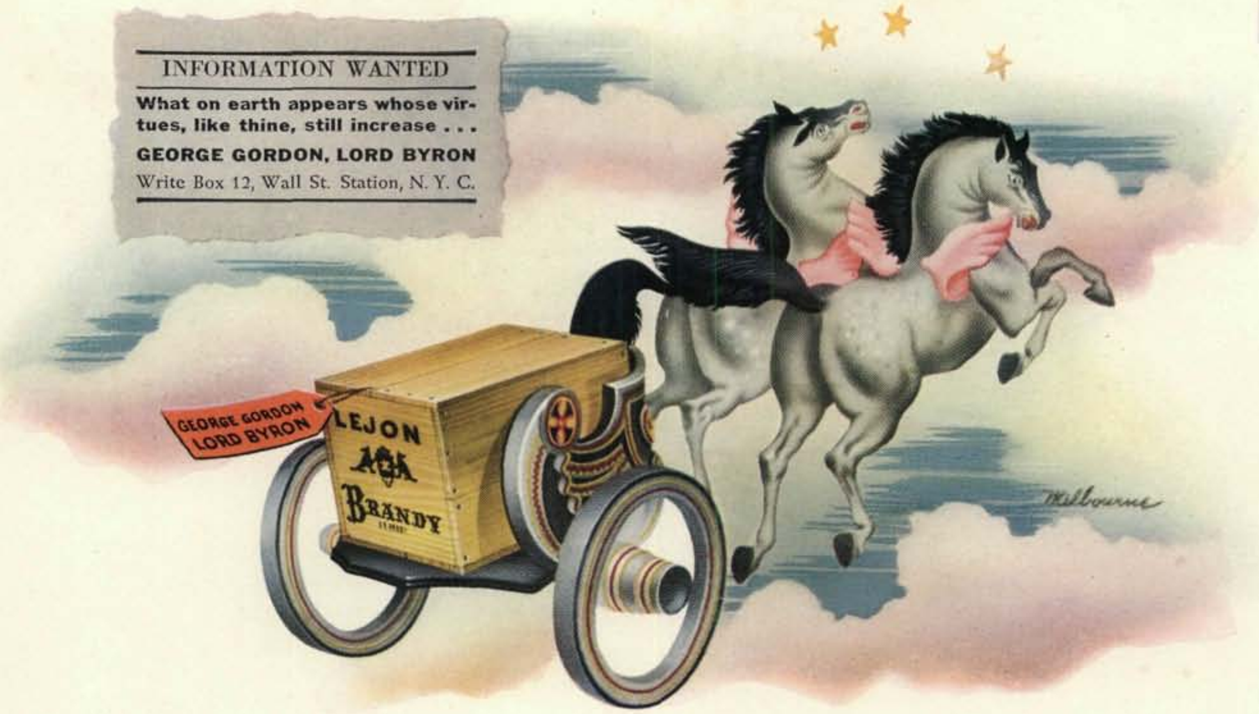

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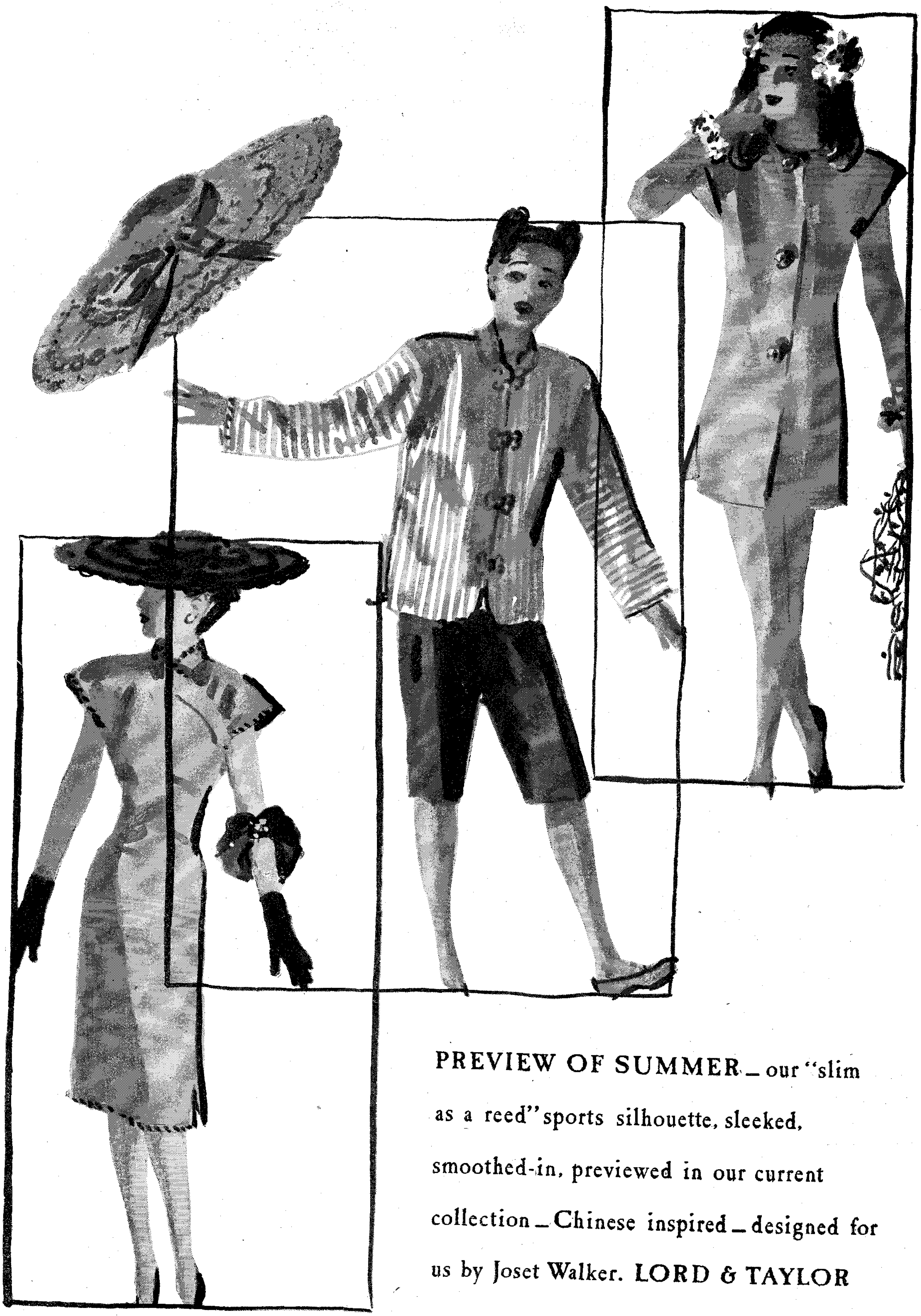

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 6.

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, there will be some juggling of schedules because of New Year's. There may be further changes at the last minute, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior Victorian thriller, now in its fourth year. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphries are those principally involved. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Dec. 30.)

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mats. Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 28-29, and Sun., Dec. 31, at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March makes up for the play's rather patronizing air with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Dec. 28, at 2:40.)

Catherine Was Great—Mae West's own version of Russian history, or Diamond Lil transplanted to Moscow. Funny in spots, but on the whole a pretty rudimentary piece of work. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Cherry Orchard—A return engagement of Margaret Webster's revival of Chekhov's most touching play. With Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Mon. through Sat. Eves., Jan. 1-6, at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat., Jan. 3 and 6, at 2:30.)

Chicken Every Sunday—An amiable play about a Tucson landlady and her impractical husband, with a cast headed by Lois Wilson and Sidney Blackmer. You might do much worse. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Jan. 6.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her elder sister in quite a fix. Routine, but rather nice. Virginia Gilmore heads the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Embezzled Heaven—An adaptation of the Werfel novel, which comes out pretty badly in spite of Ethel Barrymore's majestic presence. The cast also includes Albert Basserman, Eduard Franz, and Sanford Meisner. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Hand in Glove—Perversion and insanity in a psychological melodrama that is rather more unpleasant than exciting. With Isobel Elsom and George Lloyd. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mats. Thurs., Fri., and Mon., Dec. 28, 29, and Jan. 1, at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians as Mama, and Oscar Homolka as a sporty relative, are both excellent. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35; special Mat. Mon., Jan. 1, at 2:35.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Franz Werfel's slightly disappointing play (as rewritten by S. N. Behrman) about two refugees from France. The cast includes Oscar Karlweis and Louis Calhern. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., Jan. 1, at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—A rather frail piece about a couple of youngsters who pretend they're going to have a baby. Directed by George Abbott, with a fine cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Moves on Sun., Dec. 31, to the Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Late George Apley—This adaptation of the Marquand novel may have been broadened and simplified a little too much, but it is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe in the title rôle. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. With Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Little Women—A revival of the Marian DeForest dramatization, with Mary Welch, Frances Reid, and Margot Stevenson. Directed by Jessie Royce Landis and produced by Eddie Dowling. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Mats. Thurs., Dec. 28, at 2:30 P.M., and Fri. and Sat., Dec. 29-30, at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M.)

The Perfect Marriage—Samson Raphaelson's study of a couple who suddenly discover that ten years is a long time to be married. Chiefly a dialogue between Miriam Hopkins and Victor Jory, and not a very interesting one at that. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman combines an account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that may be a little difficult and disappointing to her admirers. Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Barbara O'Neil are in it. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Snafu—A play about the return of an adolescent hero that might have been a good deal better if some of its broader comedy effects had been left out. A personal triumph for a young actor called Billy Redfield, who is chiefly assisted by Elspeth Eric, Russell Hardie, Bethel Leslie, and Enid Markey. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Moves on Mon., Jan. 1, to the Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken's comedy about a returning soldier and his wife, who has decided to publish a book of her letters to him. Some comic moments, but on the whole not a very stimulating evening. With Martha Scott, Myron McCormick, and Glenn Anders. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—In Agatha Christie's book everybody got killed, but in this version there are two survivors. Not quite as good as the original but still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but finally develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, with a small cast consisting of Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Sophie—A play by George Ross and Rose C. Feld based on a series of stories by Miss Feld, with Katina Paxinou, Will Geer, and Donald Buka. Directed by Michael Gordon and produced by Meyer Davis and George Ross. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the eighteen-sixties. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but Agnes de Mille's ballets are superb and the cast, headed by Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., Jan. 1, at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, beautiful musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. The cast also includes George Givot and Paul Haakon. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., Jan. 1, at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., Jan. 1, at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue that comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Sadie Thompson—Howard Dietz, Rouben Mamoulian, and Vernon Duke have turned Mr. Maugham's short story into a spectacle that is one of the things you ought to see. June Havoc and Lansing Hatfield represent rampant sex and clerical dirty work respectively. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., Jan. 1, at 2:30.)

Seven Lively Arts—Beatrice Lillie's triumphant return in Billy Rose's stupendous and, on the whole, entertaining spectacle. Cole Porter wrote the music and there are sketches by Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, and Ben Hecht. With Bert Lahr, Doc Rockwell, and Alicia Markova. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and nice to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Laffing Room Only—Another Olsen and Johnson show, this time with Frank Libuse and Betty Garrett. Staged by John Murray Anderson; pro-

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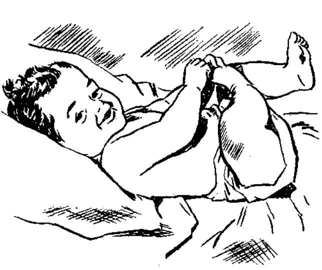

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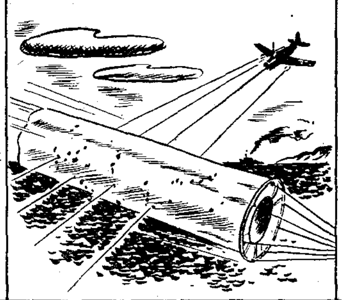

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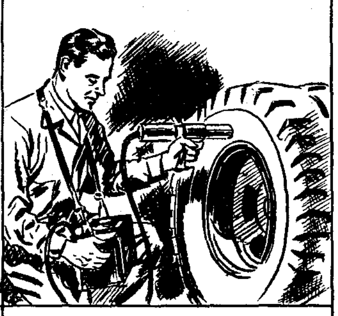

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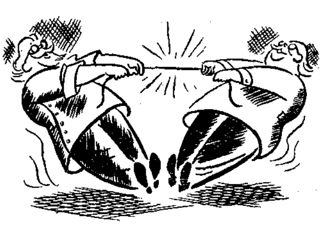

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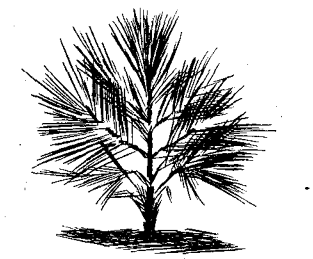

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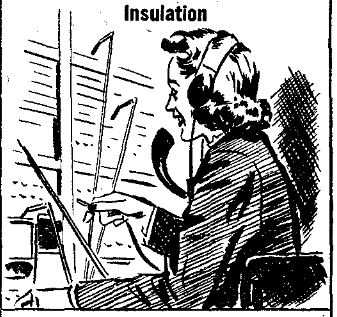

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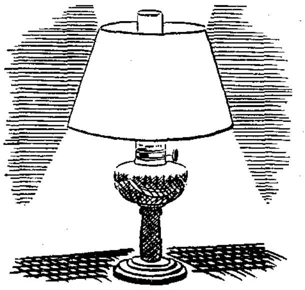

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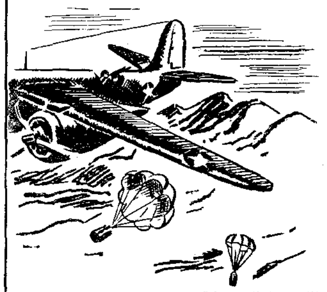

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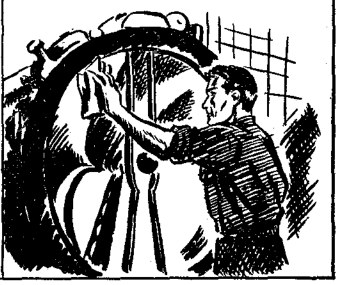

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 6.

duced by Olsen and Johnson and the Shuberts. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except Jan. 3, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., Jan. 1, at 2:30.)

Sing Out, Sweet Land!—Alfred Drake and Burl Ives in a folk play by Walter Kerr, with folk music arranged by Elie Siegmeister. Directed by Leon Leonidoff and produced by the Theatre Guild. (International, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

On the Town—A musical comedy with a score by Leonard Bernstein. The cast includes Nancy Walker, Sono Osato, and Robert Chisholm. Staged by George Abbott and produced by Oliver Smith and Paul Feigay. Opens Thurs., Dec. 28. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Trio—A play by Dorothy and Howard Baker, with Lydia St. Clair, Lois Wheeler, and Richard Widmark. Directed by Bretaigne Windust and produced by Lee Sabinson. Opens Fri., Dec. 29. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Opening night at 8:30; other nights, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Hasty Heart—A play by John Patrick, with Richard Basehart, Anne Burr, and John Lund. Directed by Bretaigne Windust and produced by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Opens Wed., Jan. 3. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves. at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mats. Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 28-29, and Mon., Jan. 1, at 2:40.)

Paul Draper and Larry Adler—In a joint recital. Nightly, through Sun., Dec. 31, at 8:30. Mat. Sun., Dec. 31, at 2:30. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.) . . . Paul Draper, solo, in a dance recital; a benefit for the Hamilton School. Fri., Jan. 5, at 9 P.M. (Place to be announced; for information, call BU 8-4072.)

Katherine Dunham—With her "Tropical Revue." Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

The Sue Hastings Marionettes—"Cinderella," Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 28-30, and Sat., Jan. 6, at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

Junior Dramatic Workshop—"The Travels of Danny Doubt and Tommy Trust," a fantasy based on a Tolstoi story: Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 28-29, at 2:30 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 6 Ave. at 58. CI 7-7000); Sat., Dec. 30 and Jan. 6, and Sun., Dec. 31, at 2:30 P.M. (Master Institute, Riverside Dr. at 103. AC 4-1700.)

Children's Repertoire Theatre—"On the Banks of the Wabash," a melodrama by Leroi Lane: Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 28-29, at 2:30 P.M. (City College Auditorium, Lexington at 23. PE 6-2634.)

Adelphi Children's Theatre—"The Golden Cockerel," a ballet play based on the Elaine and Willy Pogany story: Thurs., Dec. 28, at 2 and 3:30 P.M. (Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

Heckscher Children's Theatre—A dramatization of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland": Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 28-30, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A holiday-season playroom (no adults admitted), with sketching facilities and games as well as a special exhibit of modern painting, is open weekdays, except New Year's Day, from 10 A.M. to 12 noon and 2 to 5 P.M., and Sun. from 2 to 5 P.M. (For reservations, call CI 5-8900.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, other entertainment, or both. A few of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—William Scotti's orchestra plays soothing dance music in the serene and spacious Trianon Room.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Joan Hyldoft, pink and beautiful, surrounded by a lot of competent ice show. Enoch Light's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, and Ed Hall's orchestra; i.e., why ever go home?

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—The old, original, down-cellar stand, with solid piano playing by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson and solid folk songs by Josh White. Phil Moore's orchestra is also around.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Down among the sweltering palms with Jane Froman and ninety-three loudspeakers. George Olsen's and Joel Harron's orchestras, and a show of sorts. . . . The gaudy Copa Bar has the Milt Herth Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Peacock Alley, Vanity Fair, and Navy Day, all in one small room. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Raymon's rumba band play for the parade.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner and sedate romping afterward to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Night life as you see it in the movies, Technicolor and all. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the ingenious mindreader, and Stanley Melba's agile orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde's romp at the Persian Room comes to an end on Wed., Jan. 3. Beginning the next evening, Gali Gali will entertain at dinner and Celeste Holm at supper. The genteel but cheerful music of Bob Grant's orchestra and Mark Monte's ensemble will still be on hand. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court Lounge.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The handsome Iridium Room has Fred Miller's orchestra. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is a small show and a couple of little orchestras for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Café Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by some fairly lush dance music. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Stan Keller's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Annamary Dickey and a ballet team, Volkoff and Milada, are back in the Wedgwood Room after the theatre. Mischa Borr's band is on hand then, too, as well as Leo Reisman's orchestra, which is around all evening. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—At the **blue angel**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): merry lampooning by George and Gene Bernard and merry (mostly) music by Claude Alphand, the Herman Chittison Trio, Pearl Bailey, and Maxine Sullivan, who will be replaced by Evelyn Knight on Thurs., Jan. 4. . . . **le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Imogene Coca dispensing her special brand of free-associational humor, with Cedric Wallace's trio and Day, Dawn, and Dusk to help out. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Ted Hunter providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk.

Miscellaneous—At **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M. in a highly decorative setting. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): little and lighthearted; Jacques Thaler's orchestra for dancing after 11 P.M. . . . **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the côtelette à la Kiev than for the goings on in the floor show; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson (at the supper hour), chockful of glamour, and a show full of tasty show girls; Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **zanzibar**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco, Bill Robinson, and Louis Armstrong's band are much the best of a show you won't put in your memory book. . . . **commodore**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Hal McIntyre's orchestra. . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra. . . . **lincoln**, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Count Basie's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Les Brown's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **el chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): fairly Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band.

●

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **nick's**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, and Muggsy Spanier scorching the midnight air. . . . **pied piper**, 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): James P. Johnson's fine new band, which includes Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, and Willie the Lion Smith's neat new trio; dancing. . . . **onyx**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): vivid sound effects by Stuff Smith's trio, and jazz by Barney Bigard's quintet. . . . **spotlite**, 56 W. 52 (EL 5-8148): a new place, off to a good start with Harry Gibson at the piano, Charlie Shavers' band, Tiny Grimes' quartet, and (when she's in the mood) Billie Holiday. . . . **hickory house**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's full-blown clarinet and Adele Girard's hot harp to keep your feet warm. . . . **three deuces**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Art Tatum being completely at home on his Steinway; also a trio. . . . **downbeat**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' eminent band, Trummie Young, and a hot trio. . . . **jimmy ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio thumping away; dancing. . . . **village vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): one of the town's best cellars, since it has the Leonard Ware Trio; dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on New Year's Day.)

Abstract and Surrealist—Paintings by Americans: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

American—At the **babcock**, 38 E. 57: paintings by nineteenth-century artists, as well as such contemporaries as Revington Arthur, Douglas Gorsline, and Sol Wilson. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 6. . . . **milch**, 108 W. 57: paintings by early and present-day artists. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

Julien Binford—Paintings of New York Harbor: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 13.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—European paintings of the Renaissance and nineteenth and twentieth centuries, from the permanent collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Mon., Jan. 1.

Byron Browne—New abstract paintings: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 6.

David Burliuk—Recent oils: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

Chess in Art—Painting and sculpture which the game inspired, by Marcel Duchamp, Ossip Zadkine, Max Ernst, and others: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

José de Creeft—Recent sculpture: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 28.

Cristofanetti—New paintings: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

Raoul Dufy—His race-track scenes, in water color and oil: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 18.

Angna Enters—Paintings and sketches by the versatile mime: Newhouse, 15 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

Europeans—Work by artists who exhibited at the "Salon d'Automne" in prewar Paris: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

Henri Farge—Caricatures of Parisian people and places: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

André Girard—Paintings of flowers and a series on the Fourteen Stations of the Cross: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

Esther Goetz—Oils, water colors, and drawings of the city: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Sun. and New Year's Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; other days, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

Groups—At the **clay club**, 4 W. 8: new work by twenty-four sculptors, among whom are Hugo Robus, Chaim Gross, and José de Creeft. Tues. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 7. . . . **new art circle**, 41 E. 57: work by Kandinsky, Klee, Mondrian, and other Europeans and Americans. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30. . . . **a.c.a.**, 63 E. 57: a painting apiece by Philip Evergood, David

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 6.

Burliuk, and a dozen other artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30. . . . **67 GALLERY**, 67 E. 57: paintings and sculpture by William Baziotes, Eugene Berman, Adolf Gottlieb, and other moderns. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30. . . . **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: a cosmopolitan collection with Vlaminck, Rivera, and others. Tues. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 5. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: the annual show of paintings for the young collector. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30. . . . **LEVITT**, 16 W. 57: work by such artists as Everett Spruce, Oronzo Gasparo and Maxim Kopf. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 6. . . . **BONESTELL**, 18 E. 57: Jean Charlot, Eric Isenburger, Joseph Solman, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 11); through Sat., Dec. 30. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: paintings by seventy-four American artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 28. . . . **WILLARD**, 32 E. 57: a small show, including some Calder jewelry. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30. . . . **INTERNATIONAL PRINT SOCIETY**, 38 W. 57: small paintings and water colors. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., Jan. 3. . . . **FEIGL**, 601 Madison, at 57: well-selected flower paintings by modern American and French painters. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30. . . . **NORLYST**, 59 W. 56: paintings and sculpture by contemporary artists. Daily 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

MARSDEN HARTLEY—At the **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: paintings, old and new. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: drawings, pastels, and silverpoints. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

WILLIAM H. JOHNSON—More paintings in the same simple style: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

KANDINSKY—A memorial show: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 6.

FRANK KLEINHOLZ—New paintings: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Thurs., 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

JOHN MARIN—New oils and water colors: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; New Year's Day, 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 17.

JACQUES MAROGER—The former technical director of the Louvre, who has analyzed the way in which the Renaissance masters prepared and painted their canvases, applies the method in meticulous paintings of his own: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Ten Gobelin tapestries which have been presented to the Museum by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; also, the Museum's collection of medieval sculpture and tapestries, which has been in storage since the beginning of the war. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's Day, 1 to 5 P.M.

GRANDMA MOSES—The rural naïve paints the same pleasant countryside with increased technique: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Retrospective shows of work by Lyonel Feininger and Marsden Hartley. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's Day, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Jan. 14.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of paintings by Hilla Rebay, Harry Bertoia, Emil Bisttran, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's Day, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 15.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—Works in many mediums by merchant seamen of the United Nations (through Wed., Jan. 3); also, drawings by members of the Academy and others (through Jan. 10). Daily 1 to 5 P.M.

NEWARK MUSEUM, 49 Washington Pk. W., Newark—Painting and sculpture from the Museum's collection of American art, with special emphasis on contemporary work. Tues. through Sat., 12 noon to 5:30 P.M. (also Wed. and Thurs. Eves., 7 to 9:30); Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 25.

KURT SELIGMANN—Recent paintings: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., Jan. 2.

DARIO VITERBO—Sculpture and drawings; also, elaborate political caricatures and miniatures by Arthur Szyk: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 30.

ISABELLE WALDBERG—Constructions; also, drawings and paintings by Rudolph Ray: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 6.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Dec. 28, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 29, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Dec. 30, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., Dec. 31, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Jan. 4, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Jan. 5, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Jan. 6, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Nathan Milstein, violin, Dec. 28-31; Fritz Kreisler, violin, Jan. 4-5; Leonard Rose, cello, Jan. 6.)

JAZZ AND CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT—Chamber music by the Gordon String Quartet; jazz by a quartet made up of Art Hodes (piano), Max Kaminsky (trumpet), Sidney Bechet (saxophone), and Eddie Dougherty (drums): Sat., Jan. 6, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"La Traviata," Thurs., Dec. 28, at 2 P.M. . . . "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Thurs., Dec. 28, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Faust," Fri., Dec. 29, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Norma," Sat., Dec. 30, at 2 P.M. . . . "Il Trovatore," Sat., Dec. 30, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "La Bohème," Sun., Dec. 31, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Aïda," Mon., Jan. 1, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Rigoletto," Wed., Jan. 3, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Pelleas et Melisande," Thurs., Jan. 4, at 8 P.M. . . . "The Magic Flute," Fri., Jan. 5, at 8 P.M. . . . "Lucia di Lammermoor," Sat., Jan. 6, at 2 P.M. . . . "Carmen," Sat., Jan. 6, at 8 P.M. (PE 6-1210.)

DALIES FRANTZ—Piano. Fri., Dec. 29, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

BEVERIDGE WEBSTER—Piano. Tues., Jan. 2, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

ELLEN REPP—Contralto. Tues., Jan. 2, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ABBEY SIMON—Piano. Wed., Jan. 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

RUTH KISCH-ARNDT—Contralto, with the Kinnor Sinfonietta, in a program of Jewish religious and secular music. Wed., Jan. 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

JOSÉ ECHANIZ—Piano. Fri., Jan. 5, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ETHEL BARTLETT AND RAE ROBERTSON—Piano. Fri., Jan. 5, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

BRONISLAW HUBERMAN—Violin. Sat., Jan. 6, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. RH 4-1500, Ext. 60.)

MAURICE EISENBERG—Cello. Sat., Jan. 6, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—Madison Square Garden—L.I.U. vs. Wyoming, and City College vs. Hamline, Thurs., Dec. 28; N.Y.U. vs. Colgate, and St. John's vs. Dartmouth, Sat., Dec. 30; L.I.U. vs. Kentucky, and Brooklyn vs. Texas Christian, Mon., Jan. 1; St. John's vs. City College, and N.Y.U. vs. Cornell, Wed., Jan. 3; N.Y.U. vs. Connecticut, and St. John's vs. R.I. State, Sat., Jan. 6; at 8:30 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Danny Bartfield vs. Morris Reif, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Dec. 29; Fritzie Zivic vs. Billy Arnold, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Jan. 5. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Boston, Sun., Dec. 31; Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs., Jan. 4; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur Series games: Sun., Dec. 31, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; New Year's Day, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily, including New Year's Day, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Feb. 15.

POULTRY SHOW—More than three thousand entries of prize fowl, as well as Belgian hares and other rabbits: Madison Square Garden. Thurs., Dec. 28, from 12 noon to 10 P.M.; and Fri. through Mon., Dec. 29-Jan. 1, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

DRESS—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: a fancy analysis of clothing, past and present, and its relation to the human form. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's Day, 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 4. . . . **COSTUME INSTITUTE**, 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

THEATRE—Prompt books, manuscripts, costumes, and other memorabilia relating to the careers of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern, presented to the Museum by Miss Marlowe: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Sun. and New Year's Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; other days, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 8.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Inscriptions, texts, and illuminated manuscripts, from 2600 B.C. to the fifteenth century. Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 14.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 W. 57—Books and prints from the libraries of Lt. Comdr. Oliver B. James and others: Tues. and Wed., Jan. 2-3, at 2 P.M.

ON THE AIR

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Dec. 31, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra: Saul Caston conducting, Sat., Dec. 30; Pierre Monteux conducting, Sat., Jan. 6; at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Dec. 30 and Jan. 6, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sun., Dec. 31, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Sun., Dec. 31, at 9:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Indianapolis Symphony, Fabien Sevitzky conducting, Sat., Dec. 30 and Jan. 6, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . Jazz concert, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Dec. 30 and Jan. 6, at 1 P.M., WJZ. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Norma," Sat., Dec. 30; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Sat., Jan. 6; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Fritz Kreisler, violin, Mon., Jan. 1, at 9 P.M., WEAF.

SPORTS—Boxing: Danny Bartfield vs. Morris Reif, Fri., Dec. 29; Fritzie Zivic vs. Billy Arnold, Fri., Jan. 5; at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Football, Mon., Jan. 1: Orange Bowl, Georgia Tech vs. Tulsa, at 1:45 P.M., WABC; Cotton Bowl, Texas Christian vs. Oklahoma Agricultural, at 2 P.M., WOR; Sugar Bowl, Duke vs. Alabama, at 2:45 P.M., WJZ; Rose Bowl, Southern California vs. Tennessee, at 4:45 P.M., WEAF; East-West all-star game, at 4:45 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Sun. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., and Wed. at 10:15 P.M., and Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. (beginning Mon., Jan. 1) at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe (from Europe), Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Sumner Welles, Wed. at 10 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

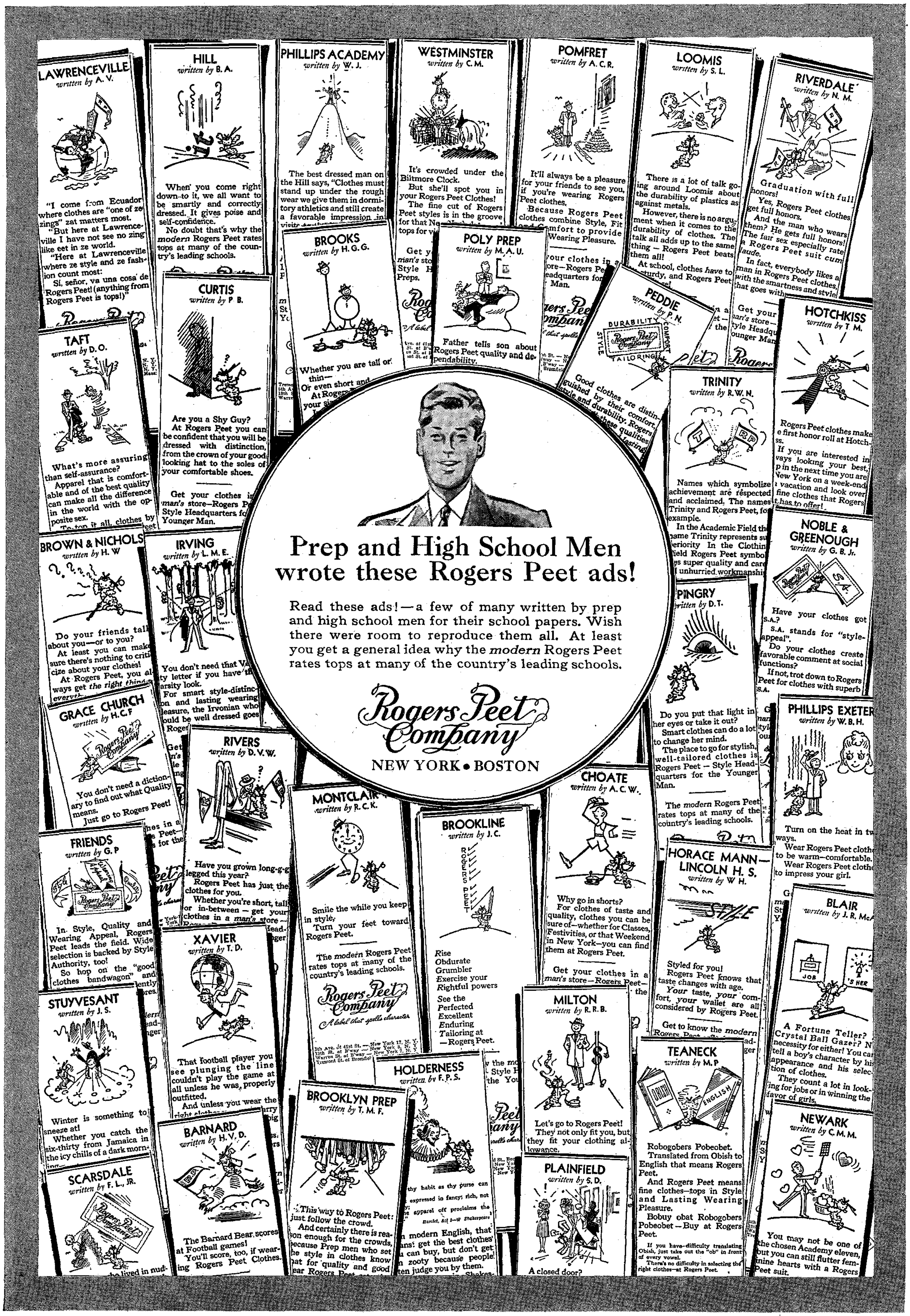
CASANOVA BROWN—Moments of good screwball comedy interspersed with moments of poor screwball comedy. Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, and Frank Morgan make themselves very useful. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 3-4.)

DOUBLE INDEMNITY—A lady heel and a man heel kill a husband, with considerable ingenuity. The cast is headed by Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 29-Jan. 1. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Dec. 30-Jan. 2. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Wed., Dec. 31-Jan. 3. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Mon. through Wed., Jan. 1-3.)

DRAGON SEED—Lavish but honest tribute to China's courage in war, with Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, Katharine Hepburn, and Akim Tamiroff performing stoutly in fancy dress. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Fri. through Sun., Dec. 29-31.)

GOING MY WAY—Light, agreeable tribute to the Catholic clergy, with Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald, and Risë Stevens. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Mon., Jan. 1.)

IRISH EYES ARE SMILING—Damon Runyon produces a hymn to the memory of the composer Ernest R. Ball which is otherwise ordinary Twentieth Century-Fox musical stuff. June Haver, Dick Haymes, and Monty Woolley. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181;



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"Here at Lawrenceville where ze style and ze fashion count most:

Sí, señor, va una cosa de Rogers Peet! (anything from Rogers Peet is tops!)"

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The best dressed man on the Hill says, "Clothes must stand up under the rough wear we give them in dormitory athletics and still create a favorable impression in

WESTMINSTER
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It's crowded under the Biltmore Clock.

But she'll spot you in your Rogers Peet Clothes!

The fine cut of Rogers Peet styles is in the groove for that

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POMFRET
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It'll always be a pleasure for your friends to see you, if you're wearing Rogers Peet clothes.

Because Rogers Peet clothes combine Style, Fit and Comfort to provide Wearing Pleasure.

LOOMIS
written by S. L.

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However, there is no argument when it comes to the durability of clothes. The talk all adds up to the same thing—Rogers Peet beats them all!

At school, clothes *have* to be sturdy, and Rogers Peet

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Yes, Rogers Peet clothes get full honors.

And the man who wears them? He gets full honors! The fair sex especially rate a Rogers Peet suit *cum laude.*

In fact, everybody likes a man in Rogers Peet clothes, with the smartness and style that goes with

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Apparel that is comfortable and of the best quality can make all the difference in the world with the opposite sex.

CURTIS
written by P. B.

Are you a Shy Guy?

At Rogers Peet you can be confident that you will be dressed with distinction, from the crown of your good looking hat to the soles of your comfortable shoes.

Get your clothes in a *man's* store—Rogers Peet
Style Headquarters for the
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BROOKS
written by H. G. G.

Whether you are tall or thin—
Or even short and

POLY PREP
written by M. A. U.

Father tells son about Rogers Peet quality and dependability.

PEDDIE
written by P. N.

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HOTCHKISS
written by T. M.

TRINITY
written by R. W. N.

Names which symbolize achievement are respected and acclaimed. The names Trinity and Rogers Peet, for example.

BROWN & NICHOLS
written by H. W

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At least you can make sure there's nothing to criticize about your clothes!

At Rogers Peet, you always get *the right thing*

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written by L. M. E.

You don't need that Varsity letter if you have the varsity look.

For smart style-distinction and lasting wearing pleasure, the Irvonian who would be well dressed goes to Rogers

GRACE CHURCH
written by H. C. F

You don't need a dictionary to find out what Quality means.

Just go to Rogers Peet!

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Have you grown long-g-g-legged this year?

Rogers Peet has just the clothes for you.

Whether you're short, tall or in-between—get your clothes in a *man's store*—

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written by G. B. Jr.

Have your clothes got S.A.?

S.A. stands for "style-appeal".

Do your clothes create favorable comment at social functions?

If not, trot down to Rogers Peet for clothes with superb S.A.

PINGRY
written by D. T.

Do you put that light in her eyes or take it out?

Smart clothes can do a lot to change her mind.

The place to go for stylish, well-tailored clothes is Rogers Peet—Style Headquarters for the Younger Man.

The *modern* Rogers Peet rates tops at many of the country's leading schools.

PHILLIPS EXETER
written by W. B. H.

FRIENDS
written by G. P

In Style, Quality and Wearing Appeal, Rogers Peet leads the field. Wide selection is backed by Style Authority, too!

So hop on the "good clothes bandwagon" and

MONTCLAIR
written by R. C. K.

Smile the while you keep in style,

Turn your feet toward Rogers Peet.

The *modern* Rogers Peet rates tops at many of the country's leading schools.

Rogers Peet Company
A label that spells character

5th Ave. at 41st St.—New York 17, N. Y.
13th St. at B'way—New York 3, N. Y.
Warren St. at B'way—New York 7, N. Y.
Tremont St. at Bromfield

BROOKLINE
written by J. C.

*R*ise
*O*bdurate
*G*rumbler
*E*xercise your
*R*ightful powers
*S*ee the
*P*erfected
*E*xcellent
*E*nduring
*T*ailoring at
—Rogers Peet.

CHOATE
written by A. C. W.

Why go in shorts?

For clothes of taste and quality, clothes you can be sure of—whether for Classes, Festivities, or that Weekend in New York—you can find them at Rogers Peet.

Get your clothes in a *man's* store—Rogers Peet—

HORACE MANN—LINCOLN H. S.
written by W H.

Styled for you!

Rogers Peet knows that taste changes with age.

Your taste, *your* comfort, *your* wallet are all considered by Rogers Peet.

Get to know the *modern* Rogers Peet

BLAIR
written by J. R. McA

A Fortune Teller? Crystal Ball Gazer? No necessity for either! You can tell a boy's character by his appearance and his selection of clothes.

They count a lot in looking for jobs or in winning the favor of girls.

XAVIER
written by T. D.

That football player you see plunging the line couldn't play the game at all unless he was properly outfitted.

And unless you wear the

STUYVESANT
written by J. S.

Winter is something to sneeze at!

Whether you catch the six-thirty from Jamaica in the icy chills of a dark morn-

SCARSDALE
written by F. L., JR.

BARNARD
written by H. V. D.

The Barnard Bear scores at Football games!

You'll score, too, if wearing Rogers Peet Clothes.

BROOKLYN PREP
written by T. M. F.

This way to Rogers Peet: just follow the crowd.

And certainly there is reason enough for the crowds, because Prep men who set the style in clothes know that for quality and good

HOLDERNESS
written by F. P. S.

MILTON
written by R. R. B.

Let's go to Rogers Peet!

They not only fit you, but they fit your clothing allowance.

PLAINFIELD
written by S. D.

A closed door?

TEANECK
written by M. P

Robogobers Pobeobet.

Translated from Obish to English that means Rogers Peet.

And Rogers Peet means fine clothes—tops in Style and Lasting Wearing Pleasure.

Bobuy obat Robogobers Pobeobet—Buy at Rogers Peet.

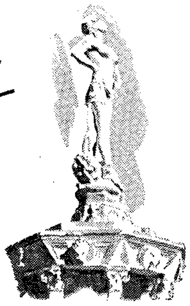
If you have difficulty translating Obish, just take out the "ob" in front of every vowel.

There's no difficulty in selecting the right clothes—at Rogers Peet.

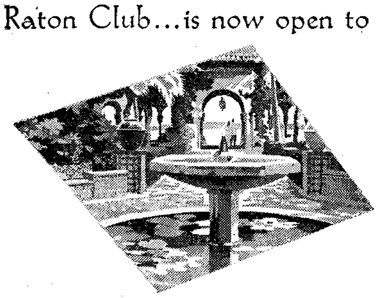
NEWARK
written by C. M. M.

You may not be one of the chosen Academy eleven, but you can still flutter feminine hearts with a Rogers Peet suit.

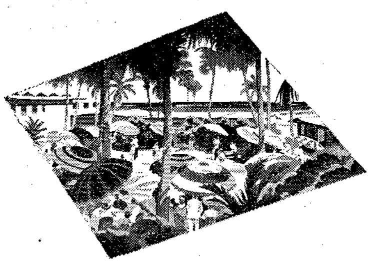
Florida's secret paradise



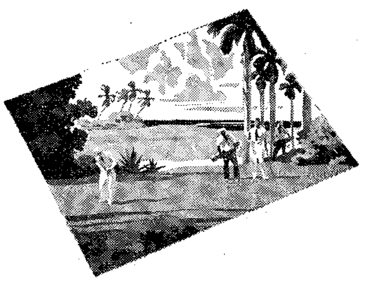
Fabulously beautiful Boca Raton ...formerly a private haven for members of the exclusive Boca Raton Club...is now open to a



discerning clientele. Secluded, unspoiled, Boca Raton is a completely self-contained resort hotel...with every facility for



sports and entertainment within its own boundaries. You are invited to write for information regarding rates and reservations.



THE Boca Raton

Between Palm Beach and Miami
FLORIDA
GORDON B. ANDERSON, GENERAL MANAGER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 6.

through Fri., Dec. 29. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. through Sat., Jan. 3-6.)

Kismet—Ronald Colman and Marlene Dietrich looking handsome and lighthearted in a riot of Technicolor in old Bagdad. No significance attempted and none gained. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Fri., Dec. 29. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Wed., Dec. 30-Jan. 3. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. through Wed., Dec. 31-Jan. 3.)

The Master Race—There is good stuff and much that is shoddy in this over-quickly made account of Nazi influences in Europe after the war. With George Coulouris and Stanley Ridges. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs., Dec. 28. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Sat., Dec. 30.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien, Mary Astor, and Leon Ames. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

Mr. Skeffington—A long, uneven one about a man and his skittish wife. You've got to like Bette Davis, but many do. She's the wife and Claude Rains is the man. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Dec. 28.)

Mrs. Parkington—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in a long toast to the days when anything went, financially. From a novel by Louis Bromfield. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., Jan. 3.)

National Velvet—Preposterous but charming story about how a twelve-year-old girl wins the Grand National on a horse she won in a lottery. Elizabeth Taylor and Mickey Rooney are in this version of Enid Bagnold's novel. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

None But the Lonely Heart—Confused film version of a confused novel of London low life, splendidly played by Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barry Fitzgerald. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Sat. through Wed., Dec. 30-Jan. 3.)

The Rainbow—Russian film dealing quietly and powerfully with German oppression in the Ukraine. English subtitles. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41.)

The Seventh Cross—Popular novel of anti-Nazi activities and escapes with several Hollywood improvements. Spencer Tracy, Hume Cronyn, and others. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Fri., Dec. 29. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Dec. 30. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 29-Jan. 1. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Dec. 31-Jan. 3.)

Since You Went Away—Tears and laughter on the home front. An abundant cast, led by Claudette Colbert, moves tenderly from cliché to cliché for the best part of three hours. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Dec. 28. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. through Wed., Jan. 1-3.)

The Story of Dr. Wassell—The heroism on Java of a Navy doctor of whom you may have heard. There's a lot that's phony about the picture, but the factual parts are still impressive. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Signe Hasso. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Mon. through Wed., Jan. 1-3.)

To Have and Have Not—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. This melodrama has Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Walter Brennan, and faint roots in the novel by Hemingway. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Winged Victory—Moss Hart's tribute to the Air Force makes a better movie than a play, but it is still not exactly grownup entertainment. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

REVIVALS

George Washington Slept Here (1942)—Ann Sheridan and Jack Benny in an adaptation of the play about life in Bucks County. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., Dec. 28.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Tallulah Bankhead and William Bendix torpedoed and set adrift by Alfred Hitchcock. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' tricky treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 2-4.)

Nine Days a Queen (1936)—About Lady Jane Grey. Nova Pilbeam and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 2-4.)

Saludos Amigos (1943)—The Walt Disney film about South America. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Dec. 29.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (World, 153 W. 49; through Wed., Jan. 3.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. and New Year's Day, at 1:30, 3:30 and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule—THROUGH SUN., DEC. 31: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), with Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet. . . . FROM MON., JAN. 1: eight short films illustrating the development of the narrative form in motion pictures (1895-1912).

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

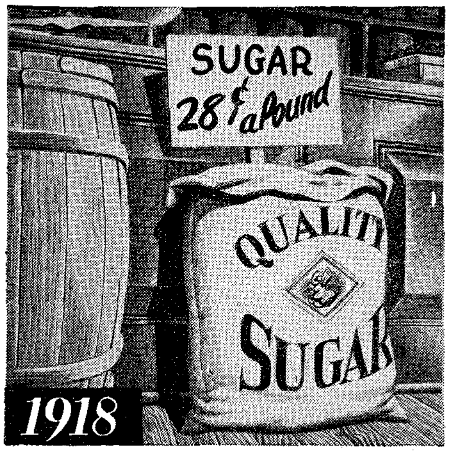
Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): women to take a six-week, part-time course in child care and then work two half days a week in day nurseries; men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a short course and then work at least two half days a week in the Red Cross Canteen Service; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. (For nurses' aide work, apply at 401 5 Ave., at 37.) . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487): women to spend several hours a week, during the day, in A.W.V.S. workshops, making layettes and children's clothes for Army, Navy, and foreign relief; women to work daytimes or evenings as recreation group leaders or craft teachers in settlement houses. . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least three daytime hours, twice a week, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and libraries; men to work in hospitals one or two evenings a week at various necessary jobs. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for social-service clinic patients; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in a veterans' rehabilitation center.

Salvage—Wastepaper (still very important) and tin cans of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

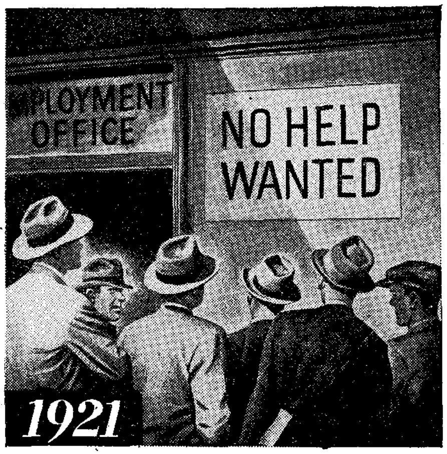
Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for small games, radios, records, and foreign-language and travel books. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 2 Park, at 33 (MU 5-1976); and the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . The Greek War Relief Association (CI 5-9100), is collecting practical clothing, in good condition, to send to Greece. Contributions should be sent to the organization's warehouse, at 420 E. 54. . . . Books, magazines, and puzzles are needed for service men in American hospitals: contributions should be sent to the Manhattan C.D.V.O., 155 E. 44 (MU 2-7370).

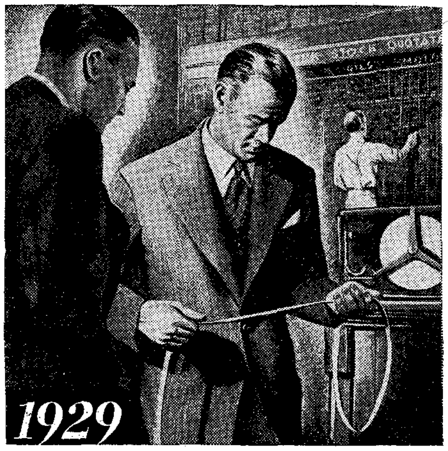
THE DOUGH YOU BLOW —will bring U.S. woe!



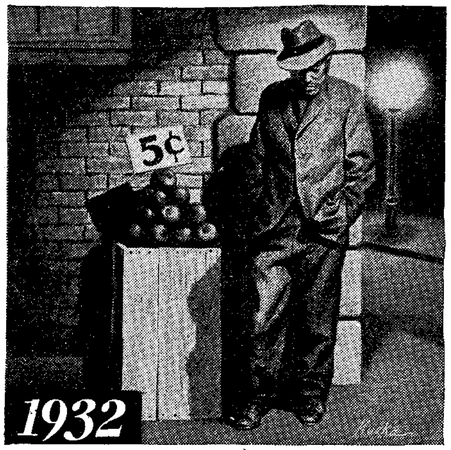
What a boom we were handed by World War No. 1! Money came easily —went easily. Everybody was splurging on everything—from silk underwear to diamond sunbursts. Prices went skying. Sugar eventually hit 28¢ a pound!



Bye-bye, boom. Factories closed; men laid off. Prices and wages sinking fast. Wish we'd banked some of that dough we'd blown a few years back! With jobs scarce, that money would have come in mighty handy, then.



Prosperity. Stocks up fifty points in a week. Again everybody was buying everything—yachts, jewelry, stocks, real estate, regardless of cost. Depression? Phooey . . . we thought we'd found a way to lick depression.



Or had we? Bread lines, apple venders. WPA. "Brother, can you spare a dime?" No jobs. Prices dropping. Wages dropping. Everything dropping—except the mortgage on the house. "What goes up must come down."

We're splurging again. Americans have been earning more money. But even today there are fewer goods to spend it on—so naturally prices rise. We must keep them in check. DON'T LET *IT* ALL HAPPEN AGAIN!

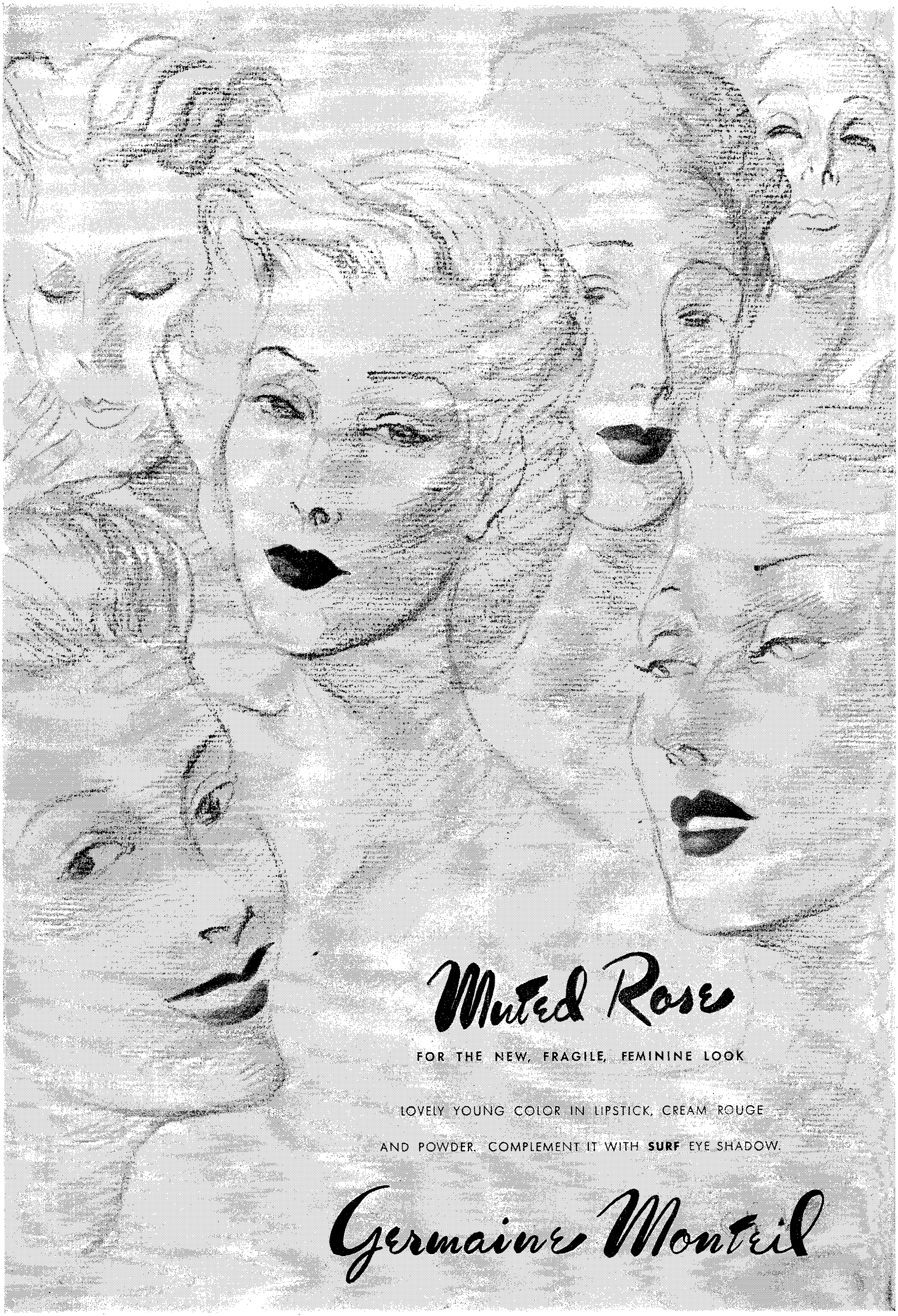
---

4 THINGS TO DO to keep prices down and help avoid another depression

1. Buy only what you really need.
2. When you buy, pay no more than the ceiling prices. Pay your ration points in full.
3. Keep your *own* prices down. Don't take advantage of war conditions to ask for more—for your labor, your services, or the goods you sell.
4. *Save.* Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to help pay for the war and insure your future. Keep up your insurance.

EVERY
WAR BOND
YOU BUY
WILL HELP
US
KEEP
PRICES DOWN

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information.


Muted Rose
FOR THE NEW, FRAGILE, FEMININE LOOK
LOVELY YOUNG COLOR IN LIPSTICK, CREAM ROUGE
AND POWDER. COMPLEMENT IT WITH **SURF** EYE SHADOW.
Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST week when things were at a low point in Europe, we sat reading the paper, trying to figure out who was going to win—just a nervous little homebody in a sack suit, trying to unravel supply lines, spearheads, flank movements, reinforcements, armor, weather, and the whole impossible mystery of modern tactical warfare. We got mired, as any civilian does. But in the middle of this imbecile business our eye went over to a photograph on an inside page of the paper, and something about the picture stopped us cold. It was a little out of date, maybe, but it showed a couple of Yanks straightening up the inside of a synagogue in Holland which had been desecrated by Germans on an earlier visit. Here was the thing that has a way of getting forgotten in the middle of a war, and we were reminded, rather sharply, that there is an idea that travels with Allied armor and that it is neither a new idea nor one about which any American soldier or civilian need feel the slightest misgivings. Anyone who isn't sure who is going to win, those who would liberate the spirit or those who would calcify it, had better quit fiddling with newspapers and armies. There is not much, at the moment, to indicate that 1945 will be a happy year, but for those who fight along with this main idea, whether in the glint of battle or in the uneasy chair of civil life, the year is already clothed in a certain historical radiance like that of stars of the first magnitude.

Boston has its Louisburg Square and New York has its Rhinelander Block, or it had when we went to press. The finger man has passed through the block and the realtors are moving in for the kill. Already the foul shadow of Improvement lengthens in Macdougal Alley. The new apartment building, we hear, will be twenty stories high and equipped with everything the human mind can devise. Well, the north side of Washington Square was beautiful while it lasted and we say goodbye with longing and regret. If the city fathers had any real feeling for architectural treasures, they would long ago have given Washington Square North an official immunity. Maybe we ask too much (we usually do). Anyway, we probably wouldn't like New York if it preserved itself in formaldehyde, in the Boston manner. The last time we walked through Louisburg Square was in company with an irreverent Broadway character who was visiting Boston for the first time. "Is it all right to smoke here?" he asked, tiptoeing lewdly along over the hallowed ground.

UNLESS our memory is collapsing, there are some cigarettes among the junk in the World's Fair Time Capsule. We'll give everybody an even break: it's latitude 40 degrees, 41 minutes, 49 seconds .518 north of the equator; longitude 73 degrees, 51 minutes, 43 seconds .966 west of Greenwich. Fifty feet down.

IF you want to know about Brooklyn's fighting strength and the stature of its males, don't go to Noel Coward, go to Lewis & Conger. The Sleep Shop at Lewis & Conger has informed us, by special messenger, that more extra-long beds have been delivered to Brooklyn than to Texas and Arizona combined. Bed length, in the extra-long size, averages eighty-two inches in Brooklyn, against only eighty inches in Texas and Arizona. Furthermore, Lewis & Conger inform us that there are many more cases of wives complaining about husbands sleeping on the bias in double beds in Brooklyn than in Texas and Arizona. Husbands who sleep on the bias in double beds do so not in vindictiveness but in desperation; they are groping for extra length that just isn't there. Night in Brooklyn is a noisome interval when thousands of human giants toss and twist, on the bias, in beds which are too small for them. It is a terrific place, and Noel Coward has no idea.

THE other day a columnist in the *Times* mentioned Max Planck's "universal constant," a fairly abstruse concept of mathematical physics, and reported that it was 6.55 multiplied by 10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. A day or two later an indignant mathematician rose to state, in the letter column, that Planck's constant is actually 6.55 *divided* by 10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. The *Times* was thus in error by 9,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,900 per cent. This is about as far wrong as any periodical can get, probably several billion billion times as wrong as Colonel McCormick's Chicago *Tribune* has ever been about anything, and if we were the *Times* we would pull down all the blinds at 229 West Forty-third Street and hide.

WE have word from a sergeant of Marines who spent a few days recently in rather close quarters with some Jap prisoners on Guam. He says that the only thing he had to read was some old *New Yorkers*, and one of the more studious-looking of the Japanese asked, in English, if he might see a copy. The sergeant obliged—presented him with our June 24th issue, which the prisoner curled up with. After an hour he put it down and remarked, "I once had fifty thousand yen." "That's nice," replied the sergeant, "but what has that got to do with *The New Yorker*?" The prisoner explained that he had gone through the magazine carefully and that in his opinion it was for only the very rich, and so it reminded him of his past and of the period of his own great wealth.

From Washington

THE Mayflower Hotel, in Washington, continues to offer the connoisseur the choicest bits of overheard conversation. One of our lady correspondents reports that a fellow-patron of the ladies' room there was telling a friend, "So finally I asked Dorothy point-blank whether she had voted for Roosevelt, and she had to admit it." And out in the bar, a portly and indignant major was neatly disposing of an unnamed enemy. "He has only one qualification for the job," he said. "He was wandering around Chicago one night and got run over by a trolley car."

(Ret.)

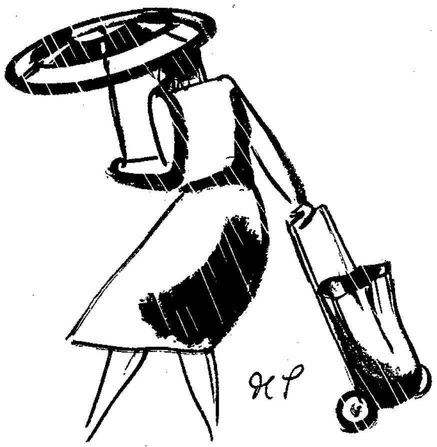
LIEUTENANT GENERAL HUGH A. DRUM, who retired from active service last year, at the age of sixty-five, has succeeded to the late Al Smith's job as president of the Empire State Building corporation. We visited him last week, in his office on the thirty-second floor of the tower, and found him happily engrossed in learning the details of his new job, which he had held for about a month. "I've never worked on the angle of making money before, but I suppose it's an idea you get used to," he remarked, and we assured him that most people found it so. The General said that he had spent four days touring the building and meeting the tenants ("wonderful building, fine tenants"). He wants to find the time soon to get back to the basement for another look at the maintenance plant, which seems to him to be organized with true military efficiency. "I could spend days down there," he told us.

Al's office furniture has gone to a museum, and the General has a new set. He also has a framed photograph of the Governor on his desk. The office will be decorated with souvenirs of the General's campaigns. "My first campaigns were against the Moros, in the Philippines," the General said. "Wonderful people, the Moros—used to wear brass helmets and fight with great big curved knives." It was campaigning against the Moros that won him his Silver Star, the ribbon of which he wears in his lapel, along with a D.S.M. ribbon. The Moro souvenirs and some things dating from the first World War will be moved into the office as soon as General Drum can arrange it. "Got to have something around here to remind me I'm a soldier," he said.

The General has not gone to the trouble of checking up, but he has an idea that he has hung up a record for length of service as an Army officer. He was commissioned at eighteen, while still cramming for West Point. President McKinley offered a commission to the sons of officers killed in the Spanish-American War. Young Drum was eligible and snapped it up. "Can't say it was a mistake," he added, with colossal reserve. The only military habit he has carried over into his new job is an emphasis on schedules and routines. "Military administration is largely a matter of housekeeping for a great many people, so naturally I feel at home," he told us. General Drum has two other jobs which take up any spare time the Empire State may leave him; he's Commander of the New York Guard and head of the New York State Veterans' Commission. Further to complicate matters, he commutes. "Live out in Riverdale," he said, summing it all up. "We have lots of trees and things."

Technique

A SUBURBAN matron we know has been taking a course in dramatic reading, just for the hell of it.

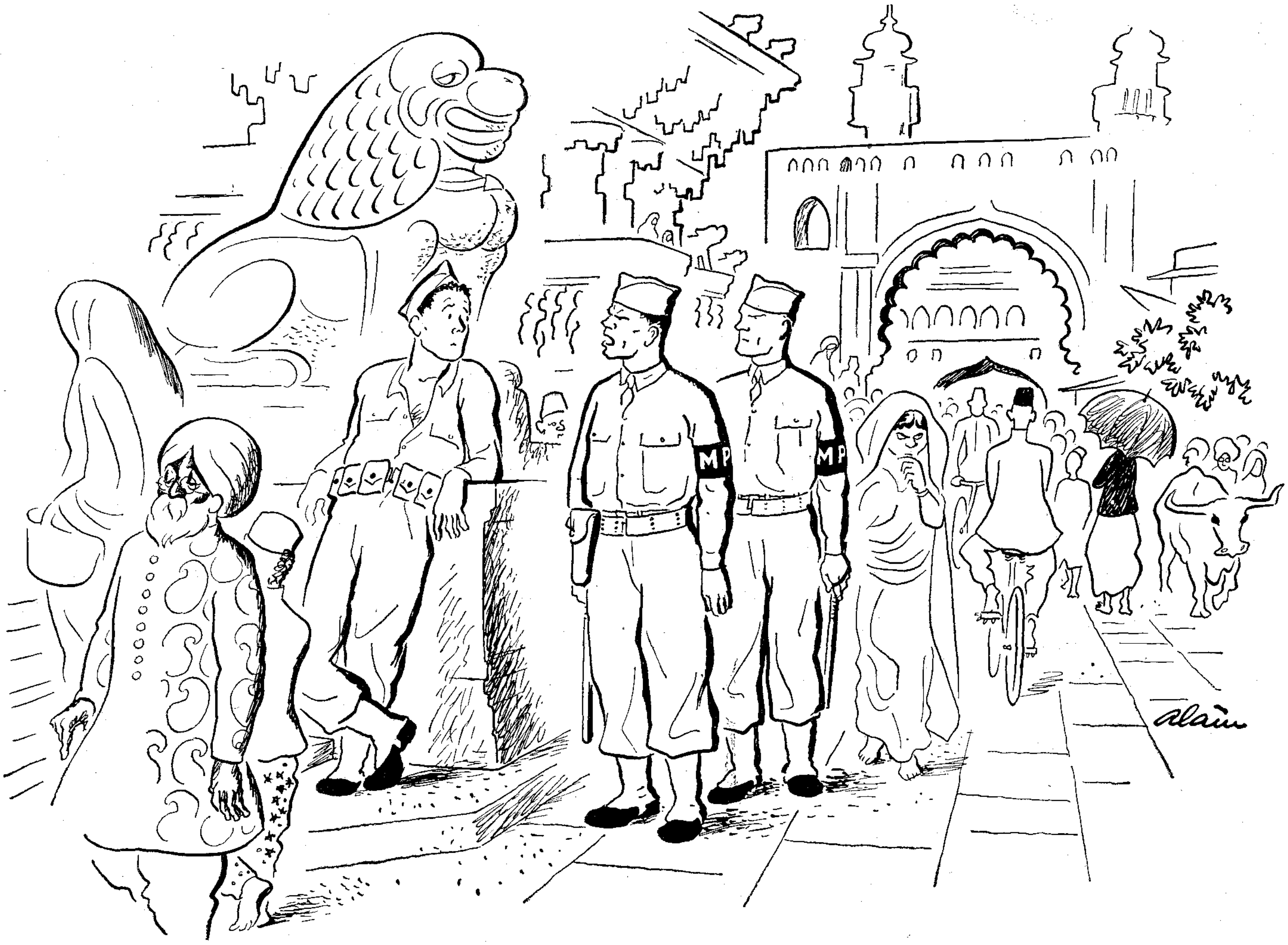


The last time she was called on to read before the class, the instructor, a Shakespearean actor in the old tradition, interrupted her. "Now you're coming to some parentheses, my dear, but don't let them worry you," he boomed. "Just toss them over your shoulder."

The Anthropometric Method

IT seems that some members of the medical profession, under the prodding of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, are adopting a new and complicated method of figuring out whether a person is overweight or underweight. Or so we're told by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Under the new scheme, as we understand it, fat people will still be considered overweight and thin people underweight, but borderline cases may have to revise their goals. The old weight tables were merely a factual report of the weight of an average person of a given height, sex, and age. The Metropolitan's new tables give ideal weights, and throw the age factor right out the window. The great majority of people do gain weight after reaching maturity, but this doesn't mean that it's good for them; the ideal-weight tables accordingly give one weight for all people twenty-five years or older, other factors being equal. Another respect in which the old tables are faulty is that height is taken as the only index of size, without consideration for variations in length of torso, breadth of shoulder, or other factors which have as much to do with weight as does mere overall height. The new tables give different ideal weights for people with small, medium, and large frames. There's quite a variation, too; for instance, the minimum weight for a small-framed man six feet tall is a hundred and fifty-two pounds, the maximum for a large-framed man of the same height is a hundred and eighty-five pounds.

Mr. Herbert H. Marks, one of the heads of the Metropolitan's statistical department, told us that the new weight tables grew out of a peevish inquiry made of a doctor by a stout lady in Boston. She asked why people who were built differently should all be held to the same weight just because they were the same height and age; said *she* didn't feel fat, no matter what the chart said. The doctor, while refusing to admit that his patient was not fat, nevertheless saw good common sense in the question, and passed it along to the Metropolitan, which plunged into a deep statistical study and came up with the new tables.



"Straighten that hat, soldier! Button that collar! I have spoken."

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It isn't a new idea by any means. Twelve years ago, a Mr. Willoughby published a paper entitled "An Anthropometric Method for Arriving at the Optimal Proportions of the Body in an Adult Individual," in which he advanced a formula based on a measurement he called "corrected ankle girth;" this figure is squared, multiplied by a person's height, and divided by a constant, K, which is 31.88 for males and 34.67 for females. The Metropolitan people have done something like this, we gather, and are prepared to present the arithmetic in handy tabular form.

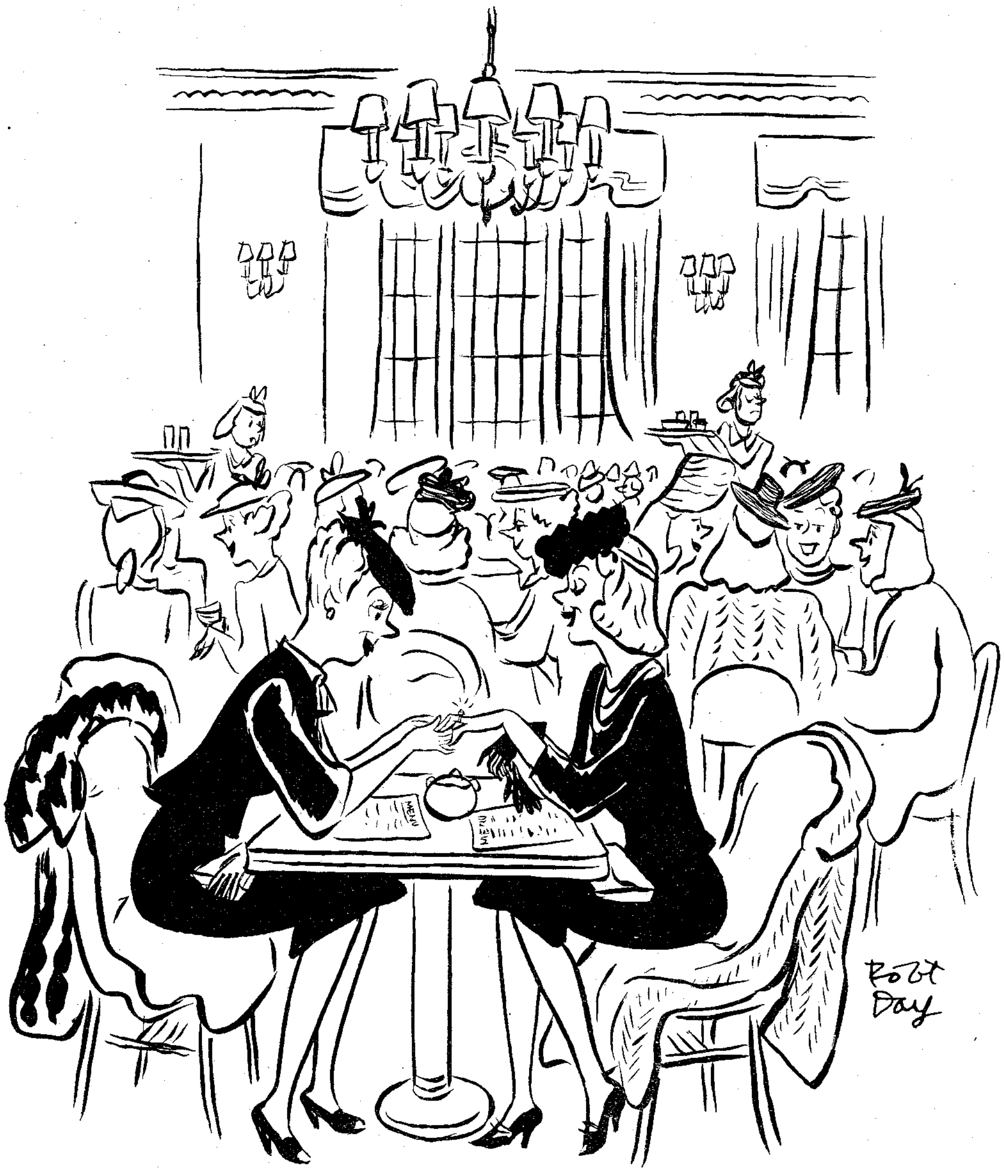
Mr. Marks thinks that professional weight guessers have always used the skeletal rather than the height-age yardstick, though in an untutored and unscientific way. "Sometimes they feel you, just to be coy, but it's that look at your build that they depend on," he told us. He added that his company wasn't going to hold future policy buyers to their ideal weight as indicated by the new charts but that the matter would be called to their attention in advertisements and pamphlets. Fat people die earlier than thin people, and the insurance companies worry about this, even if nobody else does. Hardening of the arteries, high blood pressure, diabetes, gall-bladder disease, and heart trouble are but a few of the goodies awaiting the overstuffed citizen. Observation of people who have suffered malnutrition during the war have shown amazing declines in the incidence of diabetes and other chronic degenerative diseases. Mr. Marks happened to remark that women tend to get fatter than men as they grow older, and we thought we had him trapped. We asked how he squared this with the fact, which we had read somewhere, that women generally outlive men. He had a ready answer. "Three other factors affect men," he said. "Occupational disease, liquor, and women."

Worry

TWO fellows waiting for a haircut fell into a rather gloomy conversation about the postwar outlook. After they had touched on the possibility of unemployment, another depression, and a consequent political reaction, the barber chimed in with yet another thought. "Most of these soldiers coming back, their beards will be pretty damn tough," he said. "All that shaving with cold water. Whiskers will be all crisscross, too—specially kids that never shaved before the Army got 'em." He stared at his razor strop, as into a crystal ball. "Son of a gun," he said.

Single-Taxers

A MAN we know on the staff of *Time*, name of Abel Balding, was telling us the other day about an error of punctuation which had resulted in the following rather astonishing post-election item: "In Minneapolis, the discovery of a 10,000-vote tabulation error put snaggle-toothed William J. Gallagher, 69, a retired street sweeper, and Henry George, single-taxer, into the House." *Time* erred, as *Time* is wont to say. For one thing, Henry George



"It all started last month. He had a cigarette and I had a match."

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wasn't elected, and, for another, he is dead. He was carried off by a stroke in 1897, while running for Mayor of New York, which was, incidentally, the nearest he ever came to holding public office. The item in *Time* was intended to indicate that snaggle-toothed Gallagher was a Henry George single-taxer. As, indeed, many people are. You probably never heard of it, but we have a Henry George School of Social Science right here in town, up on East Sixty-ninth Street, and it is converting considerable numbers of people to the single-tax idea.

We looked in at the school last week and had a chat with the director, a tall, white-haired lady named Margaret Bateman. Miss Bateman was in business—something to do with the Canadian end of Standard Brands—until somebody lent her a copy of Henry George's book, "Progress and Poverty," to read on her vacation. Like most Henry George converts, Miss Bateman got it bad. In no time at all, she had given up her job, taken a trip to Denmark (the only country where George's scheme has been put into effect widely), and written a book, "Whose World," in which she pointed out what a tiny percentage of the world's population owns the land and controls the natural resources. George's idea, as almost everybody knows, was that the sole tax should be a sort of rent paid on land by the user.

The school was started in 1932 by Oscar Geiger, a disciple of George who had helped him in his mayoralty campaign. He gave an intensive course on single-tax theory to eight friends, basing his lectures and discussions on George's writings; the eight friends spent the following year instructing eighty-four friends of theirs; and the year after that the enrollment was sixteen hundred. Not to drag out the story further, a hundred thousand people in all have enrolled at the school and thirty thousand of them have completed the course and received diplomas. It's all free: the teachers aren't paid, nor do the students pay tuition. Rent and other expenses are taken care of by well-wishers. The courses progress from Fundamental Economics up through International Trade and Social Problems. Those who plan to spread the gospel can also take courses in public speaking and teaching technique. We dropped in on an afternoon class that was in progress. The teacher, who, along with performing other intellectual feats, was demonstrating how the entire population of the world could, under the single-tax system, live in economic comfort in the state of Texas, was a pretty blond lady—a Mrs. Sexton, we later found out, a descendant of the man who wrote the Virginia Bill of Rights. A fellow came around from the F.B.I. a while ago, just checking up, and Mrs Sexton told him, "George Mason, my ancestor, wrote the Bill of Rights for Virginia; Henry George wrote it for the entire world." Not only did the F.B.I. man give the school a clean bill of health but he enrolled for the course on his own time and got a diploma.

Sponsor

LIKE many little girls of twelve, the daughter of a friend of ours has made up her mind about what career she will follow. She is going to be a movie actress, and she is so intent on the notion that her mother has been trying, in a quiet way, to rid her of it. Progressive methods forbid direct attack in such cases, and the mother has had to do what she can in a negative way. One course she has adopted is to keep literature bearing on the stage and screen out of the child's hands as far as possible. Movie magazines are not allowed in the house. A few days ago the mother was shocked to hear her daughter remark, with the innocent directness of the very young, that if a girl was going to get along out in Hollywood she needed a gent to sort of take care of her. It turned out that she'd picked up the information in a movie magazine that had slipped through somehow, and it turned out too, on further inquiry, that it wasn't as bad as it sounded. The little girl still can't read very accurately, and what the magazine had said was "agent."

Lamm on Sweden

BY way of amplifying the information presented about Sweden in the recent "Our Own Baedeker" piece, we herewith set down a few last-minute flashes gleaned from an interview with a friendly and well-informed Swede named Olof Lamm, who arrived from Stockholm lately. Mr. Lamm, a big, white-haired fellow with courtly manners, spent the years between 1920 and 1933 as the Swedish Consul General in New York and is now a marine-insurance man in Stockholm. He came over this time in a freighter which brought a cargo of Red Cross packages for German prisoners of war interned here. We wanted to find out what Sweden was like under her neutrality policy. Mr. Lamm said that, externally at least, it wasn't much different from being at war. The army and industry are mobilized for defense, and there is rationing. "We know perfectly well the difference between fighting a war and sitting quietly in the middle of it," Mr. Lamm said. "We do not really fool ourselves into thinking that because we have a little trouble getting a pot roast it is the same as our men being killed or our country devastated. All I say is that, as neutrals, we are doing the best we can, and our jokes about rationing are just as dreadful as yours."

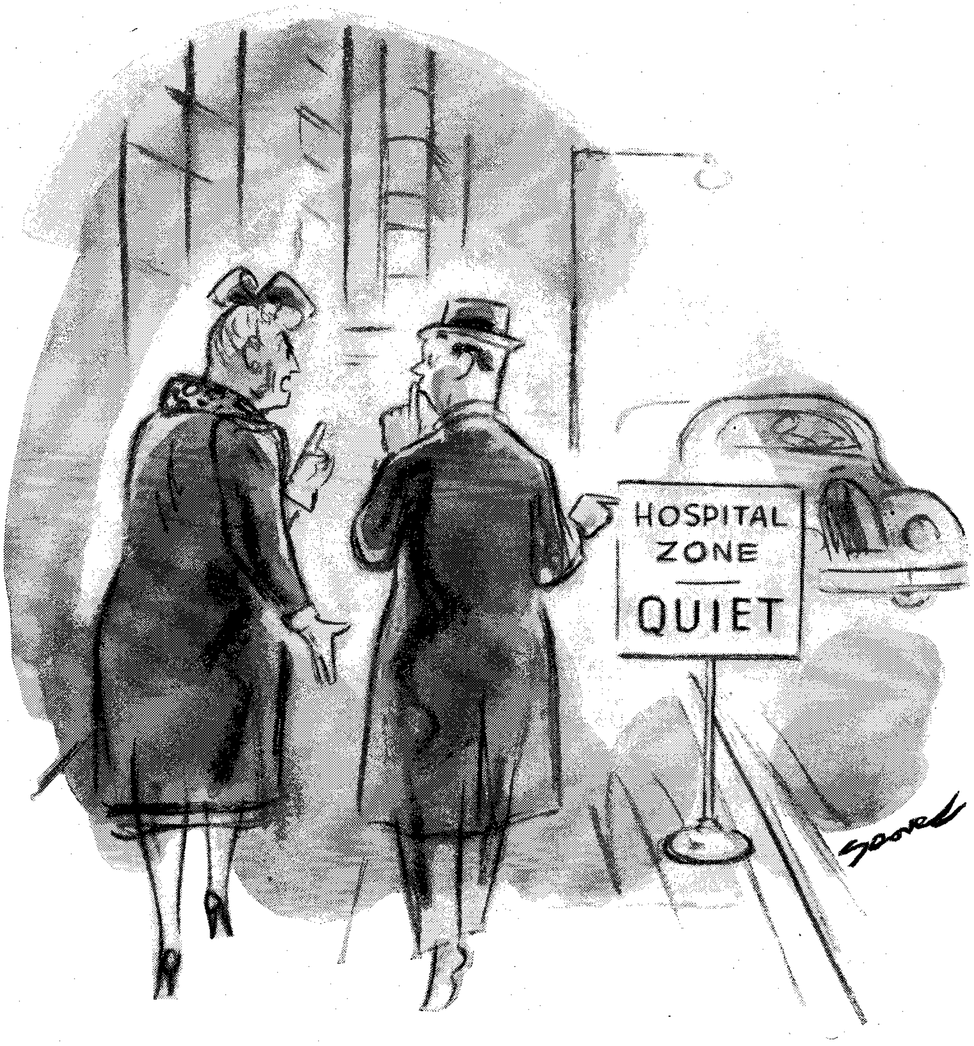
Mr. Lamm told us that Sweden now rations meat, eggs, butter, bread, wool, cotton, rayon, shoes, coffee, and tobacco. Gasoline and coal would be rationed if there were any, but there isn't—none at all. Every front yard and park in Sweden is piled high with cordwood, and, at that, the average Swedish interior is some twenty degrees colder than ours. There are still cars to be seen on the road, most of them Fords or General Motors models. They are powered by wood- or charcoal-burning contraptions—fat little stoves which are either fastened to the radiator or trundled along behind on a small trailer. Many Swedes swear by them and say they'll never go back to the old prewar filling station. To be sure, the driver has to stop every twenty or thirty miles, shake down the ashes, and throw on fresh fuel, but that's a trifle. It's so taken for granted that there are little ash heaps marked "Shake Your Ashes Here." Bicycles, as always, are popular. "All those thinking a bicycle built for two is a great joke should come to Sweden and have a good laugh," Mr. Lamm says.

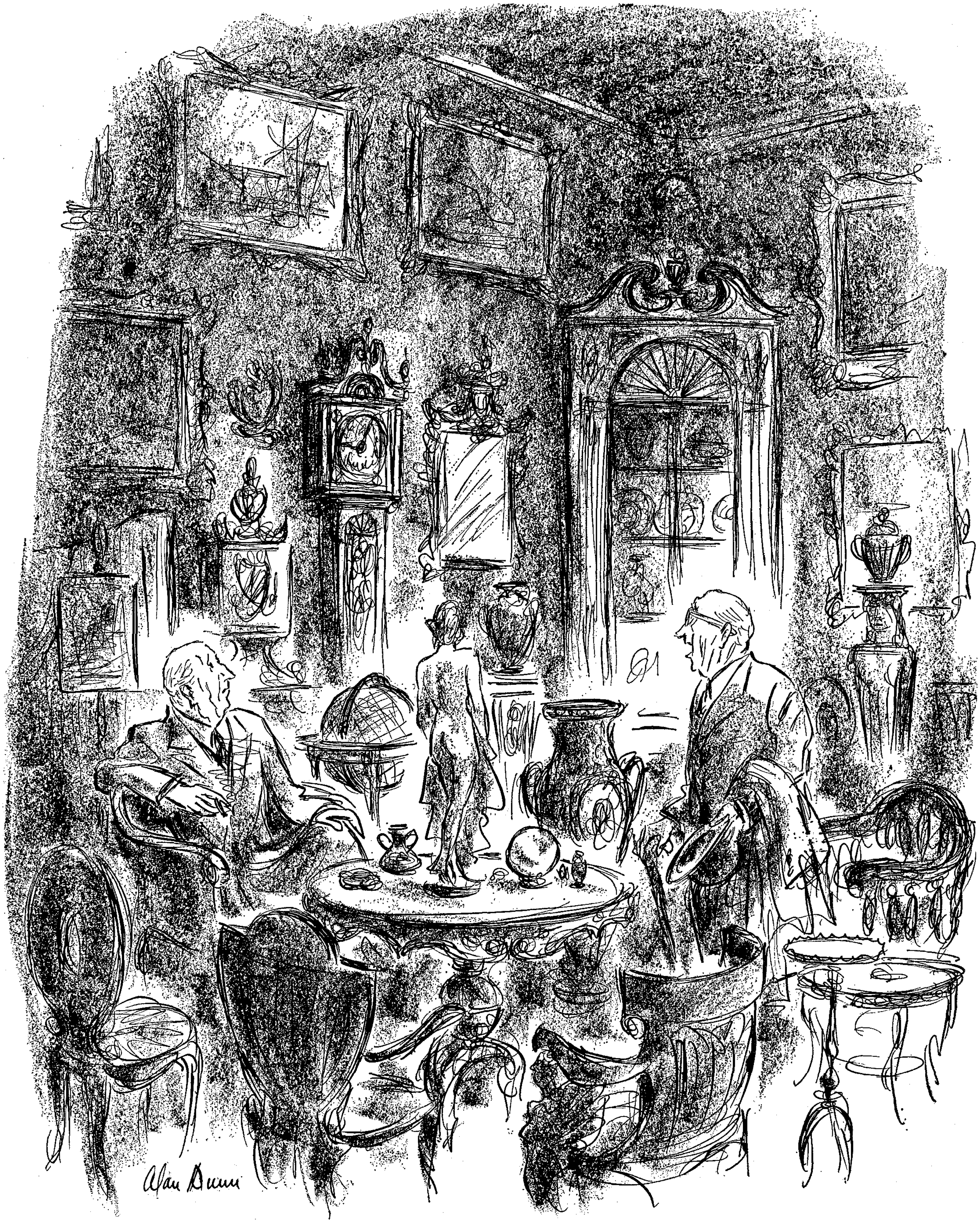
Swedish food stamps, in Mr. Lamm's opinion, are handled on a more realistic basis than we have achieved here. In Sweden, a man dining at a restaurant gives up the appropriate points, as indicated on the menu. If he goes to a formal dinner, or a reception where refreshments will be served, the invitation concludes with a request that so many points be brought. Swedes normally drink a great deal of coffee, and coffee rationing is what the Swedes generally gripe about. For a while, things were so bad that even the coffee substitutes were rationed. About the only item extensively dealt in by the black market is eggs. As a matter of fact, Mr. Lamm informed us, the black market is unfashionable and you never hear people boasting of their acquisitions. "I do not wish to sound smug about the good child Sweden," he said. "We have our bums and our dreadful people, but it is perfectly obvious that it is easier to keep track of six and a half million people than of twenty times that many." Sweden's shortages are to an extent artificial, since she is saving food in warehouses for postwar emergencies among her neighbors.

One thing plentiful in Sweden is wood pulp, for the obvious reason that it can't be exported as it was in the old days. More books are being published there than ever before, many of them in nice, fat, de-luxe editions. Sinclair Lewis still rates the respect accorded a Nobel Prize winner, but Lamm thinks J. P. Marquand is the comer. At the moment, however, the best-seller is Bromfield's "Mrs. Parkington." "That I will not attempt to explain," Lamm told us.

One Price

ADMITTEDLY, there is a separate race of people who appear among us only at Christmastime, when the big stores take on their extra sales force. Witness the experience of a matron who bought a set of doll's furniture, marked "$1.19," and received from her clerk, a tired, elderly lady, four dollars change from a five. "I thought it was a dollar nineteen," the customer said. "Ain't worth it," the old lady snapped. "*I've* been selling that set for a dollar even."





"That's all very well, old fellow, but have you ever thought where you will be if __de__flation comes?"

STARE DECISIS

DESPITE all the snorting against them in works of divinity, it has always been my experience that infidels—or freethinkers, as they usually prefer to call themselves—are a generally estimable class of men, with strong overtones of the benevolent and even of the sentimental. This was certainly true, for example, of Leopold Bortsch, *Totsäufer*[1] for the Scharnhorst Brewery, in Baltimore, forty-five years ago, whose story I have told, alas only piecemeal, in various previous communications to the press. If you want a bird's-eye view of his character, you can do no better than turn to the famous specifications for an ideal bishop in I Timothy III, 2-6. So far as I know, no bishop now in practice on earth meets those specifications precisely, and more than one whom I could mention falls short of them by miles, but Leopold qualified under at least eleven of the sixteen counts, and under some of them he really shone.

He was extremely liberal (at least with the brewery's money), he had only one wife (a natural blonde weighing a hundred and eighty-five pounds) and treated her with great humanity, he was (I quote the text) "no striker . . . not a brawler," and he was preëminently "vigilant, sober, of good behavior, given to hospitality, apt to teach." Not once in the days I knew and admired him, *c.* 1900, did he ever show anything remotely resembling a bellicose and rowdy spirit, not even against the primeval Prohibitionists of the age, the Lutheran pastors who so often plastered him from the pulpit, or the saloonkeepers who refused to lay in Scharnhorst beer. He was a sincere friend to the orphans, the aged, all blind and one-legged men, ruined girls, opium fiends, Chinamen, oyster dredgers, ex-convicts, the more respectable sort of colored people, and all the other oppressed and unfortunate classes of the time, and he slipped them, first and last, many a substantial piece of money.

Nor was he the only Baltimore infidel of those days who thus shamed the churchly. Indeed, the name of one of his buddies, Fred Ammermeyer, jumps into my memory at once. Fred and Leopold, I gathered, had serious dogmatic differences, for there are as many variations in doctrine between infidels as between Christians, but the essential benignity of both men kept them on amicable terms, and they often coöperated in good works. The only noticeable difference between them was that Fred usually tried to sneak a little propaganda into his operations—a dodge that the more scrupulous Leopold was careful to avoid. Thus, when a call went out for Bibles for the paupers lodged in Bayview, the Baltimore almshouse, Fred responded under an assumed name with a gross that had to be scrapped at once, for he had marked all the more antinomian passages with a red, indelible pencil—for example, Proverbs VII, 18-19; John VII, 7; I Timothy V, 23; and the account of David's dealing with Uriah in II Samuel XI. Again, he once hired Charlie Metcalfe, a small-time candy manufacturer, to prepare a special pack of chocolate drops for orphans and ruined girls, with a deceptive portrait of Admiral Dewey on the cover and a print of Bob Ingersoll's harangue over his brother's remains at the bottom of each box. Fred had this subversive exequium reprinted many times, and distributed at least two hundred and fifty thousand copies in Baltimore between 1895 and 1900. There were some Sunday-school scholars who received, by one device or another, at least a dozen. As for the clergy of the town, he sent each and every one of them a copy of Paine's "Age of Reason" three or four times a year—always disguised as a special-delivery or registered letter marked "Urgent." Finally, he employed seedy rabble rousers to mount soap boxes at downtown street corners on Saturday nights and there bombard the assembled loafers, peddlers, and cops with speeches which began seductively as excoriations of the Interests and then proceeded inch by inch to horrifying proofs that there was no hell.

BUT in the masterpiece of Fred Ammermeyer's benevolent career there was no such attempt at direct missionarying; indeed, his main idea when he conceived it was to hold up to scorn and contumely, by the force of mere contrast, the crude missionarying of his theological opponents. This idea seized him one evening when he dropped into the Central Police Station to pass the time of day with an old friend, a police lieutenant who was then the only known freethinker on the Baltimore force. Christmas was approaching and the lieutenant was in an unhappy and rebellious frame of mind—not because he objected to its orgies as such, or because he sought to deny Christians its beautiful consolations, but simply and solely because he always had the job of keeping order at the annual free dinner given by the massed missions of the town to the derelicts of the waterfront and that duty compelled him to listen politely to a long string of pious exhortations, many of them from persons he knew to be whited sepulchres.

"Why in hell," he observed impatiently, "do all them goddam hypocrites keep the poor bums waiting for two, three hours while they get off their goddam whimwham? Here is a hall full of men who ain't had nothing to speak of to eat for maybe three, four days, and yet they have to set there smelling the turkey and the coffee while ten, fifteen Sunday-school superintendents and W. C. T. U. sisters sing hymns to them and holler against booze. I tell you, Mr. Ammermeyer, it ain't human. More than once I have saw a whole row of them poor bums pass out in faints, and had to send them away in the wagon. And then, when the chow is circulated at last, and they begin fighting for the turkey bones, they ain't hardly got the stuff down before the superintendents and the sisters begin calling on them to stand up and confess whatever skulduggery they have done in the past, whether they really done it or not, *with us cops standing all around.* And every man Jack of them knows that if they don't lay it on plenty thick there won't be no encore of the giblets and stuffing, and two times out of three there ain't no encore anyhow, for them psalm singers are the stingiest outfit outside hell and never give a starving bum enough solid feed to last him until Christmas Monday. And not a damned drop to drink! Nothing but coffee—and without no milk! I tell you, Mr. Ammermeyer, it makes a man's blood boil."

Fred's duly boiled, and to immediate effect. By noon the next day he had rented the largest hall on the waterfront and sent word to the newspapers that arrangements for a Christmas party for bums to end all Christmas parties for bums were under way. His plan for it was extremely simple. The first obligation of hospitality, he announced

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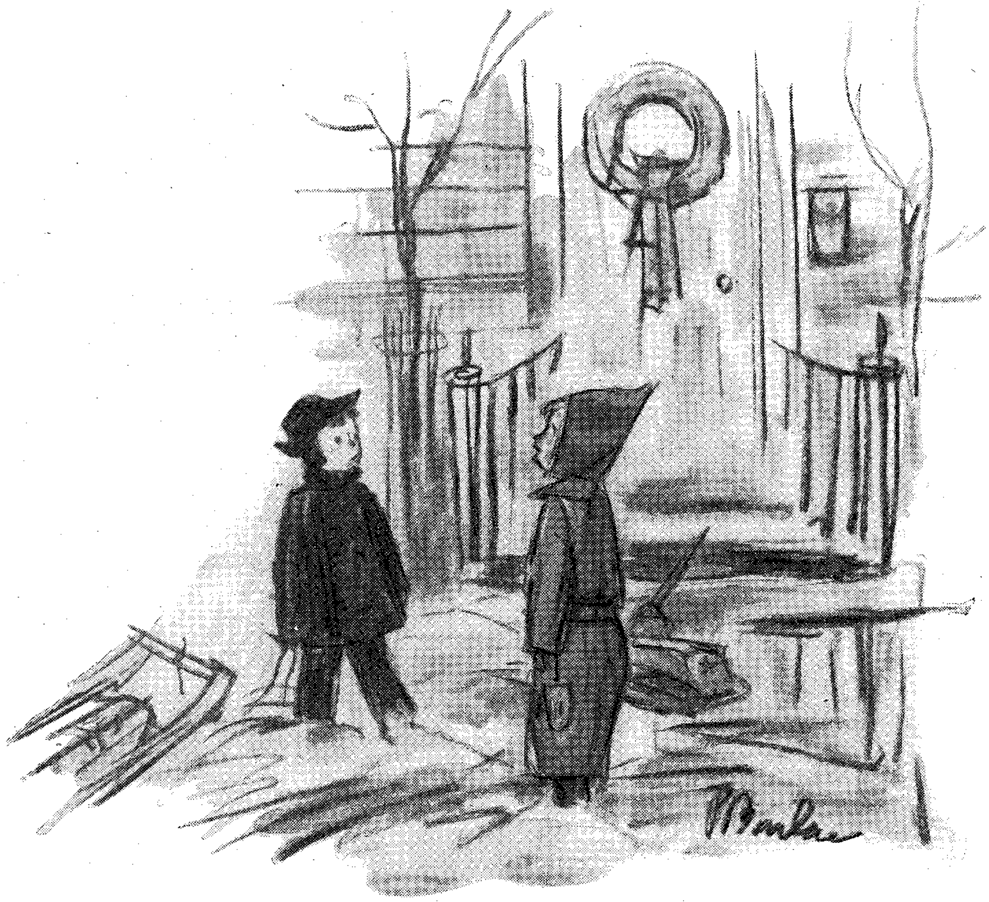
[1] A *Totsäufer* (literally, dead-drinker) is a brewery's customers' man. One of his most important duties is to carry on in a wild and inconsolable manner at the funerals of saloonkeepers.



"I got a waterproof, shockproof, rustproof, non-magnetic watch, but I lost it."

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somewhat prissily, was to find out precisely what one's guests wanted, and the second was to give it to them with a free and even reckless hand. As for what his proposed guests wanted, he had no shade of doubt, for he was a man of worldly experience and he had also, of course, the advice of his friend the lieutenant, a recognized expert in the psychology of the abandoned.

First and foremost, they wanted as much malt liquor as they would buy themselves if they had the means to buy it. Second, they wanted a dinner that went on in rhythmic waves, all day and all night, until the hungriest and hollowest bum was reduced to breathing with not more than one cylinder of one lung. Third, they wanted not a mere sufficiency but a riotous superfluity of the best five-cent cigars on sale on the Baltimore wharves. Fourth, they wanted continuous entertainment, both theatrical and musical, of a sort in consonance with their natural tastes and their station in life. Fifth and last, they wanted complete freedom from evangelical harassment of whatever sort, before, during, and after the secular ceremonies.

On this last point, Fred laid special stress, and every city editor in Baltimore had to hear him expound it in person. I was one of those city editors, and I well recall his great earnestness, amounting almost to moral indignation. It was an unendurable outrage, he argued, to invite a poor man to a free meal and then make him wait for it while he was battered with criticism of his ways, however well intended. And it was an even greater outrage to call upon him to stand up in public and confess to all the false steps of what may have been a long and much troubled life. Fred was determined, he said, to give a party that would be devoid of all the blemishes of the similar parties staged by the Salvation Army, the mission helpers, and other such nefarious outfits. If it cost him his last cent, he would give the bums of Baltimore massive and unforgettable proof that philanthropy was by no means a monopoly of gospel sharks—that its highest development, in truth, was to be found among freethinkers.

It might have cost him his last cent if he had gone it alone, for he was by no means a man of wealth, but his announcement had hardly got out before he was swamped with offers of help. Leopold Bortsch pledged twenty-five barrels of Scharnhorst beer and every other *Totsäufer* in Baltimore rushed up to match him. The Baltimore agents of the Pennsylvania two-fer factories fought for the privilege of contributing the cigars. The poultry dealers of Lexington, Fells Point, and Cross Street markets threw in barrel after barrel of dressed turkeys, some of them in very fair condition. The members of the boss bakers' association, not a few of them freethinkers themselves, promised all the bread, none more than two days old, that all the bums of the Chesapeake littoral could eat, and the public-relations counsel of the Celery Trust, the Cranberry Trust, the Sauerkraut Trust, and a dozen other such cartels and combinations leaped at the chance to serve.

If Fred had to fork up cash for any part of the chow, it must have been for the pepper and salt alone. Even the ketchup was contributed by social-minded members of the Maryland canners' association, and with it they threw in a dozen cases of dill pickles, chowchow, mustard, and mincemeat. But the rent of the hall had to be paid, and not only paid but paid in advance, for the owner thereof was a Methodist deacon, and there were many other expenses of considerable size—for example, for the entertainment, the music, the waiters and bartenders, and the mistletoe and immortelles which decorated the hall. Fred, if he had desired, might have got the free services of whole herds of amateur musicians and elocutionists, but he swept them aside disdainfully, for he was determined to give his guests a strictly professional show. The fact that a burlesque company starved out in the Deep South was currently stranded in Baltimore helped him here, for its members were glad to take an engagement at an inside rate, but the musicians' union, as usual, refused to let art or philanthropy shake its principles, and Fred had to pay six of its members the then prevailing scale of four dollars for their first eight hours of work and fifty cents an hour for overtime. He got, of course, some contributions in cash from rich freethinkers, but when the smoke cleared away at last and he totted up his books, he found that the party had set him back more than a hundred and seventy-five dollars.

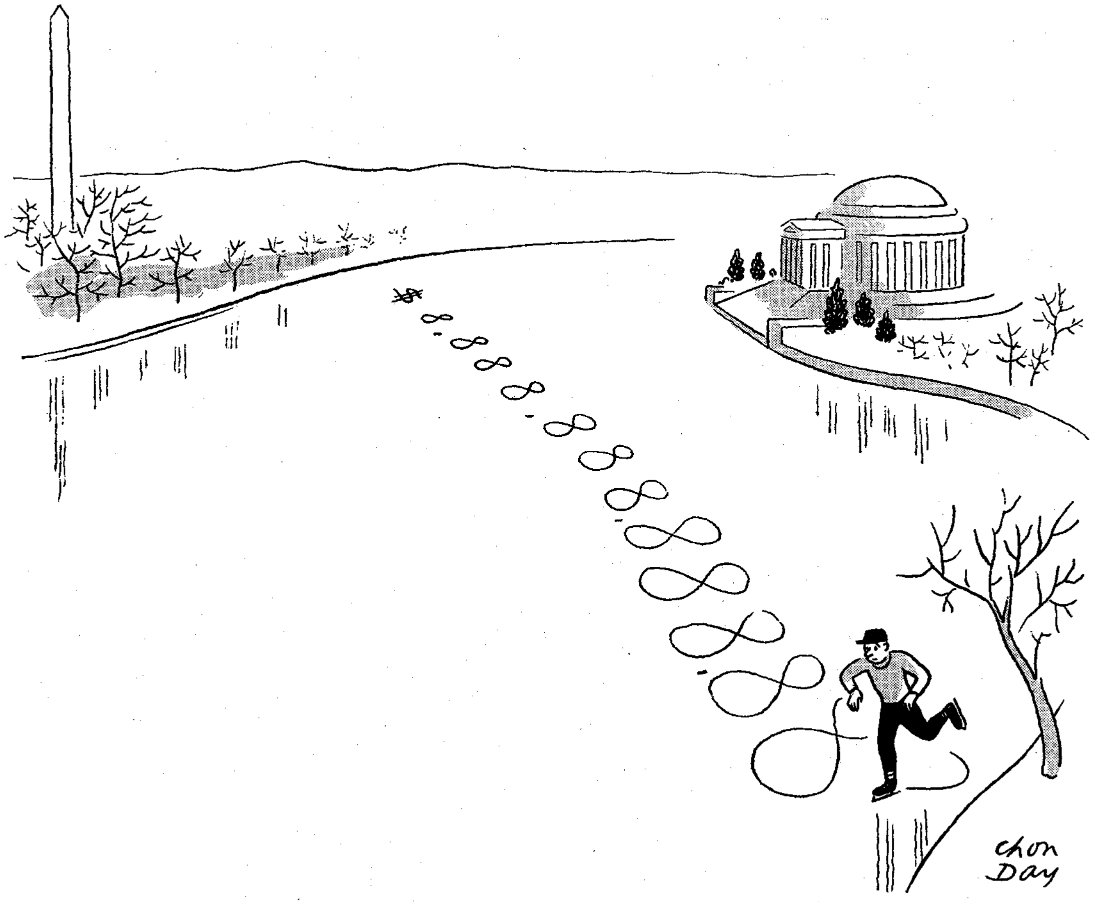
ADMISSION to the party was by card only, and the guests were selected with a critical and bilious eye by the police lieutenant. No bum who had ever been known to do any honest work—even such light work as sweeping out a saloon—was on the list. By Fred's express and oft-repeated command it was made up wholly of men completely lost to human decency, in whose favor nothing whatsoever could be said. The doors opened at 11 A.M. of Christmas Day, and the first canto of the dinner began instantly. There were none of the usual preliminaries—no opening prayer, no singing of a hymn, no remarks by Fred himself, not even a fanfare by the band. The bums simply shuffled and shoved their way to the tables and simultaneously the waiters and sommeliers poured in with the chow and the malt. For half an hour no sound was heard save the rattle of crockery, the chomp-chomp of mastication, and the grateful grunts and "Oh, boy!"s of the assembled underprivileged.

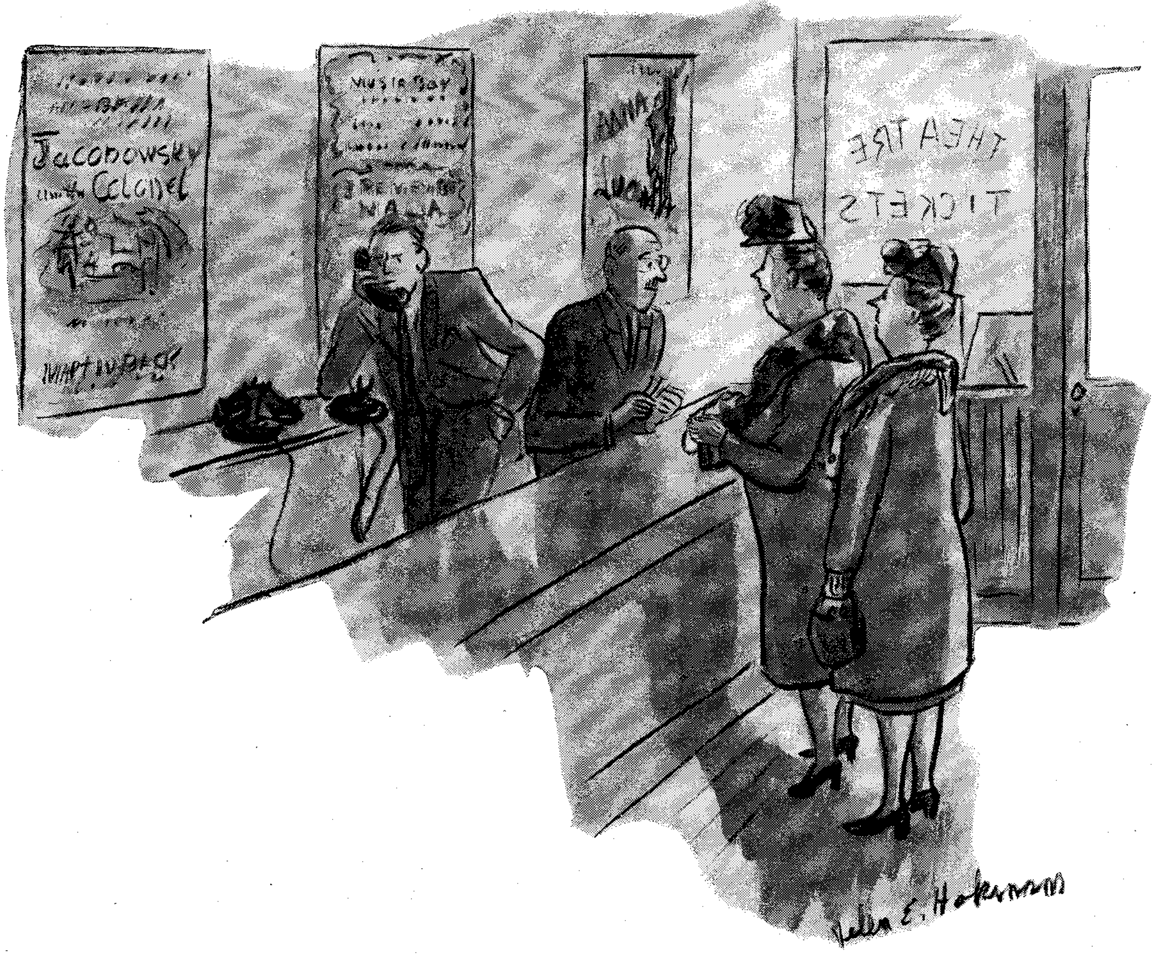
Then the cigars were passed round (not one but half a dozen to every man), the band cut loose with the tonic chord of G major, and the burlesque company plunged into Act I, Sc. 1 of "Krausmeyer's Alley." There were in those days, as old-timers will recall, no less than five standard versions of this classic, ranging in refinement all the way from one so tony that it might have been put on at the Union Theological Seminary down to one so rowdy that it was fit only for audiences of policemen, bums, newspaper reporters, and medical students. This last was called the Cincinnati version, because Cincinnati was then the only great American city whose mores tolerated it. Fred gave instructions that it was to be played *à outrance* and *con fuoco*, with no salvo of slapsticks, however brutal, omitted, and no *double entendre*, however daring. Let the boys have it, he instructed the chief comedian, Larry Snodgrass, straight in the eye and direct from the wood. They were poor men and full of sorrow, and he wanted to give them, on at least one red-letter day, a horse doctor's dose of the kind of humor they really liked.

In that remote era the girls of the company could add but little to the exhilarating grossness of the performance, for the strip tease was not yet invented and even the shimmy was still only nascent, but they did the best they could with the muscle dancing launched by Little Egypt at the Chicago World's Fair, and that best was not to be sneezed at, for they were all in hearty sympathy with Fred's agenda, and furthermore, they cherished the usual hope of stage folk that Charles Frohman or Abe Erlanger might be in the audience. Fred had demanded that they all appear in red tights, but there were not enough red tights in hand to outfit more than half of them, so Larry Snodgrass conceived the bold idea of sending on the rest with bare legs. It was a revolutionary indelicacy, and for a startled moment or two the police lieutenant wondered whether he was not bound by his Hippocratic oath to raid the show, but when he saw the whole audience leap up and break into cheers, his dubieties vanished, and five minutes later he was roaring himself when Larry and the other comedians began paddling the girls' cabooses with slapsticks.

I have seen many a magnificent performance of "Krausmeyer's Alley," in my time, including a Byzantine version called "Krausmeyer's Dispensary," staged by the students at the Johns Hopkins Medical School, but never have I seen a better one. Larry and his colleagues simply gave their all. Wherever, on ordinary occasions, there would have been a laugh, they evoked a roar, and where there would have been roars they produced something akin to asphyxia and apoplexy. Even the members of the musicians' union were forced more than once to lay down their fiddles and cornets and bust into laughter. In fact, they enjoyed the show so vastly that when the comedians retired for breath and the girls came out to sing "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" or "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad," the accompaniment was full of all the outlaw *glissandi* and *sforzandi* that we now associate with jazz.

The show continued at high tempo until 2 P.M., when Fred shut it down to give his guests a chance to eat the second canto of their dinner. It was a duplicate of the first in every detail, with second and third helpings of turkey, sauerkraut, mashed potatoes, and celery for everyone who called for them, and a pitcher of beer in front of each guest. The boys ground away at it for an hour, and then lit fresh cigars and leaned back comfortably for the second part of the show. It was still basically "Krausmeyer's Alley," but it was a "Krausmeyer's Alley" adorned and bedizened with reminiscences of every other bur-





"But if you have tickets it can't be a very good show, can it?"

lesque-show curtain raiser and afterpiece in the repertory. It went on and on for four solid hours, with Larry and his pals bending themselves to their utmost exertions, and the girls shaking their legs in almost frantic abandon. At the end of an hour the members of the musicians' union demanded a cut-in on the beer and got it, and immediately afterward the sommeliers began passing pitchers to the performers on the stage. Meanwhile, the pitchers on the tables of the guests were kept replenished, cigars were passed round at short intervals, and the waiters came in with pretzels, potato chips, celery, radishes, and chipped beef to stay the stomachs of those accustomed to the free-lunch way of life.

At 7 P.M. precisely, Fred gave the signal for a hiatus in the entertainment, and the waiters rushed in with the third canto of the dinner. The supply of roast turkey, though it had been enormous, was beginning to show signs of wear by this time, but Fred had in reserve twenty hams and forty pork shoulders, the contribution of George Wienefeldter, president of the Wienefeldter Bros. & Schmidt Sanitary Packing Co., Inc. Also, he had a mine of reserve sauerkraut hidden down under the stage, and soon it was in free and copious circulation and the guests were taking heroic hacks at it. This time they finished in three-quarters of an hour, but Fred filled the time until 8 P.M. by ordering a seventh-inning stretch and by having the police lieutenant go to the stage and assure all hands that any bona-fide participant found on the streets, at the conclusion of the exercises, with his transmission jammed would not be clubbed and jugged, as was the Baltimore custom at the time, but returned to the hall to sleep it off on the floor. This announcement made a favorable impression, and the brethren settled down for the resumption of the show in a very pleasant mood. Larry and his associates were pretty well fagged out by now, for the sort of acting demanded by the burlesque profession is very fatiguing, but you'd never have guessed it by watching them work.

At ten the show stopped again, and there began what Fred described as a *Bierabend*, that is, a beer evening. Extra pitchers were put on every table, more cigars were handed about, and the waiters spread a substantial lunch of rye bread, rat-trap cheese, ham, bologna, potato salad, liver pudding, and *Blutwurst*. Fred announced from the stage that the performers needed a rest and would not be called upon again until twelve o'clock, when a midnight show would begin, but that in the interval any guest or guests with a tendency to song might step up and show his or their stuff. No less than a dozen volunteers at once went forward, but Fred had the happy thought of beginning with a quartet, and so all save the first four were asked to wait. The four laid their heads together, the band played the vamp of "Sweet Adeline," and they were off. It was not such singing as one hears from the Harvard Glee Club or the Bach Choir at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, but it was at least as good as the barbershop stuff that hillbillies now emit over the radio. The other guests applauded politely, and the quartet, operating briskly under malt and hop power, proceeded to "Don't You Hear Dem Bells?" and "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party." Then the four singers had a nose-to-nose palaver and the first tenor proceeded somewhat shakily to a conference with Otto Strauss, the leader of the orchestra.

From where I sat, at the back of the hall, beside Fred, I could see Otto shake his head, but the tenor persisted in whatever he was saying, and after a moment Otto shrugged resignedly and the members of the quartet again took their stances. Fred leaned forward eagerly, curious to hear what their next selection would be. He found out at once. It was "Are You Ready for the Judgment Day?," the prime favorite of the period in all the sailors' bethels, helping-up missions, Salvation Army bum traps, and other such joints along the waterfront. Fred's horror and amazement and sense of insult were so vast that he was completely speechless, and all I heard out of him while the singing went on was a series of sepulchral groans. The man was plainly suffering cruelly, but what could I do? What, indeed, could anyone do? For the quartet had barely got halfway through the first stanza of the composition before the whole audience joined in. And it joined in with even heartier enthusiasm when the boys on the stage proceeded to "Showers of Blessings," the No. 2 favorite of all seasoned mission stiffs, and then to "Throw Out the Lifeline," and then to "Where Shall We Spend Eternity?," and then to "Wash Me, and I Shall Be Whiter Than Snow."

HALFWAY along in this orgy of hymnody, the police lieutenant took Fred by the arm and led him out into the cold, stinging, corpse-reviving air of a Baltimore winter night. The bums, at this stage, were beating time on the tables with their beer glasses and tears were trickling down their noses. Otto and his band knew none of the hymns, so their accompaniment became sketchier and sketchier, and presently they shut down altogether. By this time the members of the quartet began to be winded, and soon there was a halt. In the ensuing silence there arose a quavering, boozy, sclerotic voice from the floor. "Friends," it began, "I just want to tell you what these good people have done for me—how their prayers have saved a sinner who seemed past all redemption. Friends, I had a good mother, and I was brought up under the influence of the Word. But in my young manhood my sainted mother was called to heaven, my poor father took to rum and opium, and I was led by the devil into the hands of wicked men—yes, and wicked women, too. Oh, what a shameful story I have to tell! It would shock you to hear it, even if I told you only half of it. I let myself be . . ."

I waited for no more, but slunk into the night. Fred and the police lieutenant had both vanished, and I didn't see Fred again for a week. But the next day I encountered the lieutenant on the street, and he hailed me sadly. "Well," he said, "what could you expect from them bums? It was the force of habit, that's what it was. They have been eating mission handouts so long they can't help it. Whenever they smell coffee, they begin to confess. Think of all that good food wasted! And all that beer! And all them cigars!"

—H. L. MENCKEN

MAKE MINE GRAND RAPIDS

DECISION REACHED AFTER SURVEYING THE SURREALIST VICTORIAN IN OUR FURNITURE DEPARTMENTS

Victoria was a potentate
  Impeccable and stuffy.
She liked her repartee sedate,
  She liked her comforts fluffy.
But pity old Victoria—
  Her cheek must flush with shame
To see the decorating sins
  Committed in her name.

Lord & Taylor, Bloomingdale,
Veil the horrid scene.
What is this you're doing to a poor, dead queen?
How her ghost must shudder, her haughty spirit shrink
From a curly-legged console
Painted Schiaparelli pink!

There never was on sea or land,
  Or sponsored by Disraeli,
So monstrous an umbrella stand
  As this one colored gaily,
While Dickens, no, nor Thackeray,
  A whatnot never knew
With such a bric-a-brac array
  Or striped so powder blue.

Everything's bewitched here.
Nothing keeps its labels.
See the highborn hatracks, now, turned to dressing tables,
Wardrobes into radios, urns into lamps,
And into clever flowerpots
Those cuspidors of Gramp's.

Altman, hide your guilty brow.
  Dignity's a mock tale.
Watch the solemn washstand, now,
  Serving forth a cocktail.
Beds, how wildly clad they are,
  Chairs 'neath chintzes faint,
How mad and bad and plaid they are,
  And, God, how they are quaint!

Lushly, plushly,
An era's on display.
But take, oh R. H. Macy, these curlicues away.
Merchants, send these gauds back,
These fearful ends and odds back,
The tin things, the tôle things,
The hardly ever whole things,
The glued-together-thinly stuff,
The awful late-McKinley stuff,
The marbleized, the panic,
The dread decalcomanic.
I'm tired of things dramatic
Converted from an attic,
Of cherubs on the mantels,
Of clocks that seldom tick.
Let's all go back to Mission, while you make your peace with Vic.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

POST-MORTEM

THE INSIDE STORY OF WHY BOSSES HUFNAGEL AND GILDERSLEEVE SEEM TO HAVE FALLEN OUT

THERE is no longer any need to keep silent. I think I owe it to the public to clear up the matter once and for all. While the recent national political campaign was on, and after election, during the cooling-off period, I thought it the better part of propriety to keep my mouth shut. Now, I think, it is only just that the whole fantastic story be brought into the open.

I refer to the coolness that suddenly developed between Artie Hufnagel and Eddie Gildersleeve, the political bosses. They are really more than bosses. Each has held high office; they have practiced law; they are clever at spotting political trends; each, in his fashion, is an authentic Warwick. Artie is a man of wide vision; Eddie is a man of deep human sympathy. Artie has a broad background; Eddie has a noble outlook. I have a high regard for both of them and have known them for years. They are big boys, paunchy, vigorous, and generally considered smart, though I would hate to have to defend that last allegation without a princely fee.

Now, as all the world knows, they are not friends any more. One columnist said they had phffft. A more scholarly commentator said merely that they no longer saw eye to eye. Another intimated that a wide cleavage had developed between them. Still another called it a gulf. Another said that repercussions might be expected. The whole thing is partly my fault.

During the campaign I was employed, at the joint suggestion of Hufnagel and Gildersleeve, to write speeches, statements, and letters for them. Both are fine men, but they don't express themselves any too glibly when left on their own. In our arrangement we used no such low terms as "ghost writer," "stooge," or "mouthpiece." We put the whole setup on a more lofty plane; that is, I was to "help out." They gave me a room at party headquarters in a hotel, a secretary, two telephones, and a filing cabinet, and let me more or less have my head. I wrote some good stuff for them, too—on the structure of government, soil erosion, the place of the courts, the rights of labor, controlled economy, the plight of agriculture, the future of the tariff, postwar planning, the American dream, the shrinking world, and so on.

Each of these wonderful gentlemen had a small suite of rooms just down the corridor from mine. At least twice a day one of them would visit me and say he had something on his mind. It would develop that he wanted to make a speech or issue a statement and he wanted some suggestions, which was a euphemism meaning that he wanted me to bat out the whole works for him. Their merest whim was a command to me. Sometimes, when the three of us had a free evening, which wasn't often, we would go over to Pietro's, on Third Avenue, for dinner, and there we would mull over the higher strategy of the campaign. They were both pleasant fellows and adept at reaching for the dinner check.

I was careful to try to keep them on an even footing, for they really were of about the same importance politically. Neither was running for anything. They were just wire pullers behind the scenes with a tremendous itch to "clarify the issues" for the public.

THINGS seemed to be going well until a short time before election. One night Hufnagel made a ringing speech in Philadelphia. I had borrowed stuff from John Stuart Mill, Aristotle, Macaulay, Webster, Edmund Burke, and Archie MacLeish, and had thought up some phrases of my own, with lace where it seemed to help. The speech got a good play in the papers. The next night, while we were having dinner, Eddie Gildersleeve turned to Hufnagel and said, "That was a whale of a speech you made last night."

"Think so? Why, thanks, Eddie," said Hufnagel. I thought something looked wrong.

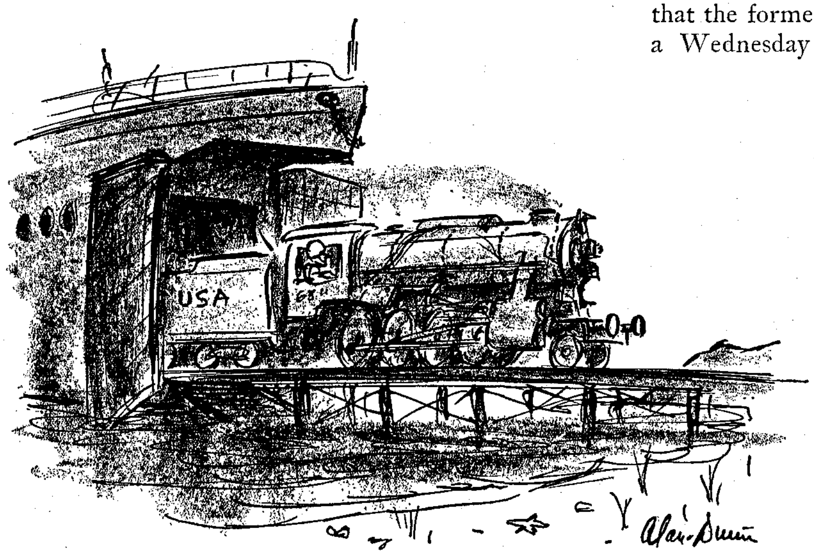
Then Eddie went on, sort of wistfully, "I wish I'd thought of that line. How does it go? 'All our yesterdays are inextricably intertwined with our tomorrows.' Something like that. Good line. And true as hell."

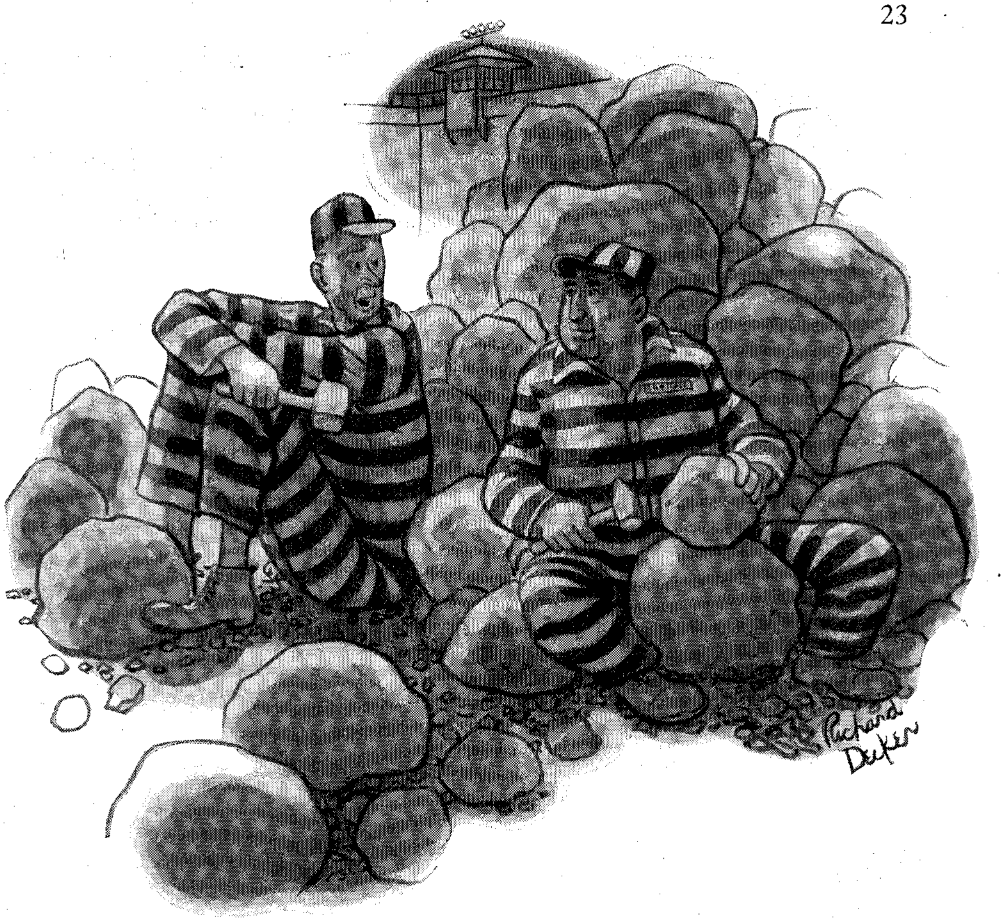
Artie could tell something was in the wind, so he shrugged off the compliment and said to Eddie, "You've made some pretty good speeches yourself lately." I didn't say anything. How could I? But I knew that Eddie was making a speech the next night and it had to be good. It was good. I did a fair amount of research and then put in a touch of embroidery here and there. Eddie spoke in Boston and his speech was broadcast. The line he liked best was "The quality of courage is not the exclusive property of any party, of any man, or any set of men. We were unterrified yesterday; we shall be unterrified tomorrow."

Eddie got a fine press on his remarks. He was beaming when he came back to the hotel the next day. He said he felt he at least had succeeded in clarifying some of the issues, but he couldn't be sure, since the voters were such dumb jugheads. Neither Artie nor Eddie had a very high regard for the brains of the average citizen, but they were always in there trying to help.

Well, I figured, this makes them even, and from now on I'll be extra careful not to let one have a better speech than the other. That part of it worked out all right, too, and things might have gone on in perfect harmony right up to election time if it hadn't been for Al Smith. You will recall that the former Governor died early of a Wednesday morning and that the *Times* held its forms open very late in order to make the story.

I got up around noon that Wednesday and read about Mr. Smith's death. I knew at once what would be expected of me. Artie and Eddie would want to issue statements and it would be up to me to write them. Now, I can write a stirring speech, draft a political forecast full of figures that not





"I perfected a new method of engraving—well, perhaps 'perfected' isn't quite the word."

• •

even Jim Hagerty of the *Times* can find much real fault with, and do a lot of other odd jobs, but when it comes to writing a message of regret at the death of a great man, I yield to no living human being. There I am tops.

I was already down at the hotel fiddling around with their statements when Artie came by my room and said, "I hate to horn in on a thing like this, but I suppose it will be expected of me. You see, it isn't as if I was a stranger trying to get publicity. I really did know Smith. Talked to him one night at a Legislative Correspondents Association dinner in Albany."

"Sure, Artie," I said. "People expect it of you. I'll whip up a little something."

Artie had no sooner left my room than Eddie came in, panting. He also was upset by the demise of the Happy Warrior.

"I guess I ought to say a little something," he said. "Damn-fool racket, this, but folks might think I didn't like Governor Smith if I didn't say something. I liked him fine."

So I told Eddie I would put together a few words and that he could O.K. them, and then we would send it out and let nature take its course. I knew that, what with the paper shortage and all, not much comment would be printed by anybody, not even about Al Smith. But I swung into the business and wrote this for Artie, because he had asked for it first (I abridge and alter it only enough to frustrate any too curious researcher): "His passing is a loss to state and nation. To know him was to love him. Although we did not always agree on everything, we never had a harsh word. He will grow in stature as time passes. We shall not soon look upon his like again."

Then I wrote this for Eddie (this is as near as I can remember it and it isn't far wrong): "His city, that he loved so well, will miss him. His state will miss him. His country will miss him. He knew government and he knew people. He touched something in our common humanity. I am deeply moved."

I studied both statements and figured they were about even. Then I delivered them to Artie and Eddie, who were sitting on a sofa out in the corridor between their offices. Each read his statement slowly, carefully. Then Eddie said, "Artie, let me see your statement."

Artie handed over his statement and Eddie studied it. He frowned.

"Artie," he said, and there was something ominous in his tone, "your statement is better than mine. Let's trade."

Artie wouldn't trade. Then Eddie suggested that they flip coins for the choice, and Artie, who liked to gamble, agreed. Eddie won and took the little laurel wreath I had prepared for Artie. I rushed both comments out to the press associations and newspapers. There was an ugly overtone in the air, but what could I do? I really couldn't see much difference in the blurbs.

The next morning, as I had anticipated, nobody used many statements except the *Times*. Way down toward the bottom it had the statement from Eddie Gildersleeve, the cameo in prose beginning, "His passing is a loss to state and nation," the one I had originally planned for Artie. There wasn't anything from Artie; I learned afterward that Artie's tribute had been set in type, along with dozens of others, but had wound up in the overset matter.

When Artie Hufnagel came into the hotel that Thursday morning he met Eddie in the corridor and said, "You low-down, dirty, thieving, cheating, double-crossing, flea-bitten, ballot-stuffing louse. You practically stole my statement."

Eddie Gildersleeve just grinned, and then he said, "That's life, Artie," and disappeared into his office. They never spoke to each other during the rest of the campaign. They still don't speak. Now people are saying that this coolness between them, this break or rift or cleavage or whatever it is, may have political effects upon our children and our children's children. Could be, at that, for they are very powerful men. Anyhow, I wanted to explain the whole thing and put the facts on the record. I thought for a while that I might try to bring them together and make them shake hands and patch things up, for I am on good terms with both of them, but the more I thought about it the more I thought I'd just let it ride. One thing I know: So far as I'm concerned, they can write their own death statements after this. And that goes for speeches, too.

—TREADSALVE GILSTRAP

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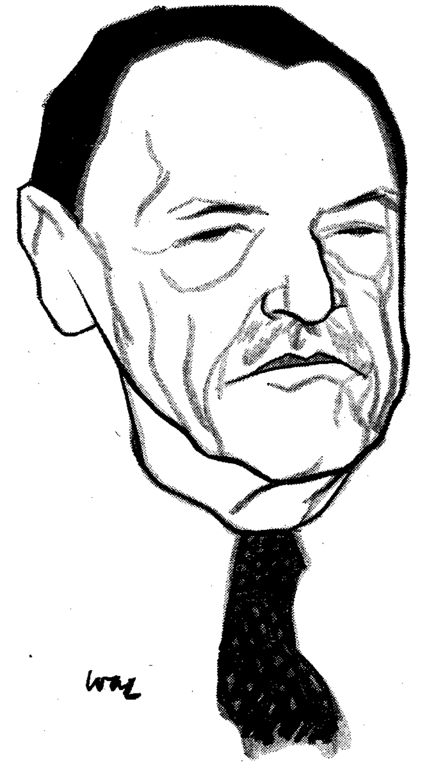
GIRL WILL SHARE—Apartment with two other girls or couple. Prefer service man. 3-0850.—*Portland Press-Herald.*

Just thinking out loud, of course?



PROFILES

VERY OLD PARTY—I

William Somerset Maugham, who has been living in the United States since 1940, is, at seventy, a small, dark, wrinkled man with tired eyes and an energetic stammer who is looked up to in certain quarters as the dean of English letters and looked down upon in others as the dean of lettered money makers. Conflicting opinions about an author's merit are not unusual in literary circles, where the drape of a man's prose is as vehemently argued as the cut of his ideology, but of the famous contemporary authors, only Maugham is regarded as a glowing genius on the one hand and, on the other, as an incandescent hack. Since 1897, when he began his career with the publication of his first novel, "Liza of Lambeth," Maugham has produced twenty novels, twenty-four plays, ten books of short stories, six volumes of essays and travel impressions, and one book of autobiographical reminiscences. He has also, in odd moments, edited six anthologies. Maugham's admirers and detractors both find, in this sizable body of work, all the ammunition they need to sustain a quarrel which, for over twenty years, has been going on with the intensity of a tong war. A while ago, a fairly eminent critic, who, at a dinner party given in honor of a still more eminent critic, had ventured to call Maugham's "Of Human Bondage" one of the world's classics, angrily left the table when he was only halfway through the entrée because he had been told, by the guest of honor, that anyone who thought such a thing ought to give up criticism and get into some less demanding line of work. At a cocktail party, one young writer, flushed with adulation and alcohol, punched another young writer in the nose because he didn't like the way the fellow was running down Maugham's "Cakes and Ale."

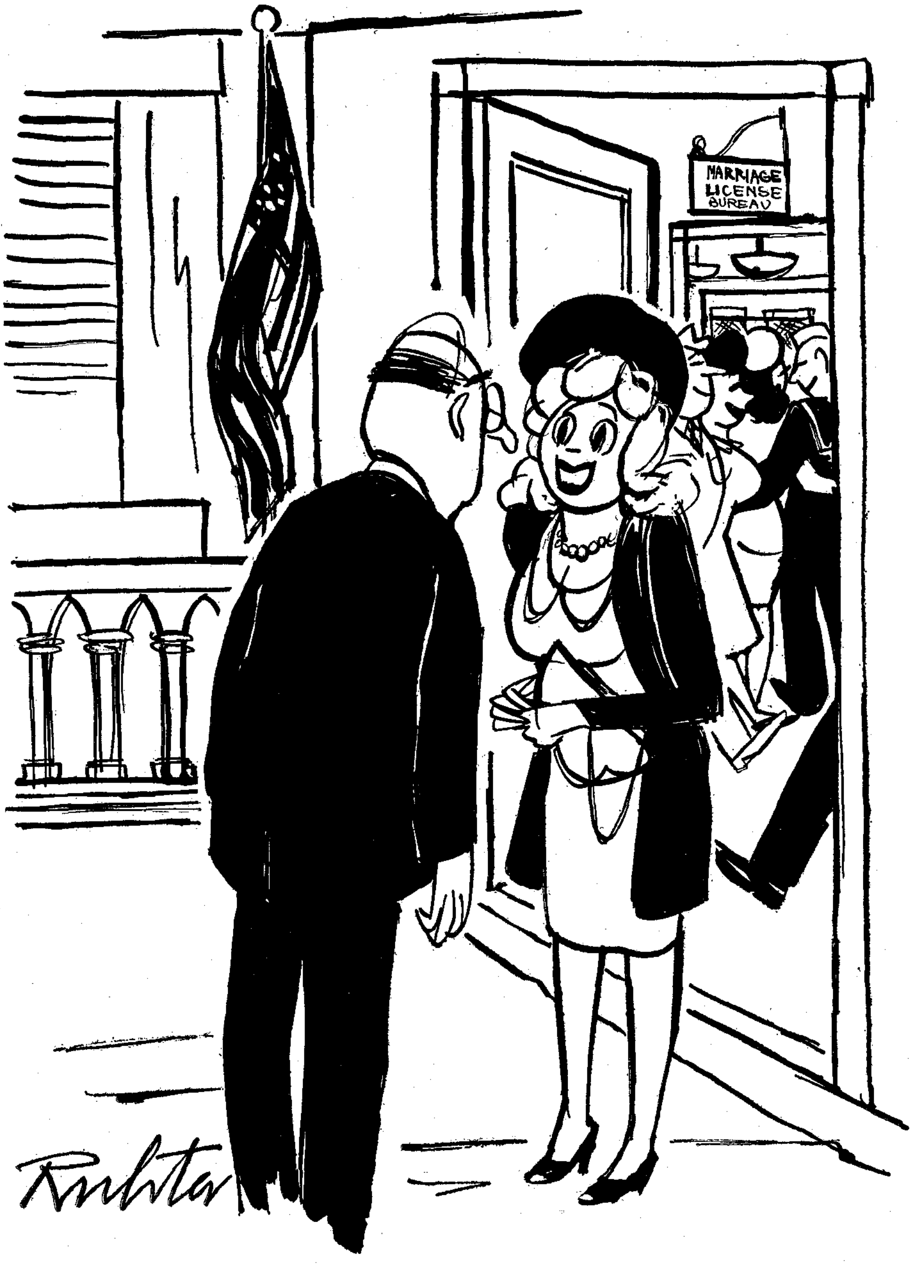
The debate about Maugham is, however, generally conducted with more restraint. Those writers who consider him the foremost living novelist, as, for example, Glenway Wescott does—Wescott always calls him the Master—base their judgment on the fact that he has won both the approval of the public, which has rewarded him with a substantial fortune, and the respect of many critics, some of whom consider him the finest literary craftsman in the world. Those who take a contrary view say that at best Maugham is merely a highly competent carpenter whose skill at turning a phrase and pegging a plot are not to be confused with art. The subject of this controversy, whose reputation as a novelist has now partly obscured his earlier fame as a dramatist, has been described as looking like a retired English colonel, a satan in modern dress, and a high-society dude. Hard as it is to resemble all these things at once, Maugham almost manages to accomplish it. The military erectness with which he holds himself, together with the crispness he still gets into his stride, might easily cause him to be mistaken for a retired professional soldier. His aquiline nose, sallow skin, and rather thin lips, which curve sharply downward at the corners beneath a close-cropped mustache, do give his countenance a certain satanic cast. And the casual elegance of his dress, matched by a casual elegance of behavior, is, if not precisely dudelike, in keeping with the unwritten tenet of the English upper classes that a man's clothes should be clean, correct, and inconspicuously expensive. Usually, though, people meeting him for the first time find that most of all he resembles a character in a novel by W. Somerset Maugham. This is no accident. Maugham, who frankly says that he always works from living models, has consistently introduced himself without disguise into the pages of his books. "I have never hesitated to use myself as a model whenever I saw fit," he says. "I do not like the idea of setting down my thoughts in the first person and though I have often put forward my ideas and opinions in my books, I have preferred to regard myself as a character in the story." Those of Maugham's more attentive readers who happen to meet him invariably have the feeling that they have met him before. Even people who have known him for years are frequently puzzled by this merging of the fictional and the real. "I've never been able to decide where Maugham's book self ends and his real self begins," one of the editors of Doubleday, Doran, Maugham's publishers, said recently. "We'll be talking, and he'll say something that sounds familiar, and then I'll remember that I read it in one of his books. It's extremely disconcerting sometimes—like seeing double."

Maugham's personality is also the subject of a considerable amount of debate. There are those among his acquaintances who charge him with being cynical, bitter, and cruel, and there are those who insist that he is charitable, humane, and even sentimental. Other acquaintances say he is a mystery to them and let it go at that. They find it hard to reconcile the courteous, considerate man who will sometimes go to extreme lengths to do a service for someone he hardly knows with the man who, upon being told that a woman's hair had suddenly become streaked with gray because of her grief over the death of her child, burst out laughing and said that the streaks were probably caused not by grief but by her being unable to make her regular visit to the beauty parlor. John Colton, the playwright who, in collaboration with Clemence Randolph, turned Maugham's short story "Miss Thompson" into the play called "Rain," has summed up what most of Maugham's friends feel about him. "I cannot imagine anyone really knowing him," said Colton. "He lives behind walls—a wall of reserve, a wall of gentlemanliness, a wall of exquisite good manners. No one has ever breached these defenses. I am sure that Maugham knows I like him, and I think he likes me, but I've never been able to penetrate the barriers he has erected between himself and the world. I doubt, furthermore, if anyone else has." Another old acquaintance, who, like many of Maugham's friends, calls him Willie, says that he has never felt altogether at ease with him. "I always have the feeling that Willie is wearing a mask," he says. "And not once, in all the years that I've known him, have I seen the mask drop. He's on guard all the time, alert as a hawk, watching everything he does and says."

Maugham is as indifferent to the argument about himself as he is to the one about his place in literature. He has, however, definite ideas about both. "There are very few people who know anything about me," he said not long ago, "and even they do not know as much as they imagine. I have never had any desire to lay bare my heart and I prefer to put limits upon the intimacy that I wish people to enter upon with me. I am a very old party now, one who has passed his allotted threescore and ten, and I no longer mind what people think of me. Nor do I mind what they think of me as a writer. I suppose few authors can help cherishing the hope that they will not be completely forgotten the moment they die, however, and on my seventieth birthday, which I passed all alone, I amused myself by weighing the chances I have of survival for a brief period. 'Of Human Bondage' is generally supposed to be my best book. It appeared thirty years ago and, judging from its sales, it is still being widely read. Posterity, however, is not inclined to occupy itself with books as long as that one is, and I rather suspect that it will be forgotten. I think that one or two of my comedies will be remembered for a time and that a few of my best short stories will find their way into anthologies, if only because some of them deal with remote places to which the passage of time and the spread of civilization will give a sort of romantic glamour. This is not much, I'll admit—two or three plays and a handful of short stories—but it is better than nothing. Should I be mistaken, and be completely forgotten a month after my death, I shall, of course, know nothing about it."

MAUGHAM, whose latest novel, "The Razor's Edge," is at the top of the best-seller lists, has been one of the most prodigiously successful authors of his time. Ever since 1908, when, at the age of thirty-four, after years of relative obscurity, he became the most talked-about dramatist in London, with four hits running at once, he has lived in the style to which most writers hope they may someday become accustomed. He has earned, in thirty-five years, more than three million dollars. Only four of his British contemporaries have had a comparable financial success—George Bernard Shaw, Rudyard Kipling, James Barrie, and John Galsworthy. Despite the fact that the business of putting down one word after another is better paid in the United States than anywhere else in the world, no living American writer of a similar position in the world of letters can match Maugham's record. Several American writers have made enough money to put them in the millionaire class, especially those who had long-run stage successes before the advent of high taxes, but, unlike the five Englishmen, none of them has had a particularly high standing in literature.

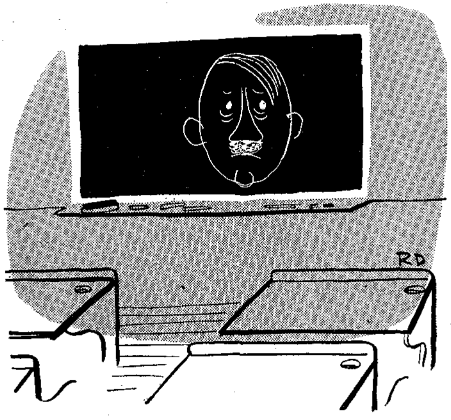
The imposing fortune that Maugham has piled up is not intact. Despite a healthy respect for the dollar and a deep understanding of the pound, he has spent money almost as lavishly as he has earned it and, like all the wealthier British, he has been hard hit by taxation. Even today, however, when he has reached the age at which most authors are no longer productive, he retains the ability to make money in sizable amounts. When, in 1940, he stepped off the Lisbon Clipper at LaGuardia Field, after abandoning to the Germans the villa in which he had been living on the French Riviera, he had no money whatever with him and could not draw on his savings, which were frozen in England; since then he has made, by conservative estimate, around three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. "The Razor's Edge," appearing forty-seven years after the publication of "Liza of Lambeth," which earned him a hundred dollars in royalties



"Anybody get stood up today?"

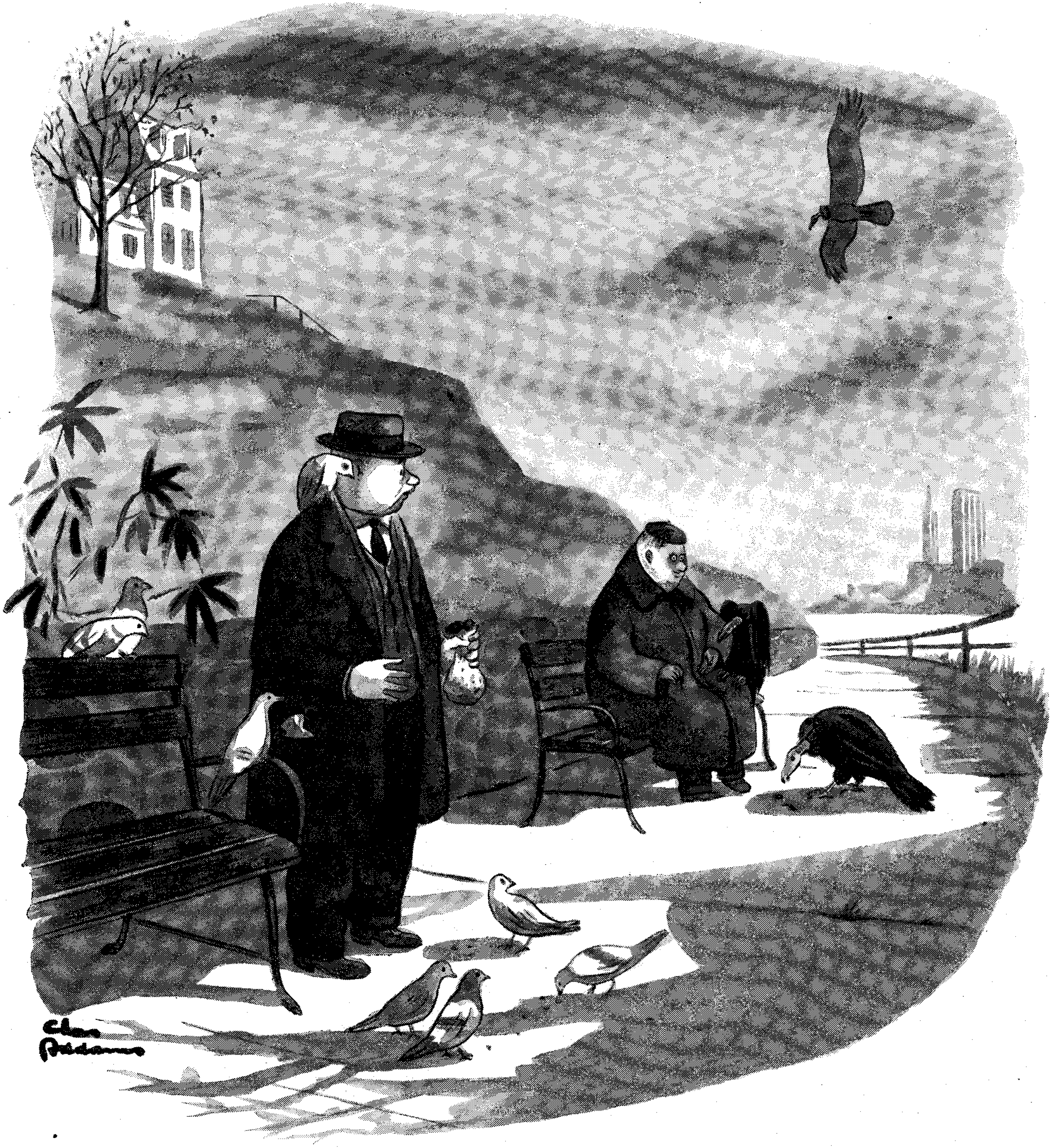
during its first year, has already sold over six hundred thousand copies and brought in some hundred thousand dollars in royalties plus forty thousand paid by *Redbook* for the serial rights. "The Razor's Edge," in addition, has just been sold to Twentieth Century-Fox for fifty thousand dollars plus a percentage of the gross, and two other Maugham novels, "Christmas Holiday" and "The Hour Before the Dawn," have recently been made into films—the first bought by Universal for twenty-five thousand dollars, the second by Paramount for sixty thousand. Maugham's "Sheppey," a play about a cockney barber who takes the teachings of the early Christian fathers with more than ordinary seriousness, has also just been sold to an independent moving-picture producer for fifty thousand plus a percentage. It was produced in London in 1933 but did not reach New York until last season. It ran here for three weeks, and Maugham's literary agent, Jacques Chambrun, who put on the play, dropped fifty-seven thousand dollars. "Of Human Bondage" is now being filmed for the second time. The first picture made from this novel is considered one of Hollywood's historical landmarks, because it brought Bette Davis, playing the rôle of Mildred, into prominence. Maugham sold all his rights in the book for $13,500 in 1929 and does not profit from these revivals. The new version, however, will, like the first one, almost certainly boost the sales of the novel, which has already sold around a total of a million copies in England and America and a total of some two and a half million in French, Spanish, German, Italian, Russian, Portuguese, and Scandinavian translations. "Rain," the drama of high emotion and bad weather which has proved itself one of the more durable works in the modern theatre, has grossed four million dollars since it was first produced, in 1922; Maugham's share of the take has been about a half million. In its latest incarnation, currently prospering at the Alvin, it is a musical comedy entitled "Sadie Thompson," with June Havoc in the rôle previously played by such exponents of volcanic allure as Jeanne Eagels, Lenore Ulric, Tallulah Bankhead, and Sally Rand.

Five other older works by Maugham have also recently been revived: "Cakes and Ale," a surgical dissection of two literary men whose prototypes are supposed to be Thomas Hardy and Hugh Walpole; "Ashenden," a collection of narratives based on Maugham's experiences as a secret agent in the first World War; and three volumes of short stories—"Cosmopolitan," "First Person Singular," and "Ah King." A few months ago they were put out in paper-bound editions, and drugstores, railroad stations, and five-and-tens throughout the country are doing a brisk trade in them. "Strictly Personal," Maugham's account of his flight in 1940 from France and his stopover in London during the blitz, had a negligible sale (eighty-five hundred copies) when it was published, but since a large part of it was serialized in the *Saturday Evening Post*, it caused its author no acute financial pain. In addition, since Maugham's arrival here, some twenty articles by him have been published in *Life*, *Collier's*, *Good Housekeeping*, and other magazines, on subjects ranging from the appreciation of art to the appreciation of cooking. He has also edited an anthology of contemporary writing called "W. Somerset Maugham's Introduction to Modern English and American Literature." Both the English and United States governments have taken large bites out of the three hundred and fifty thousand dollars he is estimated to have made during the past four years—so large, in fact, as to leave Maugham with only about seventy-five thousand to show for it. Even so, the quiet of the two-room suite in which he lives at the Ritz-Carlton is not noticeably marred by any howling at the door. He lives alone. He has been divorced for seventeen years. The Maughams had one daughter, who is now twenty-seven. She came to New York with her two children during the blitz and lived here until a few weeks ago, when she returned to England. There are times when Maugham takes a mordant pleasure in complaining that he is living in a state of genteel poverty. "My government," he says, "barely allows me enough to live on, and besides having to look after myself, I have had to support my secretary, who died a short time ago after a long illness, my daughter, and my two grandchildren. I only hope my government appreciates what a golden goose I really am."



Maugham's ability to make money is the thing his more antagonistic critics find themselves least able to forgive. They do not insist that a great writer must starve in a rooming house, but they are convinced that no great writer can afford to live in a rooming house like the Ritz. Maugham's admirers, however, consider this point of view nothing but inverted snobbery and an *a priori* form of criticism. "Maugham has been subjected to a tremendous amount of minute and carping scrutiny that does not always come, even by the most flexible definition, under the heading of legitimate literary criticism," Jerome Weidman wrote in the introduction to a Maugham anthology he assembled last year, "The W. Somerset Maugham Sampler." "That he has never seen fit to take up his own defense does not excuse the nature or the extent of the vilification." Richard Aldington has also come to Maugham's defense. "How do they [the critics] explain the persistent popular success of a writer who never flatters his audience?" he asks in an essay entitled "Somerset Maugham: An Appreciation." "They haven't attempted to do so. Dazzled and possibly a bit annoyed by the success, they have seen nothing else. Maugham has either been ignored or condescended to in a manner I find quite infuriating. What perverse nonsense it is to assume that a book or play which is immediately successful on a large scale must be bad!"

Maugham himself has a less agitated attitude. He has never concealed the fact that he is interested in making money, and there was a time when he even enjoyed telling interviewers how much cash was rolling in. Today he is more reticent. "When I had my first financial success, at thirty-four," he says, "and gained some notoriety as a playwright ["notoriety" being his word for "fame"], I was grateful not so much for the sake of the money but because I now had the liberty I had always desired and could tell any publisher or theatrical manager to go to hell—as, at times, I have." Liberty, as Maugham sees it, is a fairly expensive commodity. His particular freedoms—freedom to write as he pleases, freedom to travel, freedom to live as he likes to live, freedom to tell publishers



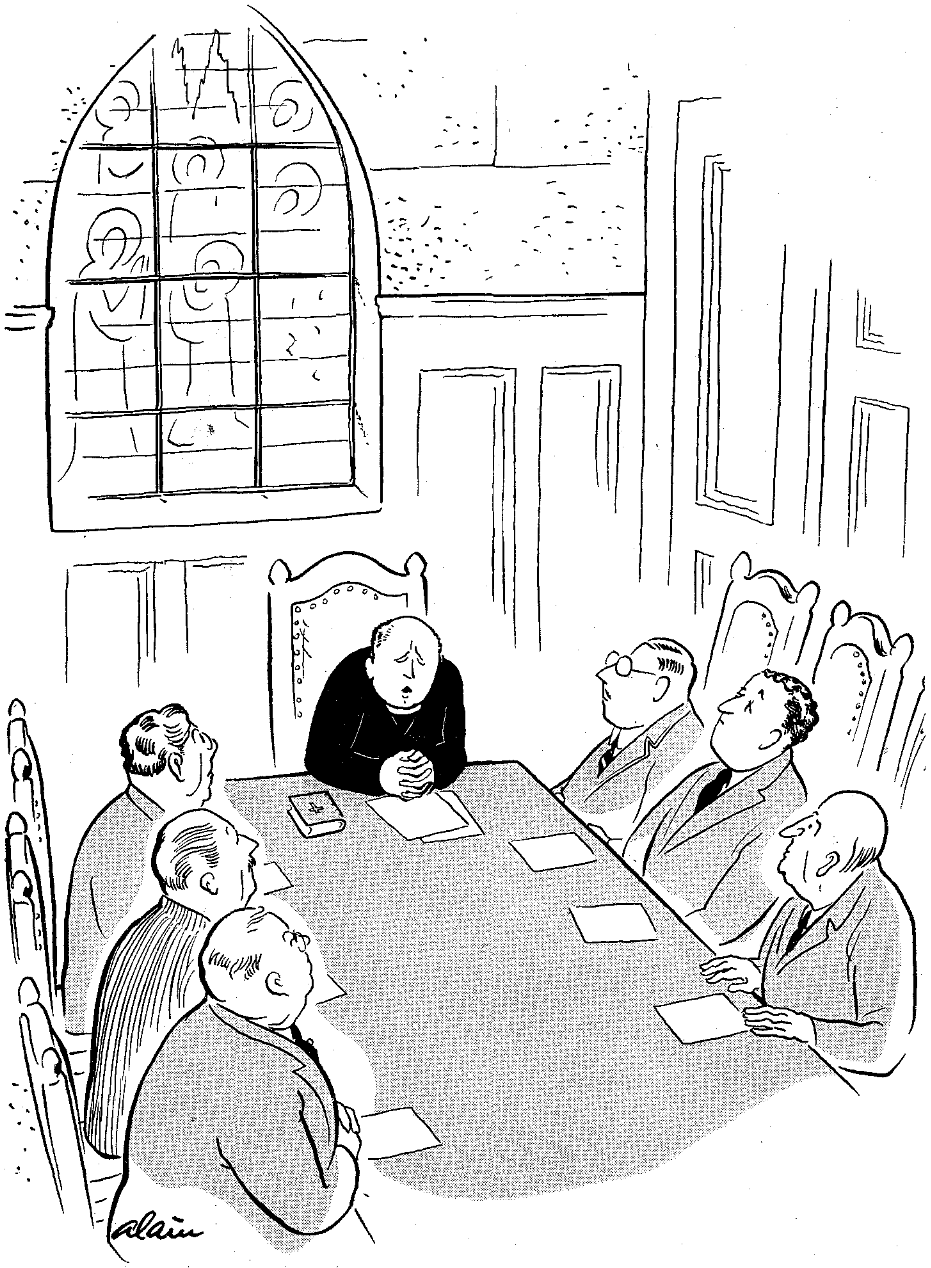
and managers to go to hell—have to be rooted in a substantial bank account. He is known, among those who have had dealings with him, as a tenacious defender of his rights. His present publisher, Nelson Doubleday, considered one of the shrewdest men in the trade, views with a mixture of sadness and admiration Maugham's unyielding devotion to the cause of freedom. Doubleday, a massive man, towers over Maugham as a St. Bernard towers over a beagle. "But Willie," one of Doubleday's associates has said, "can back Nelson into a corner every time. He'll always begin by saying, 'Of course I know nothing about business,' but before the conversation is over he will have got from Nelson everything he wants—which, incidentally, is plenty."

George Doran, now retired, who used to publish Maugham's books in this country before the Doran firm merged with Doubleday, Page to become Doubleday, Doran, has also recalled Maugham's canniness in financial matters. Maugham's letters to Charles Hanson Towne, who was his literary agent while Maugham was being published by the old Doran firm, indicate some of the reasons for Doran's respect. "I am dissatisfied with the way Doran has handled 'The Painted Veil,'" Maugham complained to Towne from London in 1925, shortly after the novel was published here. "He promised that he would issue a booklet about my work before it came out [but] he just sent it out like a parcel of tea and let it sell on its own merits. . . . I do not wish Doran to look upon me as a goose. . . . There is only one way I know by which a publisher can guarantee the success of a book and that is by giving so large an advance that it is necessary for him to do everything he can for the book in order to get his money back."

The letters Maugham wrote to Towne were mailed from all over the world—Brides-les-Bains, Madrid, Cuernavaca, Havana, Guatemala, Singapore, British Honduras. They can hardly be described as travel impressions. From Madrid: "I have just received a check for four sketches at sixteen pounds each. Surely the contract was that I was to receive a fifth of the American terms and by no arithmetical process that I can devise can I persuade myself that five times sixteen pounds comes to five hundred dollars. . . . There is also a certain sum due on stories that have been published in England. Could I be paid for them? Yours always, Willie." From Havana: "I am sending you a sketch entitled 'The Portrait of a Gentleman' for the *Cosmopolitan*. This makes eighteen that they have had. It has been borne in upon me lately that a good proportion of them are really short stories . . . and it would often be less labor to write a story of three or four thousand words than one of these sketches of, roughly speaking, fifteen hundred. I have recently received an offer from *Pearson's* magazine in London (in conjunction, I suppose, though they say nothing of it, with an American firm) of two thousand pounds for six stories of five thousand words each. Of course I refused it but I cannot help knowing that several of the sketches that I have done for Ray Long [then editor of *Cosmopolitan*] would have served their purpose very well. I have in point of fact been making Ray Long in these cases a present of a thousand dollars a story. I am very grateful to him for his generosity to me and for the admirable advertising he has given me, but when one's gratitude is costing one a thousand dollars a month it begins after a while to seem almost like self-indulgence. I do not know whether you think it would be worth Ray Long's while to double the present price of the sketches; if it were, I should be perfectly willing to sign a contract for as many more as he cared to have. . . . Yours always, Willie."

MAUGHAM, in his book of autobiographical reminiscences, "The Summing Up," says candidly that when he began to write he wanted for an audience not a limited circle of readers but the great public. "I had no notion of living on a crust in a garret if I could help it," he writes. "I had found out that money was like a sixth sense without which you could not make the most of the other five." Making the most of the other five has been, next to writing, Maugham's chief occupation in life. "Philosophers and moralists have had a habit of looking upon the body with misgiving," he said to a friend a while ago, enlarging upon a theme he discusses in "The Summing Up." "They have pointed out that its satisfactions are brief, without going on to say that a pleasure is none the less a pleasure because it does not please forever. It was the fashion, when I was young, to look upon the palate with disapproval. It seemed to me, however, that the sense of taste, in point of fact, was more important than the aesthetic instinct. A man can get through life more easily without an aesthetic sense than without a sense of taste."

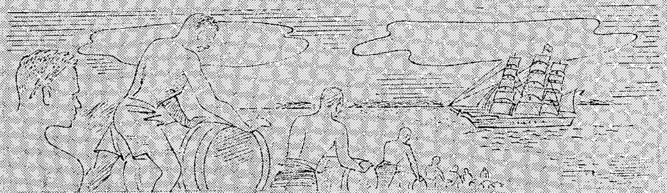
Of late, Maugham has become rather indifferent to the pursuit of purely hedonistic happiness. His life today is, compared with the one he led in the Villa Mauresque, his twelve-acre establishment on Cap Ferrat, a finger of land thrust into the Mediterranean between Nice and Monte Carlo, almost ascetic. The Villa Mauresque was built at the beginning of the century by a retired Catholic bishop who had spent most of his life in Algeria. Maugham acquired it in 1928, picking it up at a bargain price because the house was



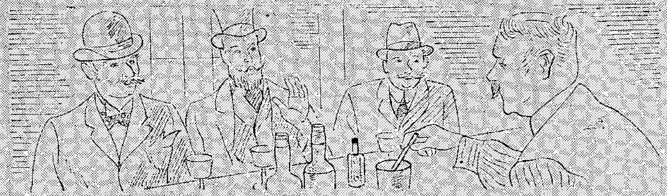
". . . and now let us pray silently for a moment that certain long-overdue repairs will be made to the rectory."

After four years of research with tropical herbs, Dr. Siegert perfected a specific to stimulate the appetite which was used with great effect amongst convalescent soldiers in the hospitals near Angostura (now *Ciudad Bolivar*).

Skippers from northern countries who visited Venezuela found the bitters invaluable and carried the fame of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters across the seas and around the world.



About the middle of the 19th century some forgotten contributor to gracious living originated the cocktail by using Angostura in a drink to stimulate the appetite and make meals more enjoyable.



'Twill still be good to be alive in Nineteen Hundred Forty-Five

Wars come, wars go—yet people of good will go on forever. Who knows this better than Angostura Bitters? Angostura was developed 121 years ago in the midst of one of the greatest wars of liberation—Bolivar's struggle to free South America from Spanish Imperialism. It was created by a doctor who previously had fought successfully in the cause of freedom in the Napoleonic wars.

It got its name from the town of Angostura where Dr. Siegert first used it in the military hospital. It performed wonders in speeding convalescence of the sick and wounded in the frightful tropic heat of Venezuela by its unique properties of stimulating the appetite, making food more enjoyable.

This tonic-appetizer quality of Angostura Bitters led to its world-wide fame and to the actual development of the cocktail. Both the Manhattan and the Old Fashioned date from the period when, through some happy inspiration, Angostura was first used in a drink before the meal, as a delightful way to stimulate the appetite and to promote greater enjoyment of fine food.

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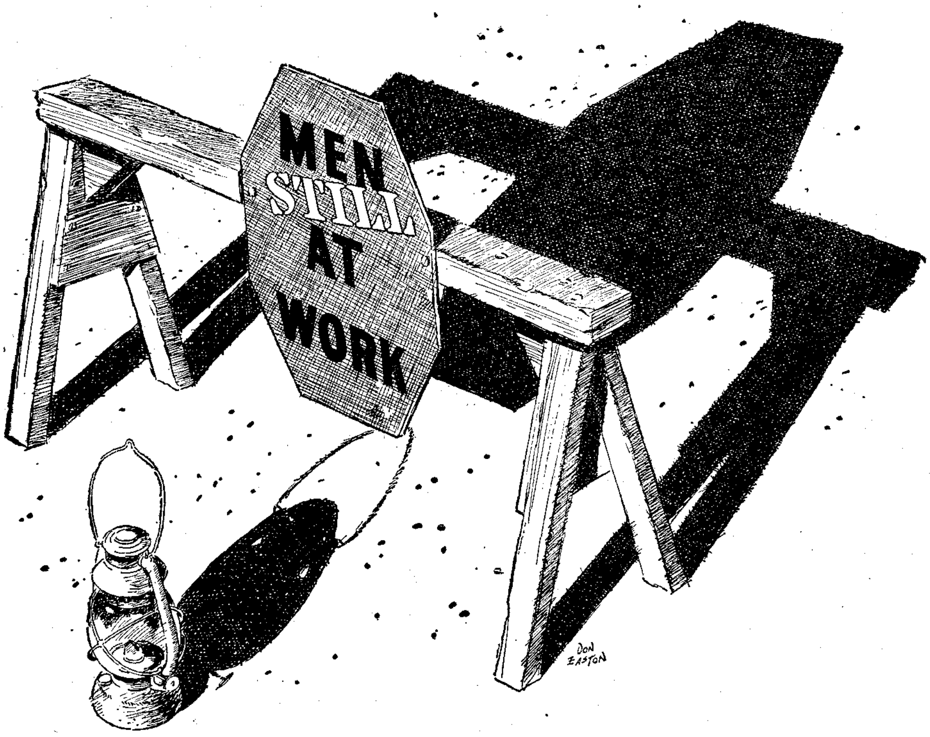
JAMES J. CARROLL,
MANAGING DIRECTOR

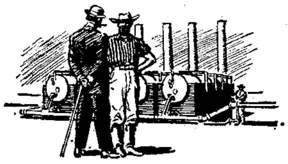
architecturally so unfortunate that nobody else wanted it. It had a Moorish cupola, horseshoe windows, a Moorish archway across the living room, and a Renaissance loggia. Maugham did away with what he calls "all that Moorish nonsense and Renaissance exuberance." He put in modern improvements and filled it with his books, his furniture, his collection of paintings, and the various other objects he had gathered during his travels. Then he had its neglected gardens restored. He planted oleanders, camellias, and other flowering shrubs, and imported avocado trees from California, the first that ever grew in Europe. He also built a swimming pool. A staff of thirteen, including five gardeners, manned the villa. One of its attractions was the Sara, a forty-five-ton, two-masted fishing boat that he had had rebuilt as a yacht and equipped with a Diesel engine. At one time or other, most of the leading representatives of the so-called international set which used to winter on the Riviera came to the villa, where the meals were perfect and the service superb. The tennis-playing King of Sweden enjoyed its hospitality, and so did the less athletic King of Siam and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Lady Rachel, the sister of the Duke of Norfolk, was an occasional guest, as were Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Colefax, and the American-born Countess Eleanor Palffy. Such members of the British literary set as Harold Nicolson and G. B. Stern used to drop in for weekends, as did any number of rich Americans, and life at the villa, until the war came along and smashed its pattern to bits, was lazy, careless, and glitteringly expensive. Maugham hopes to return to the Riviera before long, now that France has been liberated, but he does not expect to find the villa as he left it. First the Italians took it over. They confiscated the three automobiles in the garage—a Rolls-Royce, a Voisin, and a LaSalle. Then the Germans arrived. They took the Sara. Now the villa is presumably occupied by the Americans or the Maquis. Maugham has heard nothing about his house since he left it, but he knows, having served as a medical officer in the first World War, that because of its thick stone walls and its elevated site it would have made an excellent machine-gun nest or artillery emplacement for the Germans. If the Germans discovered that, as he has reconciled himself to thinking they did, the villa is probably in ruins.

Since being cooped up on the North American continent by the war, Maugham has led a somewhat different kind of life. It cannot be called altogether Spartan, however. His base of operations is the Ritz, where he lives for several months of the year and which he describes as a quiet family hotel. For a few months in the winter and spring, he lives in South Carolina, on the baronial Nelson Doubleday plantation, Bonny Hall, one of the ornamentations of the Carolina low country. In 1941, Doubleday built him an eight-room cottage on the plantation. In the summer, he goes to the Colonial Inn, at Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard.

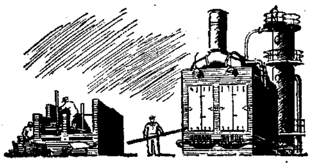
MAUGHAM's life in New York, like his life in South Carolina and Edgartown, follows the same routine he has held to ever since he became a writer. He awakens around seven and always does some reading before breakfast. His favorite pre-breakfast authors, at the moment, are Plato and the Greek dramatists; he also reads a great deal of poetry. He is very glad, he says, to have read the later poems of William Butler Yeats ("the greatest poet of his generation") and T. S. Eliot ("certainly the most important poet now writing"). He tried for years to take on George Santayana on an empty stomach but has finally given it up as a bad job. He admires Santayana's prose, but says he likes Hans Christian Andersen's better. Maugham breakfasts at eight—coffee and toast—and at eight-thirty goes to his writing table. His most recent literary production is a by-product of his great interest in bridge, the introduction to Charles Goren's "The Standard Book of Bidding." Goren, one of the experts that bridge players genuflect to as "life-masters," is, according to Maugham, "one of the great Americans." Goren had invited Maugham to write the introduction because he knew how fond he is of bridge. "I was as pleased as Punch," Maugham says. "I thought it a great compliment he paid me. I asked him to call and told him I would be glad to write the introduction if he would consent to my terms.



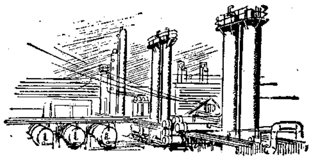
One job we haven't finished in 54 years



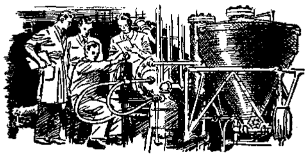
1 In 1890, we started building the Union Oil refinery system. Today, 54 years later, we're still building it. Our "plant" has never been finished. And it probably never will be. Of course, we've thought it was, from time to time.



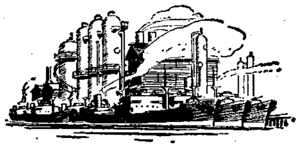
2 Back in 1919, we put in several million dollars worth of new equipment that gave us the last word in *straight run* refining. Yet during the next 7 years we installed *cracking* plants that greatly improved our production. This should have held us for a while.



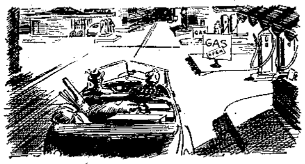
3 But 13 years later, in 1939, we began a $6,000,000 plant that utilized *hydroforming*. Then we built a $26,000,000 plant to produce 100 octane. And today, we're installing a $12,000,000 *catalytic cracking* unit. Now obviously no one likes to spend that kind of money on new equipment when the old would probably "do" for several years.



4 But you can't stop improving a refinery in America and stay in business. Competition won't let you. Each new refining process that's developed either lowers costs or improves quality. And there's always *some* company willing to install that process so that they can go after *your* customers with better products or lower prices.



5 Consequently, you either keep your tools sharp or you don't whittle. As a result... American oil companies in the last 25 years have *doubled* the amount of gasoline they can make per barrel of crude, raised the quality of gasoline to 100 octane and over...



6 ...lowered the price from 29.7c a gallon to 13¼c (excluding tax) and outproduced all the rest of the world combined. Without *competition* this could never have happened. For no monopoly—private *or* governmental—has ever had the *incentive* to achieve such a record.

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He looked pale for a moment and asked me what they were. I told him that they were these: that he should dine with me and play bridge with me. He agreed, and I asked two friends to join us, and we had an excellent game, a *most* excellent game. I won twenty-five bucks from Goren. Nothing in all my life has ever pleased me more.” Maugham is a good bridge player but not a spectacular one; he is earnest rather than brilliant. He doesn’t like reckless partners, grumbles about his luck, and is what is known in bridge circles as a bad card holder. He plays bridge three or four times a week, at a half cent a point, with friends who are, he says, “in no way notorious” and, between bridge games, he plays a lot of gin rummy.

Maugham always stays at his writing table, unless he is travelling and doesn’t have a writing table at which to stay, from eight-thirty in the morning until half past twelve. He is not writing a book at present, but he finds that attending to his correspondence—which has been swollen by the success of “The Razor’s Edge”—and making notes for a novel about Machiavelli and the Renaissance take up all the time he ordinarily sets aside for writing. He never works more than four hours a day, and never less. “If Darwin could work no more than that and change the whole course of human thought,” he once explained, “I saw no reason why I, who never expected to change the course of anything, should work any longer.” He writes with a fountain pen, in a clear, firm hand. Since he believes that the three prime requisites of good prose are simplicity, lucidity, and euphony, he will frequently rewrite a sentence or a page ten or fifteen times. Sometimes he wonders if the effort is worth it. “One fusses about style,” he says. “One tries to write better. One aims at balance and rhythm. One sweats one’s guts out. And yet the fact remains that the four greatest novelists the world has ever known—Balzac, Dickens, Tolstoy, and Dostoevski—wrote their respective languages very badly. It proves that if you can tell stories, create characters, devise incidents, and have sincerity and passion, it doesn’t matter a damn how you write.”

Maugham lunches at one. When in New York, he usually lunches in his rooms, since he doesn’t like the hubbub of the Ritz dining rooms. Generally he has a guest or two. Very often they are friends from England who are in the United States on a war mission, and then the conversation is largely concerned with the doings of persons called Binky, Dinky, and Pinky, who, upon investigation, turn out to be ambassadors, generals, admirals, and M.P.s. Before lunch, Maugham serves Martinis, which he mixes in a large silver shaker. He limits himself to one cocktail. “The weakness of my flesh,” he explained in “The Summing Up,” “has prevented me from enjoying that communion with the human race that is engendered by alcohol; long before I could reach the state of intoxication that enables so many, more happily constituted, to look upon all men as their brothers, my stomach has turned upon me and I have been as sick as a dog.” He is equally moderate about tobacco; he permits himself only a few cigarettes and two cigars a day, one after lunch and one after dinner.

When Maugham lunches in his rooms, he is generally served by a Polish waiter named John Duzak, a tall, dignified, middle-aged man with big teeth and thick eyeglasses, who lives in Brooklyn. Duzak speaks English without any special accent, either Polish or Brooklyn, but he has never learned to pronounce Maugham’s name correctly. He calls him Mr. Morgum. He knows that Maugham is a famous writer, but he has not read any of his books. “I cannot flatter Mr. Morgum by saying that I have,” he recently told one of Maugham’s guests while Maugham was out of the room. “It is not my habit to flatter anybody. Although I am a great reader of English literature and have read all the works of Charles Dickens and Marie Corelli, I never heard of Mr. Morgum until I came to work here at the Ritz. I am told that he is a great writer, but this is something I must find out for myself, when I have time. I will say this for Mr. Morgum, though. He is a gentleman. He is a very nice person. He makes you feel like a personal friend.” Maugham, in turn, admires Duzak. He is, Maugham says, a man with a sense of humor. Whenever Maugham asks his opinion of a dish listed on the Ritz menu, which Duzak always presents with elaborate formality, the waiter will cock his head, hold up a finger, and say, “If you will excuse me, Mr. Morgum, I will call up my secretary.” He will then leave the room for a minute. "Mr. Morgum," he will say, upon his return, "my secretary informs me that the jellied beef is very good today." Maugham accepts Duzak's secretary with a kind of rueful envy. "I wish I could get by with only one joke," he says.

Maugham always takes a nap after lunch, no matter where he is. He has napped on a Chinese junk in the China Sea, on an outrigger canoe in the South Seas, on his boat in the Mediterranean, on passenger liners and tramp steamers, in native huts in Burma and Samoa, in good hotels all over the world. He has also napped, more prosaically, on the back seats of automobiles. His daughter, now Liza Maugham Paravicini, enjoys telling about her father's behavior on a motor trip through California with some friends in 1941. "These people wanted to show us the California countryside," she says. "They didn't know when we started, though they soon found out, that my pa hates scenery. He behaved very badly and became more and more impossible every day. He could hardly wait for lunchtime to come so he could take his nap. There we were, in the midst of some of the most wonderful scenery in the world, and there was Pa, asleep on the back seat."

Mrs. Paravicini's son is six and her daughter almost four. Maugham saw his grandchildren frequently when they were in New York and, while he could not squeeze himself into the mold of the doting grandfather, he occasionally read to them. He sometimes gave his daughter short lectures on the care and feeding of children and viewed his grandchildren's increasing tendency to talk American slang with some dismay. He has kept his own vocabulary practically undefiled by Americanisms; the only slang word, either English or American, that he habitually uses is "bucks." Vincent Paravicini, Maugham's son-in-law, is a Swiss who became an English citizen at the outbreak of the war and is now a lieutenant colonel in the British Army. He joined up as a private and served through the African campaign under General Montgomery. His father, Charles Paravicini, was Swiss Minister to England from 1919 to 1940.

Maugham's former wife, Syrie Barnardo Maugham, is now an interior decorator who practices her profession in both London and New York. Before she married Maugham, in 1915, she was the wife of Henry Solomon Wellcome, later Sir Henry Wellcome, a founder of one of England's largest

LISTEN: ■ DECEMBER 30, 1944

On New Year's Day a new program starts on CBS which will add another dimension to radio's coverage of the war. Called *Feature Story* it will bring to the microphone every afternoon from Monday through Friday at 5:15 p.m. EWT one or another of CBS' staff of news correspondents from their posts all over the world reporting the colorful, human interest feature stories that lie just under the surface of the latest military and political events.

These are the stories which often miss being told in the swift tumult of regular news broadcasts. If a medical corpsman should save his comrade's life with a jacknife operation or the AMG uncover a blackmarket conspiracy in liberated territory, you'll probably hear about it from a CBS reporter close to the event.

Narrator and editor of the program is Bob Trout whose microphone marathons on D-Day, during the political conventions, and on Election Day helped earn for CBS the tribute of "the best news job by radio in 1944" from more than 600 leading radio editors and critics throughout the country.

On the first program New Year's afternoon you'll compare your resolutions for the coming year with those just made by the men fighting for you on the western battlefronts and in the Far East. You'll hear a composite report of the mood of the typical GI facing a new year of supreme effort. You may find the comparison significant.

★

In 1939 the doctors who were treating Danny O'Neil for a strep throat infection feared he might never sing again. He enlisted in the Navy and was assigned to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, noted for its bluejacket choir. Off duty, O'Neil hummed tentatively along with the choir. One day he cut loose with *Silent Night*. Presently he was the choir soloist. Then he was assigned to the carrier *Lexington*, stationed at Pearl Harbor, and during deck-duty one morning a swinging davit knocked him into the water. They pulled him out with a broken back.

O'Neil was in hospital for seven months. On December 4, 1941 the Navy released him with a medical discharge.

Four days later, the United States declared war on the Axis and O'Neil was back in a Navy recruiting office waiting to sign up. They turned him down. O'Neil then began haunting camps and USO centers. Whenever he saw a sailor he started singing.

Chaplain Hansen, director of the Great Lakes Naval Training Choir, caught up with him and invited him to sing on the Choir's radio program *Meet The Navy*. A few weeks later he was singing on six Chicago radio programs.

That's O'Neil's voice you hear singing *Always* every night, Monday through Friday, at 11:15 p.m. EWT on CBS.

★

Between December 7, 1941 and December 7, 1944 there elapsed 1096 days. During this period CBS used a total of 8,686 hours—or 361 days and 22 hours—to tell the American people how the war was being won, how to help win it. That's virtually a solid year (out of the past three) in which 46,052 separate CBS broadcasts offered 56,667 distinct ideas forwarding the march to victory.

★

BBC's program director in London wanted to do a school program about the launching of a Liberty ship in one of Henry Kaiser's shipyards. He cabled his New York office and asked if a recording could be made. BBC in New York wired KOIN, the CBS affiliate in Portland, Ore. KOIN reached in its files, pulled out a recent recording, shipped it airmail to New York. BBC put it on a bomber flying to London. A few days later millions of young British listeners heard a bottle smash in Portland.

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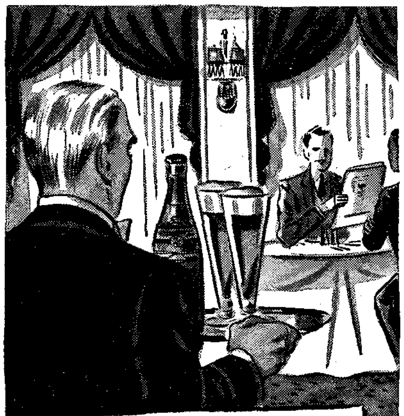
Mischa Borr and his Orchestra

The Waldorf-Astoria



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pharmaceutical concerns. Between the time the Maughams were divorced, in 1927, and Liza was married, in 1938, she lived with her mother and saw her father only one day a year. That day he always took her to lunch at Claridge's. "Rather stiff and awkward affairs," she recalls. She, like most of her father's friends, looks upon him as something of an enigma. "I really don't know him," she says. "I don't know him at all."

Maugham occupies himself, after he wakes up from his nap, by reading a detective story (a literary form he holds in high regard), by tending to his business affairs, or, if he can get up a game without too much trouble, by playing bridge or gin rummy. His evenings are governed by a routine almost as strict as that which governs his mornings. He often goes out to dine, but he goes to the theatre only two or three times a year and is nearly always in bed by ten-thirty. Only an especially exciting bridge game will keep him up as late as eleven. His social behavior is rather unpredictable. He generally tries to hold up his end of a party, but there are times when he is silent and moody. He is at his best in a small gathering of people he knows well. He has many acquaintances in New York, particularly among theatrical people, and on the evenings he is not playing bridge or dining out he likes to be with them. They are expected, however, to adjust their night-owl hours to his routine. He also sees many young authors who write him asking advice. He hardly ever refuses such a request, and he also carries on a large correspondence with young writers who want to know, as they often put it, the secret of his success.

"I think they are generally disappointed when they find I have no secret," he says. "It's rather a hopeless proposition, this giving of advice. Good advice is helpful, of course, and I wish I had had someone to direct my reading when I was young, but even the best advice can't take the place of talent. Once a lady who had a son of a literary bent asked me what training he should have to be a writer. Judging that she would pay little attention to my answer, I replied, 'Give him a thousand dollars a year for five years and tell him to go to the devil, attaching the widest possible meaning to that hackneyed phrase.' I have thought of it since and it seems to me that it was better advice than I imagined at the time. On such an income the young man will not starve, but on it he will be able to enjoy little comfort; comfort is the writer's bitterest foe. On such an income he will be able to travel all over the world and see life in aspects that a man in more affluent circumstances is never likely to come upon. He will often find himself penniless and so obliged to do whatever he can to get his dinner. That is not bad training. Some very good writers have led narrow lives, but they have written well in spite of their circumstances, not on account of them. I would have a writer be tinker, tailor, and candlestick maker. I would have him go hungry and get drunk. I would have him fall in and out of love, play poker with waterfront toughs, argue with philosophers, and swim with the natives in the South Seas. There is no reason for the writer to eat a whole sheep to be able to tell what mutton tastes like; it is enough for him to eat a cutlet, but he should do that. No man is not worth the writer's knowing. Everything that happens is grist to his mill. Oh, to have the gift, to be twenty-three, to have five years before one, and a thousand dollars a year." —HAMILTON BASSO

(This is the first of two articles on Mr. Maugham.)

•

MR. CLARK of Missouri. . . . I desire to give notice at this time that it is my intention, when Mr. MacLeish's nomination is called on the calendar, which will probably be tomorrow, to move that his nomination be recommitted to the Committee on Foreign Relations with instructions to hold hearings as to his qualifications.

MR. WHEELER. Did the Senator from Missouri have reference to the poet?

MR. CLARK of Missouri. Well, he claims he is a poet. I never have been informed from sources which are reliable that he is.—*Congressional Record.*

Name one reliable source, Senator.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Hartford Times*]

TROY, N.Y. (UP)—Cpl. Paul Fritz of Troy has seen a lot of action with a friend named "Bessie."

OF ALL THINGS

LAST week the military spokesmen in Washington were telling us that the German offensive was a serious matter but that there was no occasion for panic. It seemed strange to hear these authorities warning the public against underconfidence.

•

It is entirely possible that the reports we have been getting about Hitler were without foundation. At least we now know that rumors of the death of the Wehrmacht were greatly exaggerated.

•

Mr. Churchill's policy in Greece seems to be as unpopular in Britain as it is in America. We also have reason to suspect that the Greeks have a word for it.

•

For some reason the American idea of ducking all the hard problems for the duration of the war is not succeeding too well. Either there are too many problems or there is too much duration.

•

Moscow reports tell us that Stalin, on his sixty-fifth birthday, is still vigorous in mind and body. It was not thought necessary to add that he continues to take a lively interest in world affairs.

•

The Electoral Colleges convened in the forty-eight state capitals on December 18th. No upsets occurred. All the students chose to take the prescribed course.

•

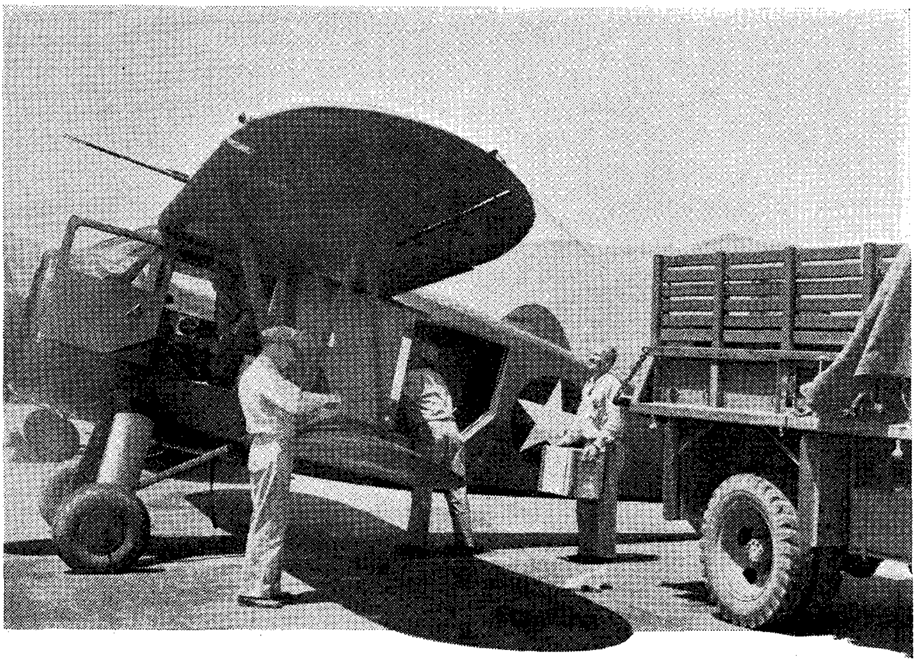
Final figures on the election, tabulated by the Associated Press, show that Dewey's vote did not quite equal what Willkie got four years ago. That might be because our Governor did not have the third-term issue to help him along.

•

In his farewell address to the Senate, Gerald P. Nye predicted that there will be another world war in ten or twenty years. Unfortunately, we will have no Nye to make sure that we keep out of it again.

•

The seventy-eighth Congress expired because it was no longer possible to get a quorum. The members seem to have lost all interest in their country and in each other. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



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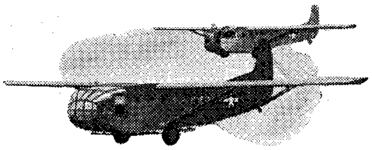

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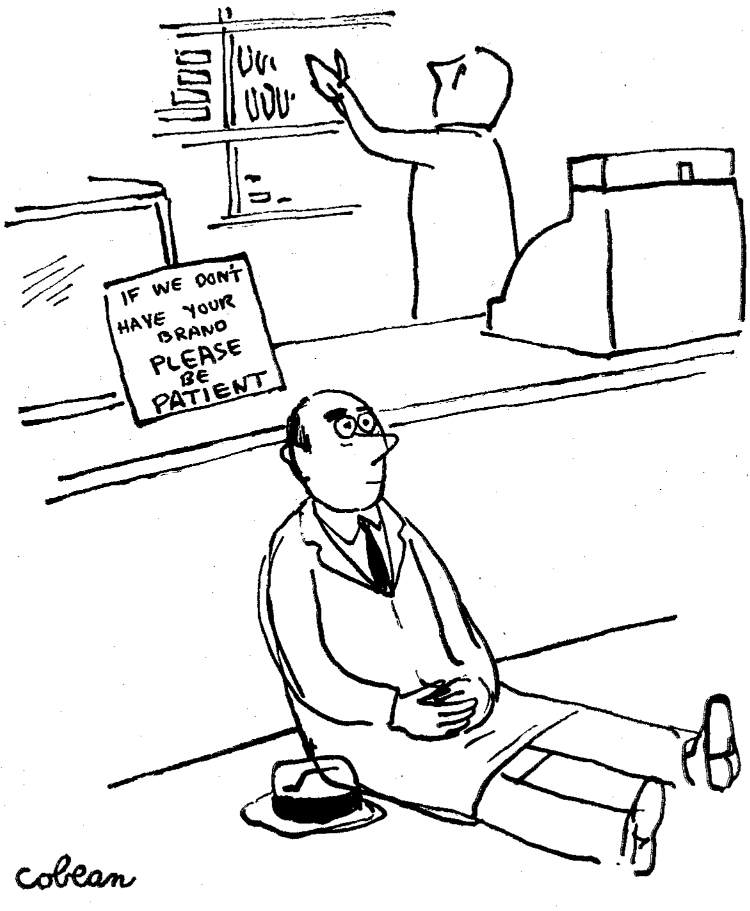
OUR COMBATANT CORRESPONDENTS

WHO DO THEY THINK WE ARE?

Masalog Point is a wild, rocky promontory, a labyrinth of chasms and tangled undergrowth, on the Japanese island of Tinian, which is one of the lesser members of the Marianas group. An assault force of United States Marines invaded Tinian last summer and after several days of hard fighting captured it. The Point was by-passed during the battle, but when things quieted down a bit, someone decided that Japanese stragglers who had been unable to escape from the island might be hiding there. A detachment of five Marines, led by a lieutenant, was assigned to explore the Point. I went along, in my capacity as Marine combat correspondent.

It was hard going all the way, and it became harder when we reached the promontory. There the land fell away toward the sea. Clinging to vines and branches, we let ourselves precariously down, over jagged coral outcroppings, to a narrow canyon. We were all sweating and jumpy as we worked our way down it. It was an ideal place for an ambush. The Marine in the lead was a thin young man with a long, tired face and red hair. I walked a few feet behind him. The lieutenant was a little to my right. Suddenly the man in the lead stopped. At the same moment, I saw what he apparently had seen. Something was moving in the brush at the edge of a small clearing just ahead of us. The red-haired Marine shouted in a high, uneasy voice, "Don't move—and get those hands up!" A stocky Japanese civilian, wearing a dirty shirt and even dirtier shorts, rose abruptly from the undergrowth. His hands were stretched rigidly above his head. I had never seen such a look of fear on a man's face. The lieutenant ran up to the man, searched him, and found that he was unarmed. I was several yards away from the Japanese, but I could hear his breathing. It was quick and gasping. No one spoke for a moment. And then, in the silence, we heard what sounded like a baby crying. The sound seemed to come from a cliff beyond the Japanese and to our right. "What's that?" the red-haired Marine said sharply. Nobody answered him. We were all looking at the Japanese. He was bowing to the lieutenant. His hands were still stretched above his head, so his gesture was something like a salaam. Then he bowed to each of us in turn. It seemed to give him confidence, or at least hope. After he had finished, he began to speak rapidly in Japanese. When he realized, from our silence, that we could not understand what he was saying, he broke off and bowed to each of us again. It was somehow embarrassing. I glanced at the red-haired Marine. He was staring at the Japanese with an expression of annoyance and pain. The lieutenant said, "All right," and gestured to the Japanese to lower his hands. The man's arms dropped stiffly to his sides. He spoke again, then pointed in the direction from which the cries had come. "We'd better take a look," the lieutenant said. He motioned to the Japanese to lead us.

We followed the man through the underbrush to a dark cleft in the canyon wall. The lieutenant walked close behind him with his pistol in his hand. The rest of us had our carbines at the ready. The cleft was the entrance to a narrow chasm. After we had taken a few steps into it, a sickening stench struck us, but what I saw almost made me forget the awful smell. The chasm was full of little shacks, huts, and lean-tos built of palm fronds and twigs and scraps of corrugated sheet iron. The settlement looked deserted. The lieutenant ordered the Japanese to stop and moved down the chasm a few yards. "*Day-tay-coy!*" he shouted, which means "Come out! We won't hurt you." He waited a moment and then shouted again. For what seemed like several minutes nothing happened. Then a frail old Japanese with a sunken, toothless face and a wisp of beard thrust his head from a low opening in one of the huts. He stared at us and then at our prisoner, who said something that I supposed was a reassurance. The old man crawled out of the hut and stood up. Several naked children crept out of other huts. Then a few women, carrying babies strapped to their backs, came out. They stared at us and we stared at them. Some of them began to cry, apparently from fright. More and more Japanese appeared; they seemed to rise out of the ground—elderly men, women of all ages, and children. I realized then that the stench was the smell of filth and people packed together in squalor. All of them were in rags, all of them were dirty, and all of them were emaciated and terrified. It was obvious that they expected us to attack them. Their fright made me realize that in our own astonishment we had forgotten to lower our carbines. I slung my gun over my shoulder and the others did the same. The lieutenant hesitated and then put away his pistol. He ordered one of the Marines to explore farther down the chasm. Everyone, including ourselves, relaxed a little. A boy of about four sidled up to me and timidly touched my dungarees, then slowly inspected my carbine, my cartridge belt, and my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helmet. He smiled warily. I smiled at him, and he grinned.

At the lieutenant's order, we herded the Japanese toward the entrance of the chasm. They backed away before us, pausing every two or three steps to bow ingratiatingly to us. The red-haired Marine gave a snort of irritation. "What's the matter with these people?" he said to me. His voice was as unsteady as it had been when he shouted to the first Japanese. "God damn it, who do they think we are?" I shook my head without replying, but I knew what he meant. The group continued to grow as we moved toward the entrance. The Marine who had gone down the chasm to explore came trotting back, followed by more people. He reported that there was still another chasm, connected to the one we were in, and that it, too, was filled with huts and frightened Japanese. It seemed to me that there must be at least four hundred in the crowd in our chasm. (Later, I learned that there were actually seven hundred and eighty living in the two settlements.) The lieutenant pulled out a package of cigarettes and lighted one. Before he could return the package to his pocket, he was surrounded by grinning faces and outstretched hands. The people surged around him, bowing. His cigarettes were gone in a few seconds. I passed my package around and so did the rest of us, and our cigarettes vanished, too.

The red-haired Marine suddenly shouted, "God damn it, stop bowing!" There was an instant of terrified silence. Then the people began to bow even lower. One bearded old man dropped to his knees and pressed his forehead to the ground. The red-haired Marine shouted again, I couldn't hear what, and pushed his way through the crowd toward the lieutenant. His face was pale and streaked with dirt and sweat. "Lieutenant!" he shouted. "For Christ's sake, do something! Make them stop *bowing* to me! Tell them who we are!"

—Sgt. George H. Mattie

•

His hobby is "people" and he spends every possible moment talking to them and getting their views. He estimates that during 1943 he talked to more than 250,000 persons.—*Blue Network News.*

Well, that's doing pretty well. That's approximately 68.5 persons an hour (or more than one a minute) for ten hours a day, which is doing all right.

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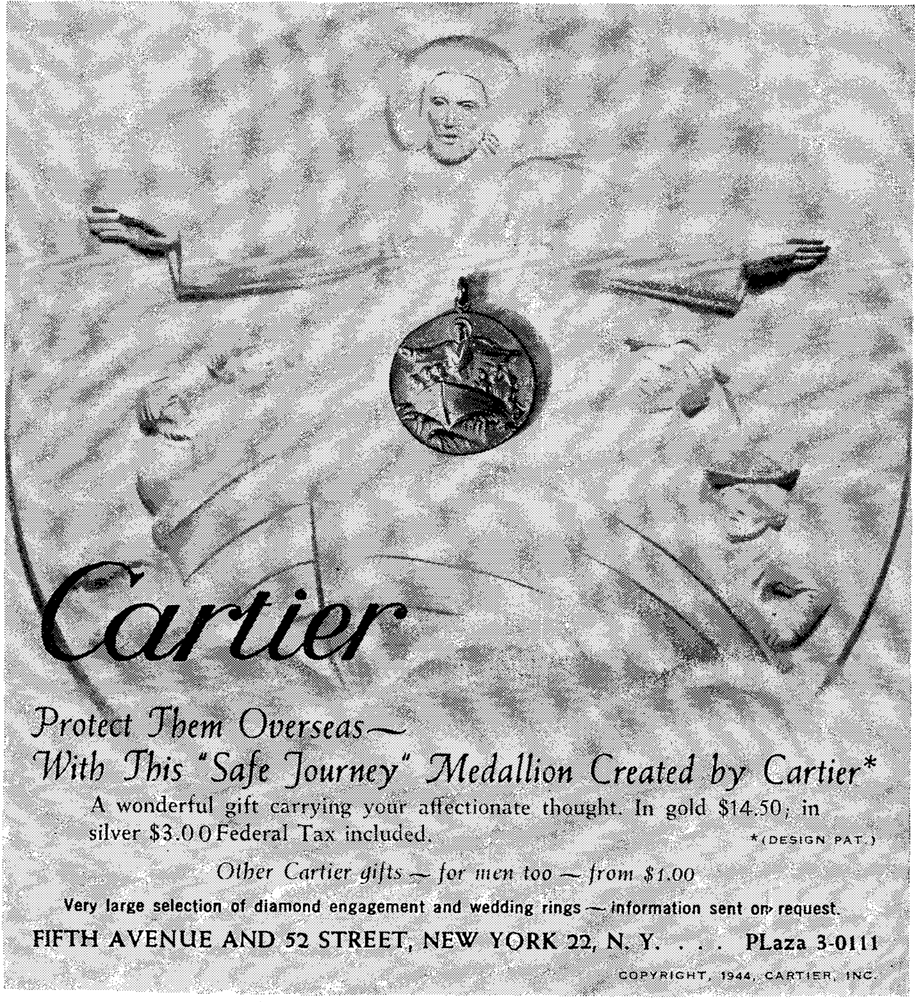

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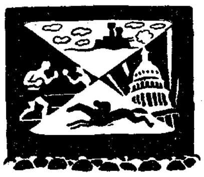
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Mountain and the Mouse

THERE was clearly enough material in A. J. Cronin's novel called "The Keys of the Kingdom" to make five or six moving pictures, but Twentieth Century-Fox has been content to settle for one. It is interminable and contains, I should say, every possible human experience with the exception of going over Niagara Falls in a barrel. There is even a suggestion of that, as a matter of fact, since the hero's parents die very early in the film when they are thrown into the rapids of the River Tweed. The trick of cramming a good part of what has happened to the race into the story of one life is impressive, I guess, but it is a little overpowering in an art form that has to be consumed all in one sitting. It might also be said that it is hard, even with a camera, to arrange a great number of events in any rational perspective when every one of them is more or less cosmic. "The Keys of the Kingdom" leaps from one emotional or melodramatic peak to another like a mountain goat, and personally I found it rather exhausting and, from time to time, just sort of silly. Dr. Cronin, after all, is neither Hugo nor Tolstoi, and when he maneuvers his characters into tremendous situations, they have a tendency to rattle around.

The synopsis and additional information issued by the management to the press take up fifteen pages, but perhaps in this much more frivolous medium a long paragraph will do. Francis Chisholm (Gregory Peck) is torn between the Catholic Church and his love for Nora (Jane Ball). This is solved for him with rather bleak finality when she gets tired of waiting around, is seduced by another man, and dies in childbirth. After a lapse of no particular interest, our hero, now Father Chisholm, winds up in China as a missionary. This is where Dr. Cronin really gets going. First, Father Chisholm finds that his mission house has been swept away by a flood; then, though knowing nothing about medicine, he saves the life of the son of a wealthy Chinese with one of those miracles of impromptu surgery that are probably more usual in Hollywood than elsewhere, and gets in return a much finer mission house; then three nuns arrive in a rather disagreeable frame of mind, since neither Father Chisholm nor their quarters is precisely what they had been led to expect; then a revolution breaks out, in the course of which bandits blow up the mission, Father Chisholm blows up one of their gun emplacements, and an old friend of his from Scotland (we won't go into how *he* got into the story) blows up a village to prevent a plague, gets shot, and dies, annoying everybody on his deathbed by refusing to embrace the faith. Finally, after a scene with one of the nuns (Rosa Stradner) which struck me as a very curious compromise between sex and the Vatican, Father Chisholm goes back to his native parish in Scotland, where, after some difficulties with a high ecclesiastic who feels that the old man is too unorthodox in his opinions and untidy in his ways, he presumably ends his days in peace.



This is a very rough synopsis of approximately one-fifth of what goes in that very meaty picture called "The Keys of the Kingdom." Among the subordinate players are Thomas Mitchell, Vincent Price, Edmund Gwenn, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Revere, Lumsden Hare, and Sara Allgood. As you can see, no expense has been spared.

"CAN'T HELP SINGING" is largely Deanna Durbin doing just that, and it ought to be a treat for her admirers. Chastely muffled in suds in a public bath, she sings a duet with an unknown baritone in the next cubicle; dreaming alone on the dizzy margin of the Grand Canyon, she sings and is answered by a choral echo of at least twenty voices; she sings while driving a covered wagon (for this is 1849), and she sings while scampering up the steps of the Treasury Building in Washington. At least two of her numbers, the title song and "Californ-i-ay," are very fetching, as they should be, since Jerome Kern wrote them, but the lyrics occasionally seem a little primitive. "Warmed by the breath of your sighs, cooled by the blue of your eyes," for instance, froze me practically solid. We'll just ignore the plot. . . . "Three Is a Family" is a roughhouse version of a Broadway obstetrical comedy that wasn't much good in the first place. Charles Ruggles, Fay Bainter, and Helen Broderick are among those who appear to be stuck with it.

—W. G.

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MAJESTIC, 44 St. E. of B'way. Cir. 6-0730.
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CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER * DENNIS KING * DUDLEY DIGGES
in
The Searching Wind
with BARBARA O'NEIL
FULTON W. 46 St. Eves. 8:40 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40
Seats Now for New Year's Eve., Dec. 31

WHEN THINGS GET DARK

Mrs. Garden was sitting in the overstuffed chair in her furnished room, smoking. She was a young woman, not more than twenty-three or four. She was small and thin and she was wearing a light-blue corduroy house coat and had her hair in curlers. It was eleven in the morning. She was finishing her third cup of coffee from the pot on the electric plate. Beside her on the small table was a letter. When she put her cup down, she took up the single sheet of ruled letter paper and read it again. "Dear Mrs. Garden," it said, "I can't help feeling that right now you are in need of a friend. You seemed to be so strong and courageous when I met you, in spite of your great trouble, that I am sure your young heart will be equal to any burden. When things get dark, remember there are always friends thinking of you and wishing you well." The letter was signed "A.H." After a minute Mrs. Garden put it down on the table and went over to the dresser. She took her pocketbook out of it and, rummaging through it, found a match folder. On the inside of the folder was written "Mrs. Amelia Hope, 111 Mortimer Street, Brooklyn Hgts."

Mrs. Garden stood in front of the dresser for a minute, looking at herself in the glass. I won't show at all for a while, she thought. No one would know unless I told them. She turned, holding her arms high, to look at herself in profile. After a minute she walked across the room and got the letter and put it and the match folder in her pocketbook. She went to the closet and took down a dark-blue suit and a white blouse, thinking, My clothes still fit me—all the nice things I bought and won't be able to wear. She dressed carefully, pinning the tiny infantry insigne to her lapel, and took a dark-blue hat out of the closet. When she was dressed she glanced around the room before she locked the door. She looked quiet and decent and worried. Out in the hall, she put the key in her pocketbook and went down the stairs.

PRIZE
SUSAN

All the way in the subway, Mrs. Garden held the pocketbook quietly in her lap, looking out the windows into the darkness. When she reached the station where the subway guard had told her to get off, she got up and went out into the street, where she went to a newsstand and asked the way to the address. Then, still holding her pocketbook close to her, she walked to 111 Mortimer Street. It was an old house, clearly a rooming house, and it looked ugly and decayed. Mrs. Garden went up the steps and rang the bell. When the landlady opened the door, Mrs. Garden said, "I want to see Mrs. Amelia Hope, please."

The landlady stood back and said, "Second floor, in the back."

Mrs. Garden went up the wide staircase, the sort of staircase you would find in an old, beautiful house, to a second floor with a high-ceilinged hall and white plaster ornamental molding. There was one door toward the back, at the end of the long hall, and Mrs. Garden knocked on it.

"Come in, please," an old lady's voice said. Mrs. Garden opened the door and stood just inside. For a minute it was hard for her to see, because she was facing a high, narrow window, with long brown drapes down each side of it. Then she saw a small, old-fashioned desk, with carved spindle legs, in front of the window, and Mrs. Hope sitting at it.

"I'm Mrs. Garden. Do you remember me?"

Mrs. Hope rose and came a step or two forward. "Mrs. Garden?" she said.

Mrs. Garden opened her pocketbook and took out the letter. She held it out to Mrs. Hope and said, "I wanted to ask you about this."

Mrs. Hope looked at the letter and then at Mrs. Garden. "Won't you sit down?" she said. She gestured at a little gilt chair near the desk. "You find me in a good deal of confusion," she said. "It seems that they clean my room later each day. You know," she said, leaning forward to touch Mrs. Garden on the knee, "I pay a small sum extra each week to have my room cleaned *well*—really well, you know—and I think I'm going to have to speak about it. They don't do it at all as they should."

Mrs. Garden looked around. The narrow bed in one corner looked, at first, hardly disturbed, and then she saw that it had not been made up yet that morning. A cup with a tea bag in the saucer sat on the desk, and beside it a pad of ruled writing paper, like the

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—BARNES, Herald Trib.
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—Barnes, Her. Trib.
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paper Mrs. Garden's letter was written on.

"I hope I didn't interrupt you at anything," Mrs. Garden said.

"Indeed not," Mrs. Hope said. She stood up and Mrs. Garden realized that she was incredibly small. She was wearing a plain black dress with a red belt, and around her neck was a long rope of aromatic cedar beads. "Will you have some candy?" she asked. She went over to the table by her bed and brought back a small glass dish of candy corn, which she set on the desk where Mrs. Garden could reach it. "I was just writing my letters," she said.

"It's funny," Mrs. Garden said. "I never expected to meet you again."

"I'm sure I know you," Mrs. Hope said, "but I can't quite remember where we met." She was leaning forward, pleased and attentive.

Mrs. Garden looked up, surprised. "Why, on the bus. You were so nice to me."

Mrs. Hope glanced down at the letter on the desk. "Certainly I remember now," she said. "You're the young lady with the child."

"No," Mrs. Garden said. "My husband had just left to be sent overseas. Mrs. Hope, I need advice very badly."

"It wasn't a child, come to think of it," Mrs. Hope said. "It was a sick mother. We women are terrible when we're sick."

"I thought maybe when I got your letter," Mrs. Garden said awkwardly, "I thought I might come in and talk to you. We haven't been married very long, Jim and I, and now when he comes back we're going to be saddled with a baby, and instead of starting out again together and going dancing and having a good time together, we're going to have responsibilities and everything. And I thought maybe you could tell me something to do."

"Of course you did," Mrs. Hope said. "I meet so many people," she added, looking down at the desk. "I don't think anyone has ever come to see me before, though."

"They say 'Gain one, lose one,'" Mrs. Garden said. "I don't know what I'd do if anything happened to Jim."

"Love is a very important thing," Mrs. Hope said.

"I haven't even told him yet," Mrs. Garden went on. "Every time I write him I mean to put it in, about the baby, and then I think how awful he'll feel."

Mrs. Hope leaned back in her chair and picked up the string of beads. "My dear," she said, "you would really be surprised how much trouble there is in

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S. B. Bottome Mng. Dir.

the world. If I can do anything to make the skies brighter for any of the poor people I meet, I have served my purpose in life."

"I thought you might just give me some advice," Mrs. Garden said. "You were so kind that day, and I'm afraid I don't know anyone else. Not in New York, anyway, and I wanted to talk to someone."

"And my little note comforted you?" Mrs. Hope said. She smiled wistfully. "This is the first time I have been allowed to see that I am doing some good. I talk to people everywhere and ask them for their names and addresses, and then when I feel that they need a friendly word, I send them a little note telling them to be of good heart."

"I know," Mrs. Garden said. "You told me, that day on the bus."

"On buses and everywhere," Mrs. Hope said. "I meet people wherever I go."

"But you can help me," Mrs. Garden said, "can't you?"

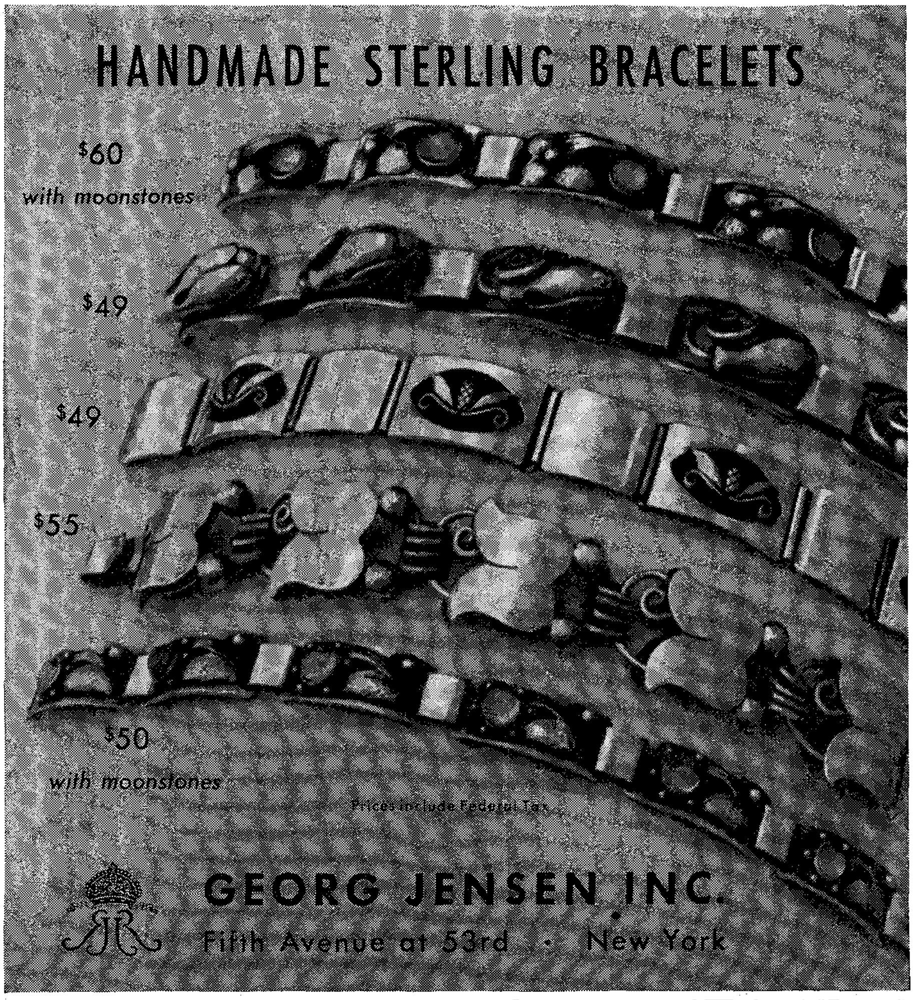
Mrs. Hope smiled and put her hand on Mrs. Garden's. "Let me show you," she said. She got up again and went over to the table by the bed. From a drawer in it she took a big scrapbook. "I make copies of all my letters," she said, "so I can send more to the same people if I think they need it." She handed the big book to Mrs. Garden. Then she took the desk chair and brought it over. "Wait till you see," she said, taking half of the book in her lap. On the first page a slip of paper was pasted, with "A word to the wise is sufficient" written on it in Mrs. Hope's careful hand. "Here is my first letter—to a boy who wanted to change his job," she said. "See, here I tell him to be careful in his decision."

"Don't think I'm the type of person who's always complaining," Mrs. Garden said, turning to look at Mrs. Hope. "But we had so many plans for our life together."

"This is odd," Mrs. Hope said, turning the page. "You ought to look at this one. Here was a girl with your same situation. Let me see, what did I say to her?" She leaned forward to read the letter.

"I write to him every other day," Mrs. Garden said, "and I have to write today. I want to have my mind made up."

"Of course you do," Mrs. Hope said. "This is one I wrote to Mr. Adolf Hitler. When he first started killing and rampaging, that was. I said for him to look into his heart and find love." She touched the letter pasted on the page.



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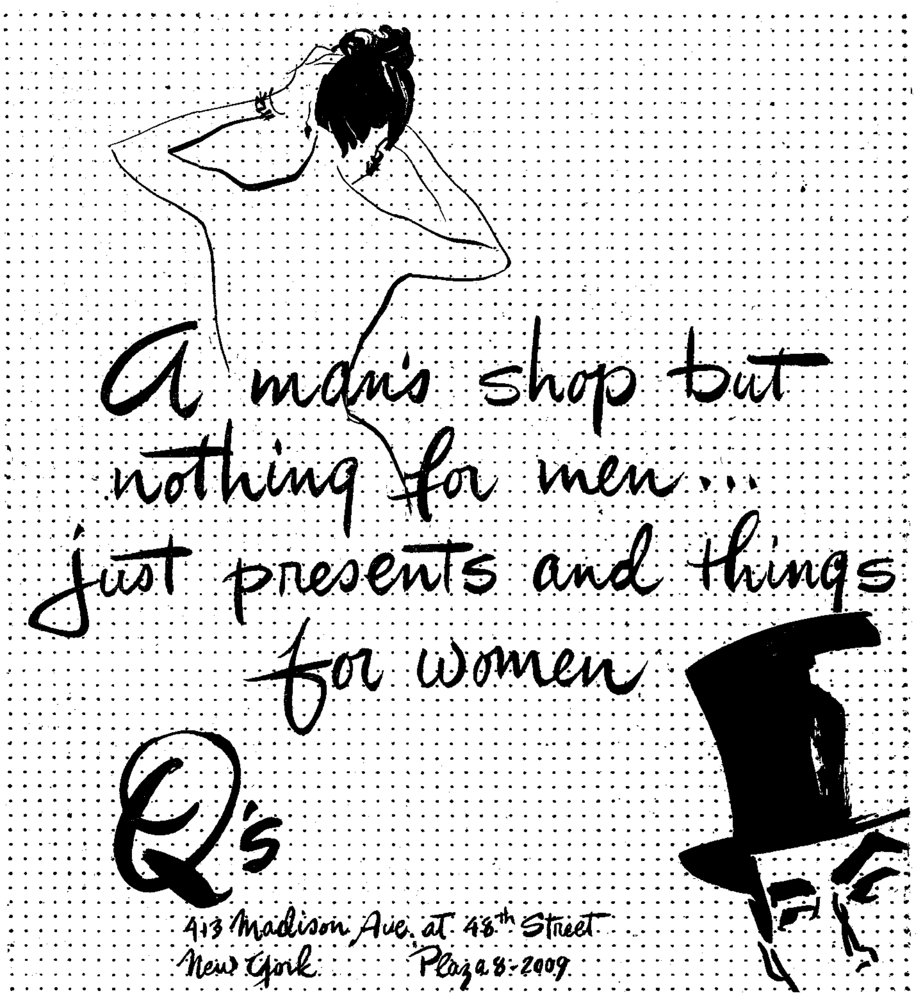


A man's shop but nothing for men... just presents and things for women
Q's
413 Madison Ave. at 48th Street
New York Plaza 8-2009

"I don't very often write like that, but some people are so much in need of a thoughtful word."

Mrs. Garden's lips trembled and she put her hand up to her mouth. "I suppose everyone gets desperate sometimes," she said.

"Everyone does, my dear." Mrs. Hope waited a minute, then closed the scrapbook and went over and put it carefully away in the drawer. "You haven't eaten any candy," she said. She took the plate and passed it to Mrs. Garden, who shook her head. "I wish I could ask you to stay for lunch," Mrs. Hope said, "but I only have a sandwich and a cup of tea here in my room."

"I just had breakfast," Mrs. Garden said. She stood up and picked up her pocketbook. "It's been very nice," she said.

"I've enjoyed seeing you again," Mrs. Hope said. "Maybe we'll meet again on a bus sometime."

"I hope so," Mrs. Garden said. She went toward the door.

Mrs. Hope followed her. "I can't tell you how comforting it's been," she said, "knowing how much good my little letters bring."

Mrs. Garden opened the door. "I'm sure they do," she said. "Well, goodbye."

"Wait a minute," Mrs. Hope said. She ran over, picked up Mrs. Garden's letter from the desk, and brought it to her. "You don't want to forget this," she said. "Keep it near you, to read when things get dark. Goodbye, my dear." She stood courteously by the door until Mrs. Garden closed it behind her.

OUTSIDE the door, Mrs. Garden waited a minute, fumbling in her pocketbook for her gloves. She heard Mrs. Hope cross the room, humming softly. Then there was the movement of a chair across the floor. Straightening the room, Mrs. Garden thought, pulling on a glove absent-mindedly. She heard the click of the cedar beads brushing against something; probably the desk. There was silence for a minute; then Mrs. Garden heard the faint scratching of Mrs. Hope's pen. With only one glove on and her pocketbook flying wildly behind her, Mrs. Garden turned and ran down the stairs and out into the warm noon sun.

—SHIRLEY JACKSON

•

MOSES DRAWS UP LAWS

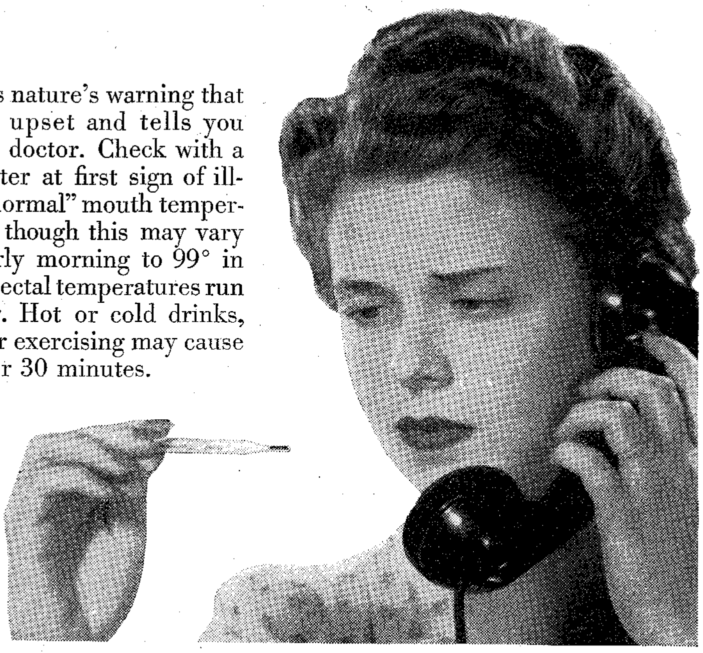
—*Headline in the Times.*

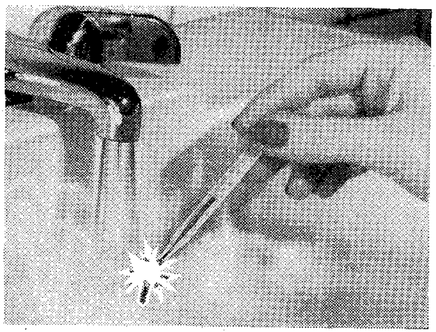
And when *he* draws them, they stay drawn.

Fever is Mother's best Friend!

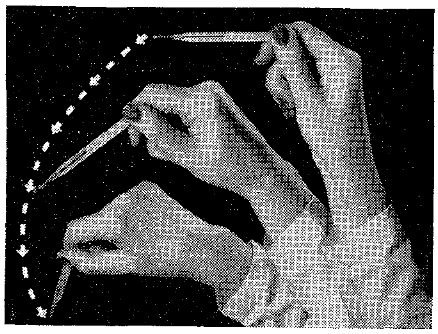
☐ TRUE or ☐ FALSE ?

1 True! Fever is nature's warning that the system is upset and tells you when to call the doctor. Check with a fever thermometer at first sign of illness. Average "normal" mouth temperature is 98.6°F, though this may vary from 98° in early morning to 99° in late afternoon. Rectal temperatures run a degree higher. Hot or cold drinks, food, smoking or exercising may cause false readings for 30 minutes.

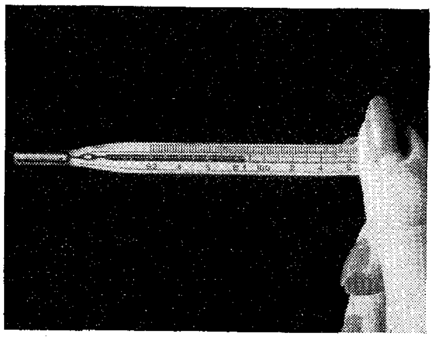




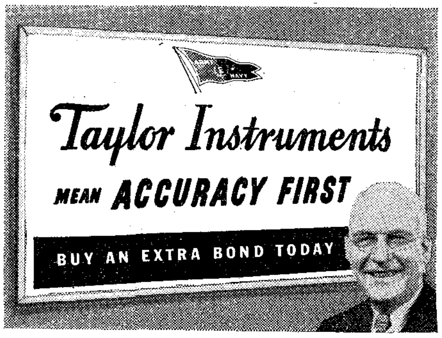
2 ***Best way to sterilize a fever thermometer is to hold it under the hot water faucet. True or false?***
Absolutely false. And don't you dream of trying it unless you want to break the thermometer. First step is to rinse in *cool* water (*not* hot). Then soak in alcohol, boric acid, or other household disinfectant for a few minutes. Rinse off disinfectant before re-use.



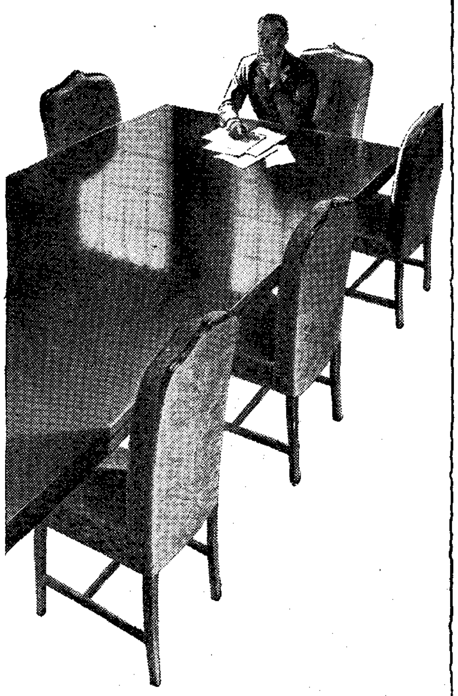
3 ***The correct method of "shaking down" a fever thermometer is like cracking a whip. True or false?***
True. A fever thermometer is built with a "bottleneck" so mercury column will stay up until you read it. That's why it must be shaken below 97° before using. Grasp thermometer firmly by end opposite bulb and give two or three vigorous twists of the wrist.



4 ***The easiest way to read a fever thermometer is to get a Taylor Binoc. True or false?***
True. A Binoc is 3 times easier to read than conventional type thermometers. Triple lens construction makes both mercury and scale easier to read. Flat shape helps you grip it in correct reading position.



5 ***Your doctor will be pleased as Punch if you get a fever thermometer and know how to use it. True or false?***
True. Your doctor is too busy for false alarms. The first thing he wants to know is the patient's temperature, and with a Taylor Binoc you can tell him *accurately.* Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester and Toronto.



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☆ ☆ ☆

This is an official U.S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

DEPT. OF CORRECTION AND AMPLIFICATION

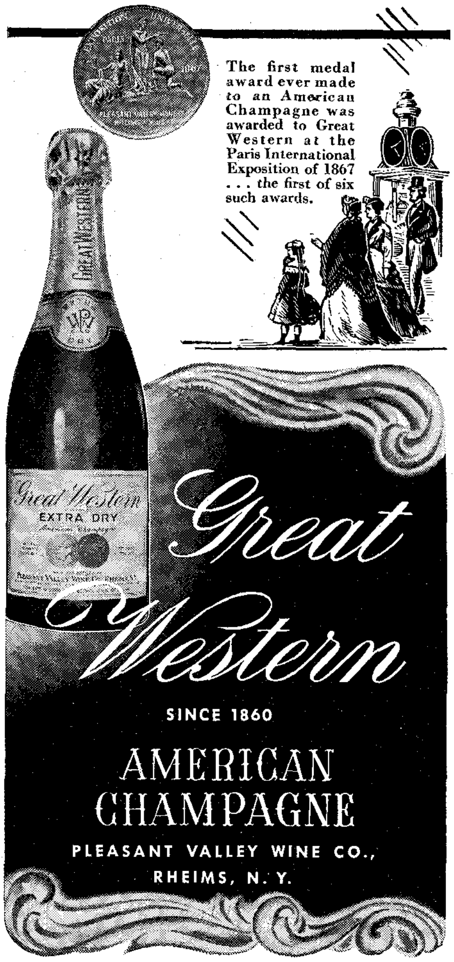
KANEOHE, OAHU, T. H.,
DECEMBER 1, 1944

The Editors, *The New Yorker,*
GENTLEMEN:

STAFF SERGEANT DAVID DEMPSEY, in his article entitled "O. K. with the Kanakas," which appeared in the September 9th issue of *The New Yorker,* states that he could find no word in the Marshall Island language for "work." He enjoyed singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and other songs with the people on the islet of Namur, of the Kwajalein atoll, but apparently missed one of their favorite songs, "Jerbal Non Jesus," meaning "Toiling for Jesus." Moreover, had he listened more carefully to the closing portion of the Lord's Prayer in Marshall, he would have known that the word "*ailin*" means "island," and that the word "*lap*" means "large." To the south of Kwajalein is an atoll called Ailinlaplap, meaning "very large island."

Furthermore, had Sergeant Dempsey worked a little more in checking the things Allenso told him, he could have learned the truth about the Lockwoods. The facts are that three generations of missionaries taught the Marshall Island people before the Lockwoods arrived among them in 1928. These island people were reading the Bible and singing Christian hymns before the Lockwoods were born. The Reverend Mr. George C. Lockwood, Mrs. Lockwood, and two small daughters lived at Jaluit, *nearly a thousand* miles by regular steamer route from Namur. Mrs. Lockwood never visited Namur. Mr. Lockwood spent only one night there. He spoke through an interpreter in the pulpit and in conferences. Most of the preaching and teaching in the Marshall Islands was being done by Christian laymen before the Lockwoods arrived. This practice continued until restricted by the Japanese government as late as 1940. Japan withdrew from the League of Nations in 1935, three years after the Lockwoods were back in America.

The churches were organized on the same democratic principles as the Congregational Churches of America. The Lockwoods assisted in organizing a biennial conference of pastors, teachers, and lay delegates from all the Marshall Islands. They counselled these leaders on problems confronting them in relation to church government and Christian practice. Smoking, to which Ser-



The first medal award ever made to an American Champagne was awarded to Great Western at the Paris International Exposition of 1867 . . . the first of six such awards.

SINCE 1860

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geant Dempsey refers, was not a major problem until the late nineteen-thirties, when many Japanese construction workers were brought to the islands. Teachers and parents in America have their problems with children smoking, so it is no wonder that the problem is now arising among the Marshall Island people, where the American Tobacco Trust is receiving free advertising from young American soldiers who are under the spell of its propaganda. If the Marshall Island children are taking up smoking at the age of seven, as Sergeant Dempsey writes, it has become a problem not only for the churches but also for the civil authorities who are charged with the health and well-being of the native people. In America, government authorities have had to make laws restricting the sale of tobacco to children.

Seriously, whether in missionary service, journalism, or the armed services, we have a common task in establishing friendly relations with the Marshall Island people and with other peoples of the Pacific area. We can best build this friendship upon the truth. We can know the truth by testing our own findings and our own statements with the known facts. This takes a little work, but the truth will make us free. We need to remember in all our endeavors that it is for this freedom that the Allies are now working and fighting with all their available material and human resources.

Sincerely,
George C. Lockwood,
A.B., B.D.

•

Light scratches can be removed by rubbing gently with rotten stone and water; scratches showing white can sometimes be cured by rubbing with a polishing oil, rubbing from now until 11 p.m.—*The Sun.*

Let's see—it's five past three.

•

Once, while still in Russia, I saw a pair of slacks illustrated in an American magazine and made a pair like them for my vacation. When I made my entrance at the resort in them the manager requested that they be removed.—*From an article in the American Magazine.*

Russian wolf?

•

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT
(SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD DIVISION)

[*Advertisement in the Embalmers' Monthly*]

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DRY SKIN
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ADV. BY N. W. AYER

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

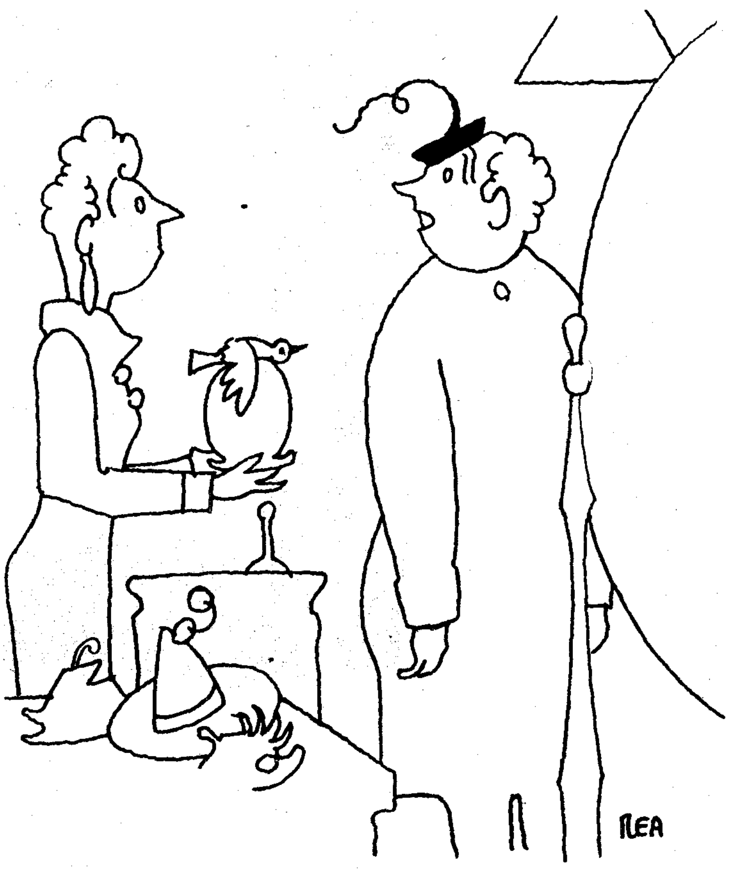
FEMININE FASHIONS

WOMEN who have spent the past several weeks pondering what to do about Christmas for their children and their husbands can now ponder what to do about their own small problems for a while. Best, an emporium which has solved a number of problems in its time, is ready for the newest batch of them. It is showing, in the misses' department, a nice assortment of dresses which are not ephemeral, seasonal affairs but ones which can be worn at any time of the year. Among them, I noticed some black or navy rayon crêpes with short sleeves and wraparound skirts, trimmed with matching grosgrain-ribbon bows and a grosgrain set-in belt; some navy or black rayon sheers with a white piqué bow (white piqué bows used to be permitted *only* during the classic eight weeks of spring, you may recall) buttoned on the belt; and some black, red, or gardenia-white rayon crêpes with folds descending from the shoulders to give something of the effect of a bolero. There are good print dresses at Best, too, one in crêpe with a pleasant design involving a lot of ballerinas. This one has a straight-across neck, a tunic arrangement which makes it look like a two-piece dress, and a narrow grosgrain sash in the two colors of the print—aqua or pink on black, or white on navy; $29.95 to $49.95.

Lord & Taylor's Young New Yorker Shop, which has sizes nine to seventeen and really is for young people, also has a new collection of all-year-round dresses. An attractive black wool jersey afternoon dress with white crocheted edging on its wide round neck and on its short sleeves caught my eye; it's $19.95. Prices, I should add, begin here at $15 and end at $50. There are afternoon things in black rayon taffeta, with peplum "jackets" edged with a white eyelet frill to match the jabots on the dickeys. For tea dancing, there is a group of samba dresses, which have a ruffle toward the hem to impart a swishy movement to the skirts. One dress has a navy rayon top with a turtle neck and a navy-and-white checked rayon surah skirt. One in black, for evening, has a turtle neck in front and a deep V in back; extended shoulders take the place of sleeves. It's what is sometimes called a knockout. For more matter-of-fact occasions, there is a costume made up of a high-waisted Kelly-green skirt, an attached top of white rayon crêpe printed with fat red roses, and a waist-length cape of wool lined with the print. If pink is one of your colors, you'll probably like a pink rayon crêpe print with a design of girls' heads in green and black. This is used in a number that has long sleeves trimmed with pink-and-black starched maline frills. You'll probably also like a dress in pink rayon jersey patterned with charcoal-black roses. This one has a high neck and is trimmed with black grosgrain ribbon. L. & T.'s black-and-white prints go in for tropical leaves. They are made up into fairly impressive dresses with standing collars tying at the throat, long sleeves, and set-in waistbands of black grosgrain ribbon.

Bonwit Teller has a particularly successful country ensemble which you can vary to achieve several costumes. It's made of corduroy in a color the people there call sandpiper but which is still greige to me. This ensemble involves a number of things, of which you buy all or only as many as you want—a short skirt with a scalloped hem, a wraparound evening skirt, slacks, a jerkin that buttons down the back, and a swell collarless hip-length cape lined with black rayon crêpe. Bonwit's idea of the blouse to accompany this is a black wool jersey pullover with a turtle neck. The items in this ensemble range from $12.95 to $18.95. Bonwit is making much of its Miracle Shirting blouses of an Everfast rayon that resembles cotton in looks and in washability. It comes in pastel colors and is made up into blouses with high, round, collarless necks or with turnover collars and short sleeves.

SPEAKING of blouses, the Martha West shop, at 444 Madison Avenue (49th), is a little paradise. Miss West has her foibles. She insists on perfect tailoring and her sizes run up to forty-two, which makes big-bosomed women weep softly in gratitude. She has lots of blouses with that high, wrapped-across look at the neckline that everybody seems to dote on right now. Some are softly draped, some are in tailored versions. They come in, say, wool jerseys with a geometric print, in crêpes (both plain and printed), and in a lovely soft metallic fabric. There are quantities of black blouses (such things are hard to find today), including a wool one with a black satin bow at the neck, by golly, so that you can be warm as well as dressed up. Her black satin overblouse with little buttons down the diaphragm, soft drapery over the bosom, and a V neck is wonderful. You will also find this blouse in silver lamé. For women who can



"You mean to say that Paris is already *telling me what I've got to do?"*

use a touch of color, there are brilliant Paisley blouses. And, of course, there are tailored shirts in a variety of fabrics and colors, many with contrasting stitching as trimming. Prices here run from $6.95 up.

IN years past, when the rains came, women added to the mournfulness of the urban scene by wearing their oldest and grimmest clothes, but nobody seemed inclined to do anything about it. To take care of this problem, Franklin Simon has thoughtfully opened what it calls the Rain Shop, which will provide you with exactly the sort of thing you would expect from the name. There are double-breasted trench coats in neutral and dark colors and cherry or cedar-green rayon gabardines, with turnover collars tying at the throat and adjustable waistlines. Natural-wool gabardine wraparound coats, with belts that tie, and black Elkskin coats, with drawstring waistbands and raglan sleeves, are here, too. And for something truly fancy, there are Elkskin raglan coats in a variety of colors with button-in linings of a plush stencilled with leopard spots. The coats run from $16.95 to $35. Elkskin is a heavy, satiny, waterproof fabric. It is also made up into hats and handbags to match the coats. To complete the rainy-day costume, there are umbrellas here, too.

J. & J. SLATER, 575 Madison Avenue (56th), are offering shoes with soles made of some sort of plastic, and they swear that they wear like anything. They're not rationed, but some of them certainly look as if they would cost you an airplane stamp. I liked especially the black gabardine street pumps with rayon faille bows at the throat, the navy-blue gabardine affairs with a back strap, and the velvet evening slippers in various colors with self bows. There are steel or glass jewelled buckles for the evening slippers, if you feel like being elaborate. The shoes range between $6.95 and $12.95.

ROBERT DUDLEY, the custom milliner over at 54 East Fifty-sixth Street, is turning out some of the best hats of his career—Empire-green hand-crocheted pillboxes with ginger-colored ostrich brushes at one side (very Prince Danilo), toques of black-and-white striped taffeta with big chous in front, and turbans, of multicolored tie silks, that are high in front and flat and low at the sides, to completely cover the hair. One of the nicest small sailors in town is here, of navy-blue satin, edged with

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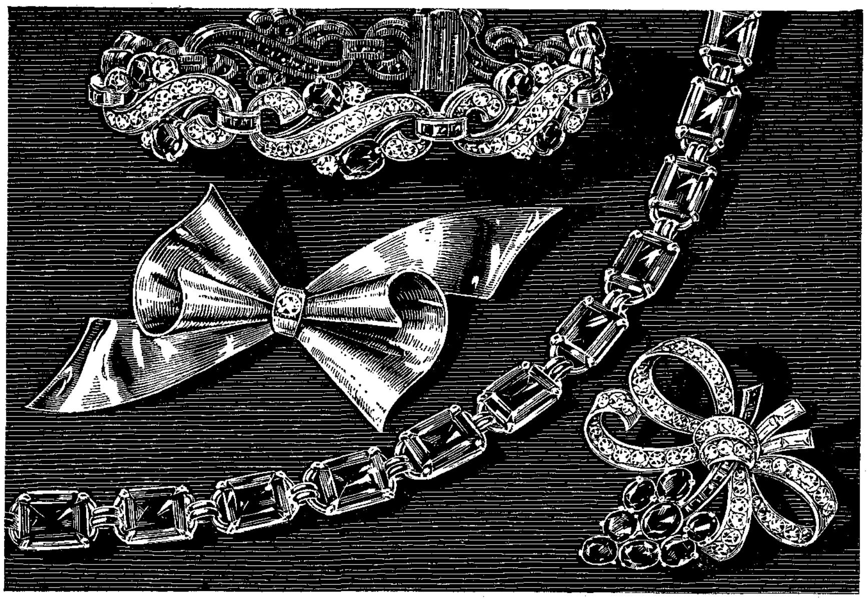

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layers and layers of red chenille-dotted veiling.

BERGDORF GOODMAN'S ready-to-wear corset department still has real elastic *and* a good supply of pantie girdles, most of them of rayon satin with satin panels of an elastic material; $9.50 to $16.50. Here, also, you'll find rayon satin elasticized briefs, two-way stretch and all; $8.50. For juniors, there are Girlettes (*little* girdles, in case you're as puzzled by trade names as we are), ten inches high, made of tearose-flowered taffeta and hooking down the center back, for $4, and step-in girdles of knitted elastic thread with a flowered design, for $3.50. Older women will love the sixteen-inch girdles of rayon satin with elastic satin side panels, as well as the naughty moss-rose rayon satin girdle with black elasticized side panels and black garters; $35. A boneless all-in-one affair of batiste with a lace top, a zippered closing, and sections joined by fagoting is $12.50. Pretty, and washes like a handkerchief. One of the bandeau brassières is practically backless and constructed in front so that it can be unhooked as low as your most amazing evening décolletage without collapsing. I often think that we are living in the age of miracles and just don't realize it. This minor stroke of genius is made of net and satin, and it is $3. You have to be fairly slender for the ready-to-wear department, by the way; Bergdorf Goodman looks after the heavier figures in the custom salon. —L. L.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Something for Everyone

THE business of getting anything to eat on a train being what it is, a good many of our essential travellers should be pleased to know that their dilemma has come to the attention of Casserole Kitchen, at 782 Madison Avenue (66th), an enterprise upon which I commented with enthusiasm when it sprang to life some months ago. This organization will now, on a few hours' notice, pack for you an old-fashioned box lunch as carefully and appetizingly prepared as it could be done in your own kitchen, with the pleasantly unhomelike touch that nothing, not even the salt and pepper, is forgotten. The lunch consists of such entirely manageable items as sliced roast chicken, roast lamb, and the like, stuffed eggs, a whole tomato, celery hearts, and homemade rolls—all delicious.

Casserole Kitchen started out as a service that delivered ready-cooked dinners to the neighborhood and firmly discouraged patrons outside a ten-block radius; now, however, it is prepared to help out the servantless, the too-busy-to-cook, the sick, and the just plain lazy, no matter what part of town they live in. The neighbors still get an excellent entrée, salad, and homemade bread delivered in casseroles set neatly in colored baskets, all for $1.65, but anyone anywhere in town can now have the same food put up in waxed-paper containers packed in boxes. No delivery outside the ten-block zone, however; you'll have to call for your dinner yourself. The food, prepared by a capable Swedish cook and a Dutch baker, goes on getting better and better.

A NEWCOMER in the catering business is Daniel, 223 East 50th Street. I can report on a couple of his cooked-to-order specialties—pâté de foie and onions Provençal—which are far superior to the usual products of the kind. In fact, they are just the sort of things about which someone who is tasting her way dully through a lot of ill-made but well-advertised products can easily make a fool of herself. I shall therefore cautiously say only that the Daniel pâté de foie is very like the pâtés maison one used to enjoy at the beginning of a meal in any good, unpretentious inn of the Rhône Valley. I recommend a slice of this pâté eaten with a small glass of cold vermouth. You may have it either in a pastry shell (I have not tried it this way) or made in a terrine. The caterer's terrines are rather prosaic ones of ovenproof glass, so you will do well to furnish your own small earthenware baking dish. As for the onions Provençal, any amateur cook who has ever tried to make them knows how difficult it is to get these small but delectable appetizers to keep their shape and at the same time achieve the proper tenderness and highly spiced, winey flavor. Daniel manages all this quite wonderfully.

YOU must by now know about the fine soda water and ginger ale bottled in Pennsylvania and sold under the brand name of Chantilly. The company that makes it has recently put on the market a sarsaparilla which, knowing the unusual excellence of the two other products, I am sure is something special, even though, not being a fancier of the stuff myself, I am not able to speak with authority. Obviously there *are* people who like sarsaparilla, and this should be perfect for them. They can find it at Vendôme, 415 Madison Avenue (48th).

THE water-ground oatmeal made at Pepperidge Farm and sold at the Gristede stores is not really new, but what with bacon and other breakfast provender growing scarcer all the time, it has taken on an added importance. The grain is slow-ground between stones into small granules (the Scotch way) rather than into the customary flakes. This process gives it a flavor that is very different from that pasteboard taste you get in some oatmeals. Not only bouncy, hearty-breakfast types but finicky people whom you might expect to shy away from such simple fare speak well of this product.

I DON'T know how I managed all this time to miss the chocolates of Gregor, a firm doing business right on West 42nd Street, at No. 150. It is also doing business, for that matter, at 2457 Broadway (91st), which is not exactly on my beat. The loss is mine, all right, for the candies are of an unusually high quality, with all the rich flavor and fragrance of the best chocolate. The fillings are mostly in the European style—liqueur-scented creams, mocha, *noisette*, and such—and the coverings are black chocolate, prettily molded. Very satisfactory sweets to know about.

AS long as the prognosticators assure us that we are going to eat more and more food that comes out of packages, it is fortunate that some of the packages turn out to be fairly decent. The newest to appear on the market is an ice-cream powder, called Tis, which comes in vanilla and chocolate flavors and is sold at Altman and most of the Gristede stores. If you follow the directions printed on the box, you will get an ice cream as good as that made by most confectioners at the moment. So far as I know, this is the only chocolate-ice-cream mix around. It is not only good by itself but it combines very pleasantly with coffee, rum, or crème de menthe. The trouble with all flavored powders, though, is that they do not blend happily with fruit, so I pass on to the Homix people (who have brought out Tis) the suggestion that they give us an unflavored ice-cream powder so that bananas, strawberries, or whatever can be added—a tip to which I am sure they will not pay the slightest attention.

—S. H.

Three-way romance

Once the setting might have been a moonlit terrace . . . or perhaps a corner table in a favorite restaurant. The words, almost a whisper . . . and the reply as well. How different, today, when a whisper must be written, a reply must be mailed, a romance must be relayed through a censor! Letters now must truly take the place of all love's time-honored rituals. So it's little wonder that you lavish extra care and thought on them . . . picking stationery that lends the perfect background to the things you want to say. That means, of course, Kellogg . . . papers of superlative texture, styled for people of exacting tastes.

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FINE STATIONERY

Flying Colors

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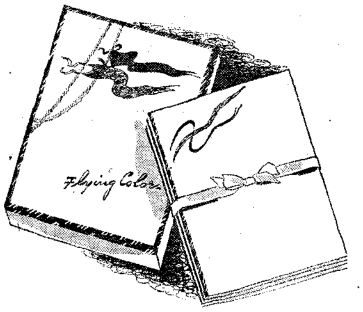
Available in white and colors



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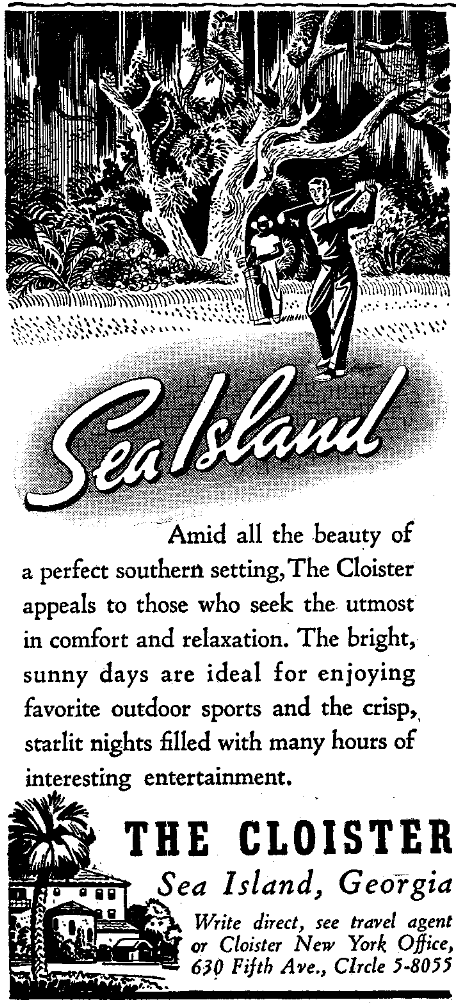

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THREE ANECDOTES ON A THEME

MEN who have been in battle tend to feel after a time that war is often less grim than it is horribly grotesque. This quality is an elusive one. It is something that escapes the movies and the printed word. But it doesn't escape the soldiers themselves. I visited several battlefronts not long ago and picked up three stories that seem to me to contain a hint of what I mean.

The first story concerns a jeep driver whose last name I never got straight; it was Apfelstrelbaum or Schwartzenglocken or something equally and hilariously German. His first name was Ernie. He was a tall, blond, flawlessly Nordic fellow whom I met some time after the fighting around Paris last summer. He had no soul struggles about taking up arms against Germany. I asked him once if he had. "My God, no," he said. "My old man came from Germany, but he's dead. I'm an American, just like everyone else." Soldiers talk a lot about dying and how they would prefer to die, but it is not morbid the way they do it. I think they talk about dying because it is a subject upon which every one of them can have a professional opinion. "I want to be hit by a ten-ton bomb," one soldier said, "when I'm with a blonde. Or two blondes." A soldier from the South said, "I want to die dead drunk on Bourbon in Atlanta." Somebody asked Ernie how he wanted to die. "I don't want to die at all," Ernie said. "I just want to ugly away."

When the first American troops crossed the Seine northwest of Paris, part of the Fifteenth Corps, to which Ernie was attached, camped in a deep wood near the town of Mantes. The Germans were shelling and strafing the wood persistently, but this didn't disturb Ernie. He seldom even bothered to look up at the Nazi planes. He refused to sleep in or even near a foxhole. Ernie called foxholes "graves." He would say, "I ain't dug my grave yet." He slept at the foot of a tree, with his head on his helmet. Beneath the helmet he kept a Luger that he had managed to acquire somewhere. When it rained, he simply pulled his blanket and a jeep-trailer cover over him. There was an electrical storm one night. A bolt of lightning hit the tree against which Ernie was sleeping, came down the trunk, struck the helmet, and discharged the Luger. The bullet killed Ernie.

AN Army man told me this story. "There was an officer," he said, "who was working on leaflets to be dropped on the Japs in Burma. He got a flier to take him over a valley where a Jap camp was located, so he could get the lay of the land and know what sort of country he was writing about. He said the Japs would be more apt to believe the leaflet if they felt we knew certain specific details about the region, such as the number of tents in the camp, what roads led in and out, and where the A. A. guns were. But before they reached the camp, the engine died and the pilot had to crash-land in an open space in a thick jungle. The pilot thought he was O.K., but something had happened to the leaflet man's back. He was paralyzed and couldn't walk. Being off the main trails in Burma isn't nearly as tough as it sounds, and the pilot, who knew exactly where he was, didn't worry much, nor did the leaflet man, who even joked about his injury. He was partly numb and he kept saying, 'Oh, my non-aching back!' The flier laid the paralyzed man out on a raincoat and told him he'd go and get help, which they were certain couldn't be far off. And because of the sun and the bugs, he covered him up with another raincoat. Before he left, he burned his maps, just in case. Then he set off down a trail through the jungle.

"Something had happened to the pilot's head when the ship crashed, although he didn't know it, and after he'd gone a few hundred yards, he conked out. When he came to, it was night. He was sort of dazed, but he was able to go on, and he found some natives who gave him something to eat, and in the morning he started out with a party to pick up the leaflet man. It turned out that the pilot had a complete blackout about where he had left the leaflet man and the plane. He simply couldn't figure out where he had landed, and although they searched the district for three days, they couldn't even find the plane, let alone the leaflet man. The poor fellow just lay there, I guess, and died, covered up and bewildered."

A FRIEND of mine whose eyes had been injured while he was fighting in Normandy was taken to a base hospital for treatment. He could barely distinguish light from dark and had to be led into a ward and helped into bed. After he had been there a day or two, a corporal came up to his bed and said, "Hello, Bud." My friend was able by that time to make out that the corporal had lost both his arms. "What hit *you?*" asked the corporal. Soldiers generally either dramatize their injuries or understate them. "I bumped into a door," my friend said. "What's your name?" the corporal asked. My friend told him, and the corporal said, "Oh, I know about you. They were talking about you before you came in. You're going blind." My friend knew he wasn't going blind, but, being intelligent, he understood what the corporal was trying to do. A man with no arms has something in common with a man with no eyes, and the corporal was trying to establish that bond as quickly as he could.

As my friend stayed on, he came to know the corporal pretty well. One day the soldier told him about the cable he had sent his mother after they had let him know that he was being sent back to the States. It said, "Dear Mom. Am coming home. Please meet me at station with bed and one thousand grains of morphine."

"My God," my friend said, "that's pretty rugged. What's the matter? Don't you like your mother?"

"Sure I like her," the soldier said, "but I want to let her know there's a shooting war on." —SAM BOAL

•

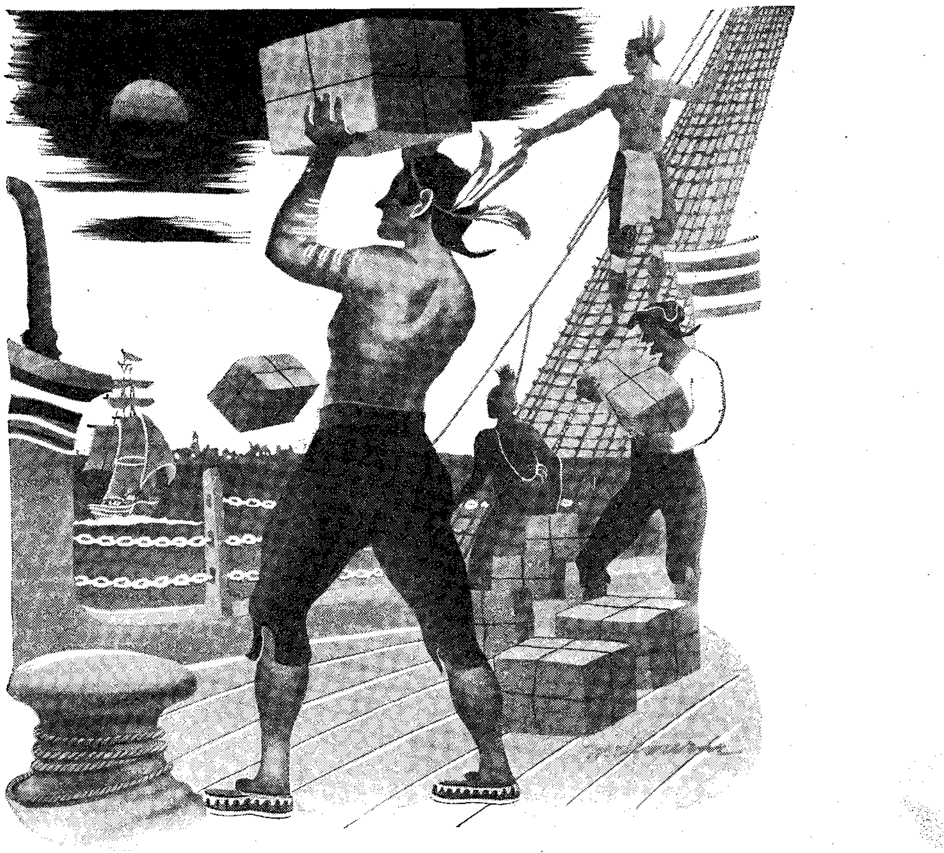
POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Union Signal, W.C.T.U. publication*]

TENNESSEE

Mrs. Minnie Alison Welch, President

My state, 'tis of thee
Good old state—Tennessee.
Of thee I sing.
In all things you'll succeed
In fact 'bout all you need
Is a goal to fling.
Our Organization thousands strong
Reached its membership goal ere long,
Twelve hundred new.
To the National's request,
We all did our level best
We paid our dues for '44
As many as in '43 and more.
Just how did we do the feat?
The like is hard to reach or beat,
And it's hard to tell.
Eternal vigilance and hard work
perchance,
Urged on by perseverance
Did the job so well.
Hats off to the rank and file,
They worked and did it with a smile.
Urged on by faith, and officers, too,
They got the many members new.
Co-operation through and through
Tennessee W.C.T.U.



Who said "imported"?

. . . this is AMERICAN

Everybody remembers about the Boston Tea Party—how the citizens of Boston masqueraded as Indians and went aboard British ships in Boston harbor throwing overboard some 400 chests of tea . . . Through an odd quirk of history it has been known as The Tea Party, but some say the reason for New England wrath was their preference for American Wine over imported tea, and it really should have been called The Vermouth Party . . . Today such goings on are not necessary. You don't have to dress up like an Indian in order to be sure that your Martini will be made with G & D American Vermouth. All you have to do is ask for it.

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AMERICAN VERMOUTH SWEET

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AMERICAN VERMOUTH

ESTABLISHED 1927

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"OFT ON THE DAPPLED TURF AT EASE I SIT, AND PLAY WITH SIMILES"

[From "Some of My Best Friends Are Soldiers," by Margaret Halsey]

. . . you look like a lady novelist's stereotype . . . —*Page 1.*

. . . we went through the house like the hounds of spring on winter's traces . . . —*Page 2.*

. . . he was about as imperturbable as a nymphomaniac in Carnival time. —*Page 2.*

. . . the leak in my bedroom ceiling is still working like a beaver. —*Page 3.*

. . . I'd describe you as being built like a plucked hawk. —*Page 8.*

Rayon stockings feel as if you had painted molasses on your legs and it was slowly running down. They bunch on the foot, giving you the distinct sensation of walking around on a couple of unmade beds. —*Page 18.*

. . . I melt like chocolate in a baby's hand . . . —*Page 18.*

. . . a face which otherwise resembled . . . a baking powder biscuit. —*Page 19.*

. . . good-looking heels with characters as intricately unpleasing as the sewers of Paris. —*Page 22.*

I hate getting a new permanent, because for the first week afterwards my hair always looks like a bowl of Rice Crispies . . . —*Page 28.*

She sits and holds her mouth open like a fledgling bird . . . —*Page 30.*

It looks like a kind of beautifully processed garbage. —*Page 30.*

. . . my voice had all the wavering elegance of a barmaid at a vicarage tea. —*Page 31.*

. . . she began going through the desk drawers like a delirious terrier. —*Page 42.*

Then she got away from the desk like a racehorse spurning the barrier . . . —*Page 42.*

. . . the surprises are less of the Christmas-stocking kind and more like finding a centipede in your shoe. —*Page 47.*

Feeling rather like a puppy whose decomposed rabbit has failed to please the folks at home . . . —*Page 48.*

. . . this soothing and reasonable concept operated on Popsy like a burr under the saddle. —*Page 54.*

. . . you look as if you'd just been taken down from the Cross. —*Page 55.*

. . . jaws like a snowplow. —*Page 57.*

. . . he has many points of resemblance to potassium cyanide . . . —*Page 58.*

. . . I feel as if I am keeping house for a Stanley Steamer. —*Page 58.*

. . . ministrations so exactly parallel to the Russian winter. —*Page 61.*

. . . Mrs. Sadler, like the taxi driver, hasn't got a very large vocabulary . . . —*Page 67.*

He's about as susceptible to charm as the Anopheles mosquito. —*Page 69.*

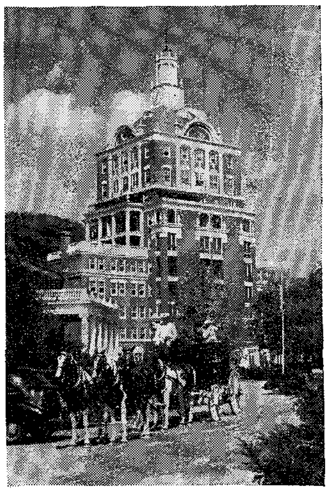
She picked up her tea cup so gracefully that I felt as if I were treating mine like a hand grenade. —*Page 71.*

. . . her reaction is going to be as unstudied and automatic as when you take a short stick and prod a skunk. —*Page 72.*

. . . wriggles like a sailor trying to get a nickel out of his front pants pocket. —*Page 74.*

. . . like a phantom of delight. —*Page 75.*

. . . in the manner of one who has just



A GOOD WAY TO BEGIN 1945

THIS is a year to think more clearly, work more effectively, live more fully.

A lot of men and women who intend to do these things in 1945 are coming to The Homestead this month for a week or two of complete relaxation. They will return to duty refreshed in mind and body, and with pleasant, lasting memories of sunny winter days in this tranquil Virginia valley.

Our new booklet, "Winter Life at The Homestead," on request. Facilities of the Homestead Spa, with mineral baths, massage, etc., available to guests. Address The Homestead, Hot Springs, Va., or our New York office in the Waldorf.

THE Homestead
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It's holiday time . . . a time that calls for the very finest in wines. Widmer's stocks are insufficient to fill all demands . . . but here's hoping you'll find what you want.

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BEST FOR COCKTAILS SINCE 1872

been caught tramping on the American flag... —*Page 76.*

...longer than a costume novel. —*Page 79.*

...the manner of a blacksmith dealing with an anvil. —*Page 81.*

...like Mt. Vesuvius after a busy day... —*Page 88.*

...as awkward as if he'd gotten into the Ladies' Room instead of the Gents'. —*Page 94.*

...like a collie whose head is being scratched. —*Page 98.*

...my hair was all out of curl and I looked like a stand-in for Medusa... —*Page 105.*

That sway-backed old couch is getting to feel more and more like a saddle for a dinosaur and Father's snoring grows to sound increasingly like a vacuum cleaner in heat. —*Page 109.*

...some less exacting symbol of elegance and distinction, like the Ark of the Covenant or a mink coat. —*Page 111.*

...like a child making her a present of a bright-colored pebble. —*Page 136.*

...a welcome that makes the Rotarians look like morbid introverts. —*Page 141.*

...looking like Mr. and Mrs. Loch Ness Monster, but as they never have the air of people who have just come to the prize in the bottom of the Crackerjack box, nothing can be inferred from this. —*Page 150.*

...as pellucid as the Twenty-third Psalm... —*Page 164.*

He examined my potpourri vases and studied the lowboy as if it were on sale and he an embryo purchaser. —*Page 179.*

...one of those punitive wallops across the shoulder that make the old man's tenderness indistinguishable from a fast game of lacrosse. —*Page 186.*

...that mixture of crispness and opulence so admirably characterized by the Fig Newton. —*Page 189.*

...as restrained and unchummy as a brace of bank examiners... —*Page 206.*

•

DUSK

A flame illumines upper air
but touches not the world;
a lolling cloud, a woman fair,
is shaking out her golden hair
and bathing in the liquid glare
of roses round her curled.

The earth below is dark and still,
her bones are stiff and cold;
her pulse is slow, her breath is chill,
her cerements lie on the hill,
her whispered words the valleys fill,
her breast is caked with mold.

Sometimes the heart is like a cloud
and sometimes like a clod—
elated, radiant, and proud
or to a doom impending bowed,
awaiting the enfolding shroud
and the receiving sod.

—PEGGY BACON

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME VOLUMES
BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS

(*All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these books first appeared in this magazine.*)

The Road Back to Paris, by A. J. Liebling (*Doubleday, Doran, $3*).

The observations and personal record of a *New Yorker* correspondent in France, England, North Africa, and on the high seas, from the fall of France through most of 1943. Remarkably well-informed stories of the struggle for goals now won.

The Better Taylors, by Richard Taylor (*Random House, $2.50*).

Mr. Taylor's first collection of drawings of his round-eyed people, mostly women, in about a hundred and seventy-five predicaments.

The Portable Dorothy Parker (*Viking, $2*).

All the poems from "Not So Deep as a Well" and all the stories from "Here Lies," the author's two previous collections, together with five stories and a poem never before in book form. The definitive Parker.

The Summer Landscape, by Rolfe Humphries (*Scribner, $1.75*).

A new collection of verse by a sensitive and gifted lyric poet.

Spots by Suba (*Dutton, $1*).

A small volume of this artist's graceful and witty black-and-white drawings of children, grownups, and animals, which have long decorated the pages of *The New Yorker.*

Crazy like a Fox, by S. J. Perelman (*Random House, $2.50*).

Any subject that the old master wants to tackle is doomed to devastation. In this new compilation, he takes on forty-six, from beekeeping to oral hygiene, and the result is the usual chaos.

Grandmother and the Comet, by Victoria Lincoln (*Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50*).

The author of "February Hill" presents thirty diverting short stories which, in a subtitle, she disarmingly calls "insubstantial." They are interspersed with nearly a dozen brief poems.

Is It Anyone We Know? by George Price (*Murray Hill, $2.49*).

A collection of all the cartoons from two earlier books, "Good-Humor Man" and "It's Smart to Be People," and twenty-five cartoons that have not appeared in a book before. Some three hundred drawings of Price's frowzy but engaging people.

Pétain, the Old Man of France, by Janet Flanner (*Simon & Schuster, $1*).

A full and often mordant portrait of the Marshal and a compact history of the Third Republic.

Peter Arno's Man in the Shower (*Simon & Schuster, $2.50*).

This is the artist's first album to appear in three years. Besides the title picture, there are a hundred and fourteen other lively drawings of the Arno world.

Take Them up Tenderly, by Margaret Case Harriman (*Knopf, $2.75*).

Profiles of fifteen people who are either intimately or vaguely connected with the theatre. How the author takes them up doesn't matter as much as how she sets them down.

Perils in Provence, by Theodore Pratt (*Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2*).

More than forty brief sketches about the adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Pratt in pre-war France and what the author calls, in a subtitle, "other ticklish places." Italy, Spain, Manhattan, and Westchester are included.

Feeling No Pain, by Sydney Hoff (*Dial Press, $2.50*).

Hoff's first collection of drawings. Almost two hundred glimpses of his ladies and gentlemen of the Bronx and the Rockaways, generally harassed and often in their underwear.

Love and Admiration, by Louise Field Cooper (*Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.50*).

Twenty-five polished short pieces, mostly fiction, about suburban life, by a writer who understands its humor and complexity.

Small Fry, by William Steig (*Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $1.50*).

An album of the Steig urchins, brats, and minor angels, from the depression years to the Commando era. More than a hundred pictures of juvenile rascals.

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—Boston Post

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—New York Herald Tribune

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—New York Times Book Review

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Death of a Nobody, by Jules Romains, translated by Desmond MacCarthy and Sidney Waterlow (Knopf). To those who know only the labyrinthine pattern of M. Romains' "Men of Good Will" series and have foundered in it, this brief novel, first published in 1911, will be an experience both unexpected and exquisite. The story tells of the death of an unimportant, middle-aged *petit bourgeois* and traces his fleeting survival in the hearts and minds of half a dozen people. Without a touch of technical exhibitionism, the author achieves a small work of art—harmonious, melancholy, and with a hard core of logic. M. Romains did not write any more like Flaubert thirty years ago than he does today, but this book has the same firm beauty that draws one back to "Saint Julien l'Hospitalier."

GENERAL

The Real Soviet Russia, by David J. Dallin (Yale University Press). A documented and realistic study of contemporary Russia, with sections on its foreign policy, its religious policy, and its newly formed class stratification, and on each of the various groups that make up the Soviet society. Mr. Dallin is an exiled Menshevik and the only weakness of his book is that he has had no first-hand experience of the recent phenomena of which he writes but has had to depend mainly on libraries. In an amusing first chapter, he complains that travellers in Russia have for some reason always regarded themselves as exempt, in their statements on Russian conditions, from the obligation to inform themselves seriously which they would feel in any other country. The classic example of this is the report of the famous French visitor who said that he had drunk tea "*sous l'ombre d'un klukva majestueux*"—a *klukva* being a cranberry bush—and thereby gave the Russians a word both for phony Russian atmosphere provided for foreigners, and for the foreigners' own fantastic stories. Modern examples of the latter collected by Mr. Dallin range from statements that Suvarov, one of the generals in the war against Napoleon, defeated Charles XII of Sweden in the battle of Poltava to sensational imaginary statistics on the building of Russian railroads and generalizations about food and housing based on living in Moscow hotels.

Nods and Becks, by Franklin P. Adams (Whittlesey House). Verses, observations, and Pepys' Diary by the retired master columnist, with an account of his recent radio experience called "Inside 'Information, Please!'" It is still a pleasure to read Mr. Adams' paragraphs, so exact, economical, and pointed, so full of good sense and wit.

War Criminals, by Sheldon Glueck (Knopf). An analysis of the problems, anything but simple, that are involved in the prosecution and punishment of the Fascist subhumans whose sub-subhuman criminality has helped to make this the ugliest war of all. Mr. Glueck, professor of criminal law and criminology at Harvard, considers such matters as the legal liability for atrocities, the extent to which the heads of states may be held responsible for them, courts for the trials of war criminals, and the creation of an international criminal court. The whole program of punishment, he says, should be influenced by the legal principles traditional in law-abiding states, but not shackled or devitalized by barren and unrealistic legalisms. This cool-headed view is not going to win over any of the hotheads, particularly those who regard the total destruction of the German and Japanese peoples as both proper and desirable, nor will it alter the fact that nearly all the survivors of German and Japanese brutality will be much more interested in vengeance than in the proprieties of the law. It does lay down the basis for a sound and civilized procedure, however, and demonstrates, fairly conclusively, that justice need not be either blind or soft.

Western Words: A Dictionary of the Range, Cow Camp, and Trail, by Ramon F. Adams (University of Oklahoma Press). A collection of almost three thousand words and phrases connected with the cattle business. Valuable as a contribution to the definitive American dictionary and entertaining if it entertains you to read about words. Extended discussions of the origins of such terms as "maverick" and "dogie."

VERSE

The Soldier: A Poem, by Conrad Aiken (New Directions). Praise of the foot soldier down the ages, with

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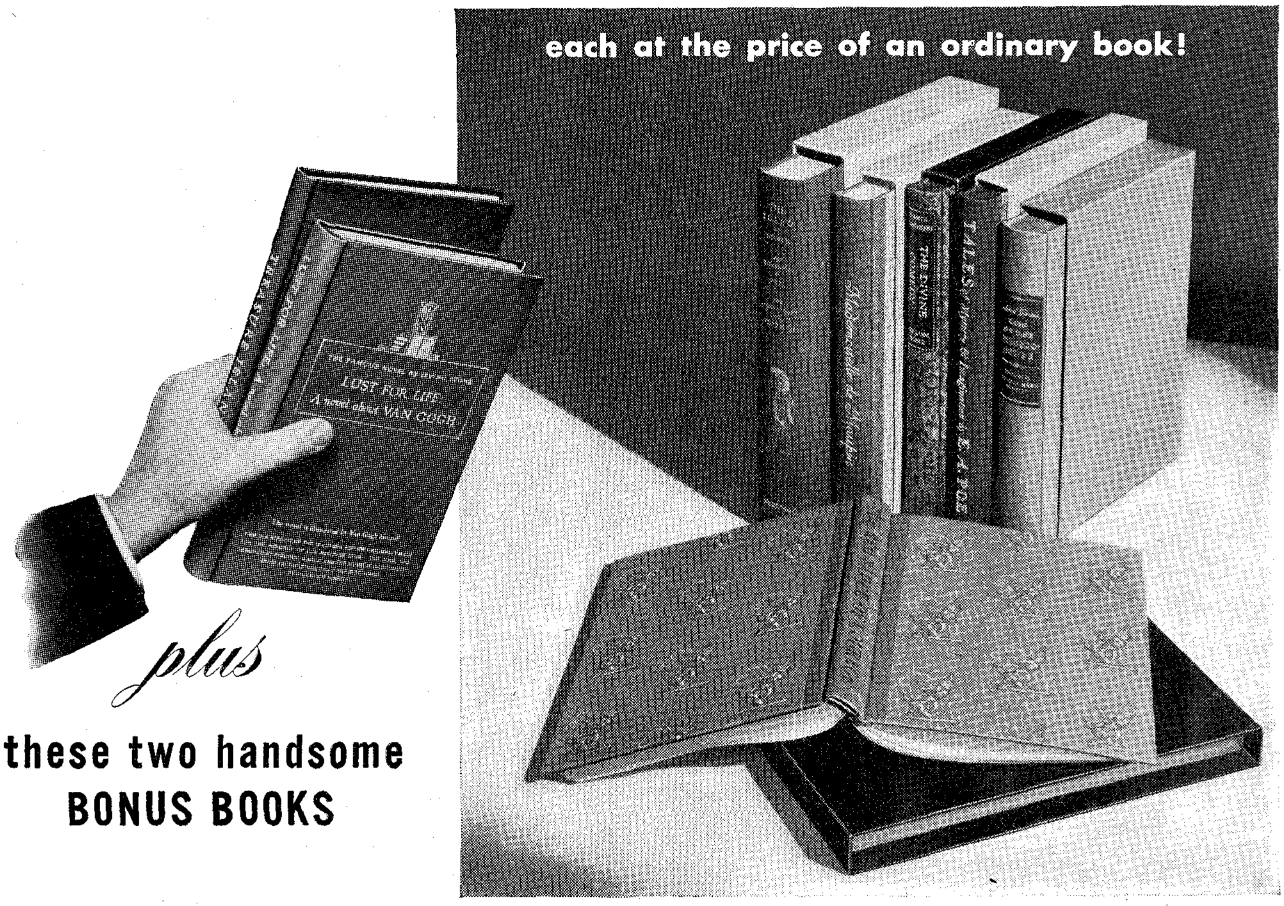

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In the interval, the printers have been cautioned to watch over their waste-sheets—and to attempt to create a few hundred *additional* copies of each Heritage book. They have done so.

Now the Directors of the Club are therefore in position to accept a few hundred new members—and upon a Trial Membership basis!

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It was five months that was, militarily, only a few miles of the bitter, slow, bloody-muddy road to Rome. But it is, in this book, brilliant picture-and-text record, typical of the life of the G.I. on all fronts. If you want to know how it is to see, breathe, eat and sleep war, read it.

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"**Her pictures** are works of the highest photographic skill. She writes as well as she photographs. Her own eyes see men and landscapes as clearly as the lens of her finest camera. Her gift for characterization is no less rapid than with her camera. Miss Bourke-White's knowledge of war is wide, deep and human."—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune Book Review.*

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"PURPLE HEART VALLEY"

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Margaret Bourke-White

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the underlying theme that "the history of war is the history of mankind." Traces of Eliot appear, but the general awed and tear-choked tone is of the civilian onlooker who, in time of war, is compelled to write something flattering about Mars to relieve his anxiety and cheer himself up.

THIRTY POEMS, by Thomas Merton (New Directions). The author, twenty-nine and educated on two continents, is now a Trappist monk in Our Lady of Gethsemani Monastery, in Kentucky. His poems unite a semi-surrealist technique with religious feeling and thereby frequently produce fresh and moving effects.

LAND OF UNLIKENESS, by Robert Lowell, with an introduction by Allen Tate (Cummington Press). Lowell's poetry combines a fine sense of form with an almost brutal intensity of emotion. A Catholic, he weights his poems more with savage satire against a deformed modern spirit and corrupt society than with Christian love, and he dramatizes everything by means of his compressed language. A remarkable first volume.

THE PHOENIX AND THE TORTOISE, by Kenneth Rexroth (New Directions). A long philosophical examination of conscience (the title poem), as well as a number of shorter poems, into which are introduced translations from Hellenic, Late Roman, and Byzantine sources. Rexroth's interest in natural objects saves him from the woollier kind of introspection, and he achieves a balance between erotic and non-erotic material in a manner not usual in current verse.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

PATTERN FOR MURDER, by Ione Sandberg Shriber (Farrar & Rinehart). Dr. David Hunt, one of Cleveland's more prosperous physicians, is fatally whacked on the head with a silver candlestick a few days before he is to be married. His friends and relatives, a queer lot, are adept at concealing evidence, but a nice little bridesmaid from Boston helps the police work out the case, which isn't too difficult. For those who like a Bergdorf Goodman gloss on their mysteries.

•

PSHAW DEPARTMENT

(MAYO DIVISION)

[*From "Goings On About Town" in The New Yorker*]

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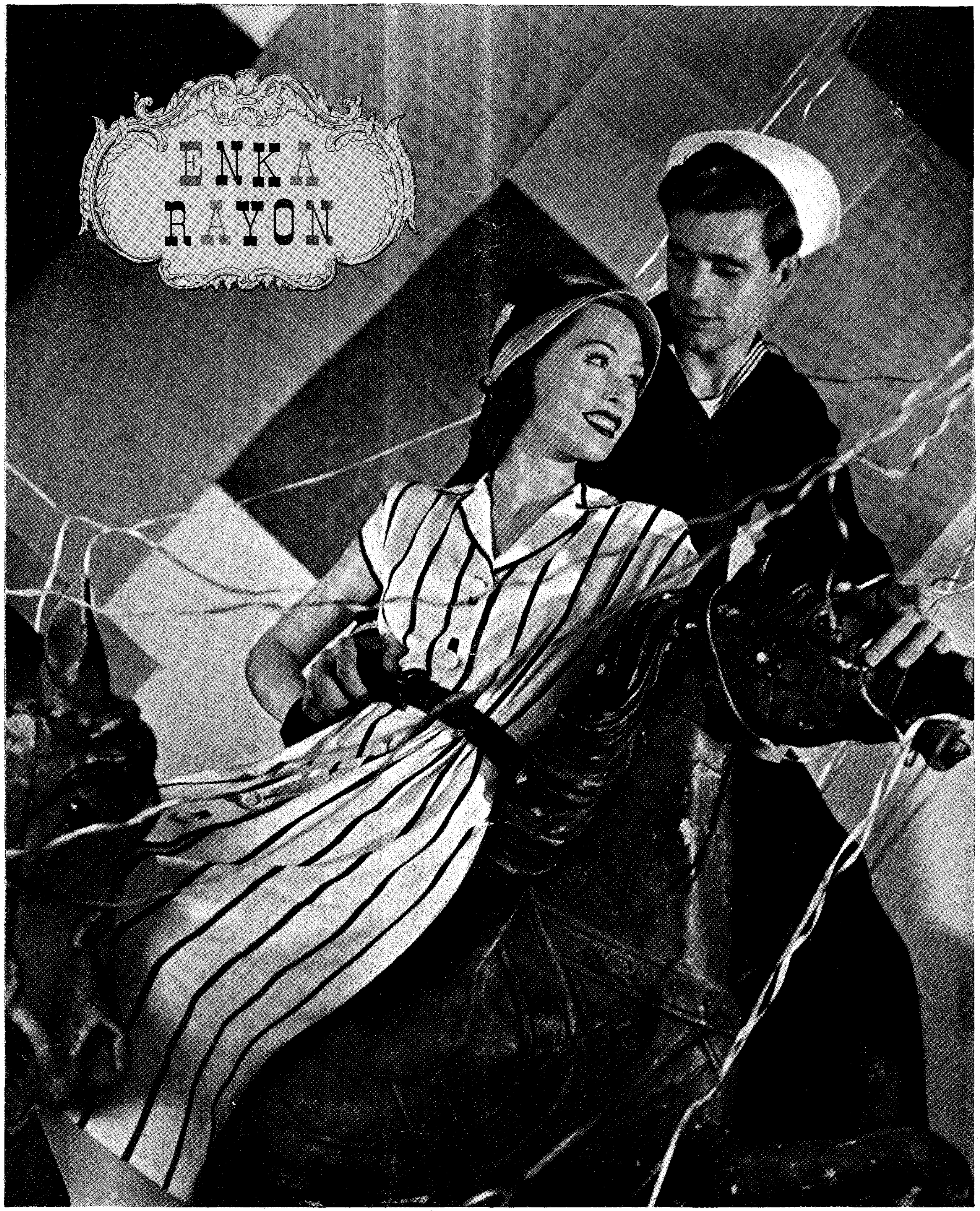

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THE NEW YORKER

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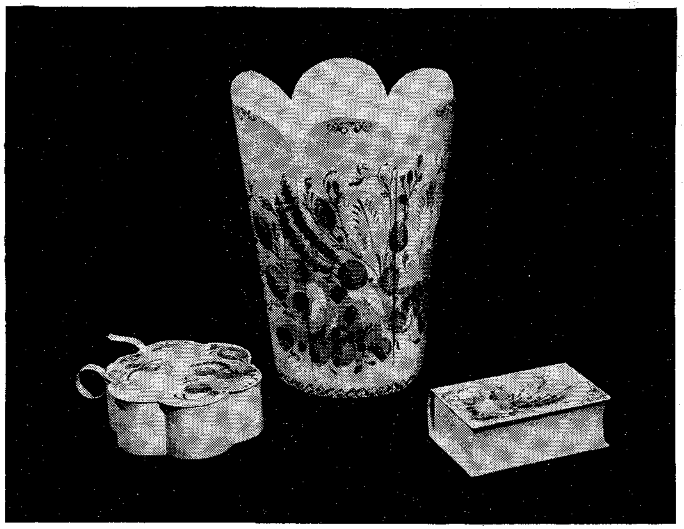

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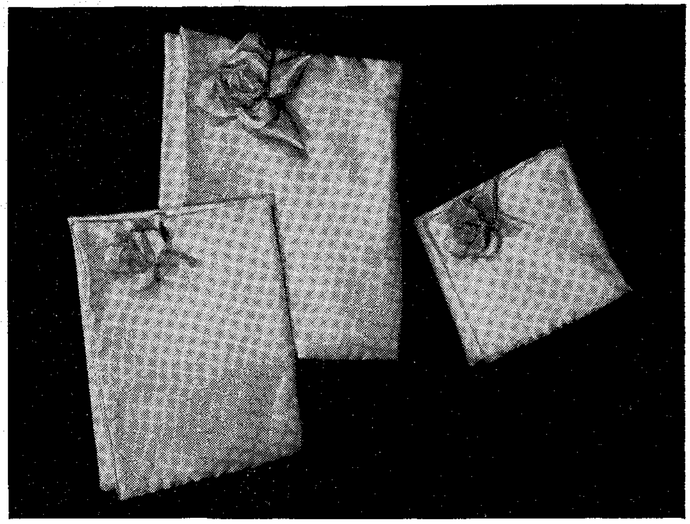

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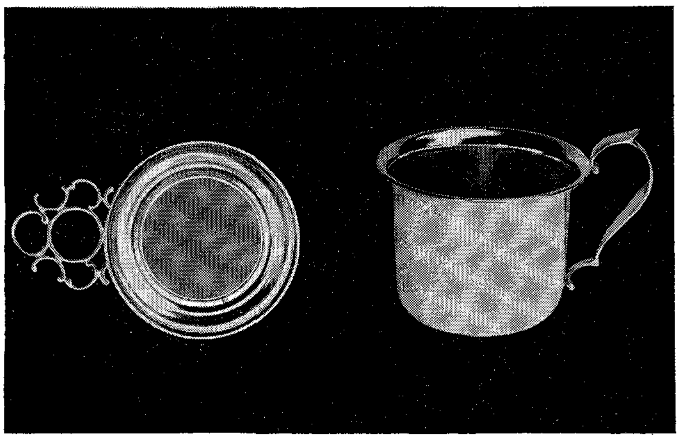

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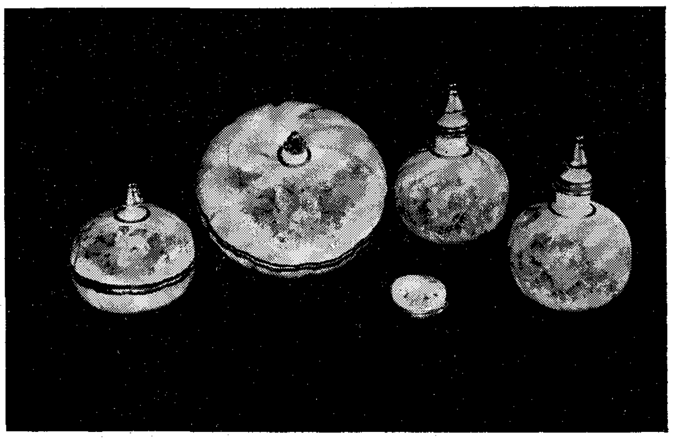

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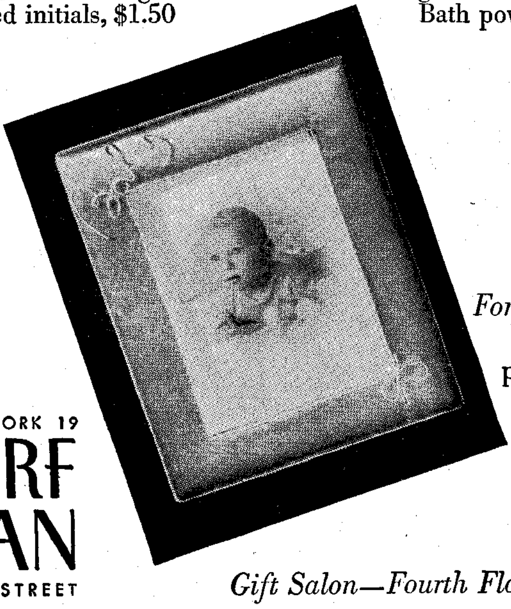

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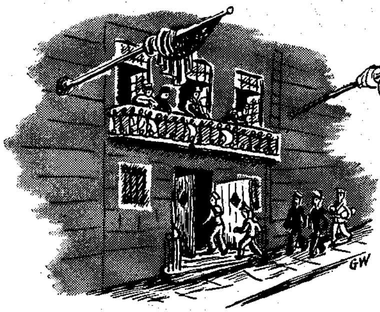

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, MAY 17,
THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 26.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne in a revival of the 1931 hit. Directed by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A Bell for Adano—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her elder sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. Virginia Gilmore heads the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Deep Mrs. Sykes—George Kelly turns up after a long time with a play about a vain and foolish woman who nearly wrecks several lives. In spite of the valuable presence of Catherine Willard, Neil Hamilton, and Jean Dixon, it is a little disappointing. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly at 8:45. Mat. Sat. at 2:45. Closes Sat., May 19.)

Foolish Notion—Tallulah Bankhead in Philip Barry's not quite satisfactory play about the return of a soldier and the reactions of a lot of people who had thought he was dead. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally very effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Hasty Heart—A beautiful nurse (Anne Burr) and some sympathetic comrades humanize a crusty Scot practically on his deathbed. As written by John Patrick (and played by Richard Basehart), he doesn't seem quite worth the bother. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Hope for the Best—A good deal of first-class comedy bogged down in a rather heavy-handed piece about a columnist's struggle with his artistic conscience. Franchot Tone and Jane Wyatt head the cast. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40. May close Sat., May 19.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss Them for Me—This stage version of "Shore Leave," about three aviators who couldn't quite adapt themselves to civilian life, starts out very well but trails away badly somewhere in the middle. With Richard Widmark, Dennis King, Jr., and Richard Davis. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Late George Apley—An adaptation of the Marquand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll in the title rôle is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. With Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Othello—A brief return engagement of the Margaret Webster production. With Paul Robeson, Uta Hagen, and José Ferrer. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, beginning Tues., May 22, at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Overtons—Familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis, Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—In Agatha Christie's book everybody got killed, but in the play there are two survivors. Not terribly exciting, but still well above the general level of mystery shows. Among the doomed are Estelle Winwood and Halliwell Hobbes. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, with a small, expert cast consisting of Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, excep Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminis uprising in the 1860's. The book and the musi are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but th sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballet are very fetching. Celeste Holm and Joan Mc Cracken head the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6 5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carmen Jones—A return engagement of the Osca Hammerstein II version of Bizet's opera. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightl at 8:15. Mat. Sat. at 2:15. Closes Sat., May 19.)

Carousel—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstei II have transplanted "Liliom" to New Englan and set it to music with very agreeable results Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielzine designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is th director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. a 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstratin how to put over a song in a piece about sailors an girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, wit Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44t Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun. at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—This is the third Olsen an Johnson exhibit, and the boys seem to be runnin out of ideas, not to mention taste. With Fran Libuse and Betty Garrett. (Winter Garden, B'wa at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30 Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Gree Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodger and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by th Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and thei girls. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun. at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances arranged by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Blue Holiday—Ethel Waters and Josh White heading an all-Negro vaudeville revue, with songs by Duke Ellington and Al Moritz and dances staged by Katherine Dunham. Directed by Moe Hack and produced by Irvin Shapiro and Doris Cole. Opens Fri., May 18. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:40.)

Foxhole in the Parlor—A play by Elsa Shelley, with a cast including Montgomery Clift and Russell Hardie. Directed by John Haggot and produced by Harry Bloomfield. Opens Wed., May 23. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Schedule of performances to be announced.)

Memphis Bound—A musical comedy based on "H.M.S. Pinafore," with lyrics and score by Don Walker and Clay Warnick, book by Albert Barker and Sally Benson, and an all-Negro cast headed by Bill Robinson, Avon Long, and Thelma Carpenter. Anton Dolin staged the ballet, Robert Ross and Eva Jessye directed, and the producers are John Wildberg and Vinton Freedley. Opens Thurs., May 24. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting the annual big show. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M. Closes Sun., May 20.)

Martha Graham—With her company: "Mysterious Adventure," "Herodiade," and "Letter to the World," Thurs. Eve., May 17. . . . "John Brown,"

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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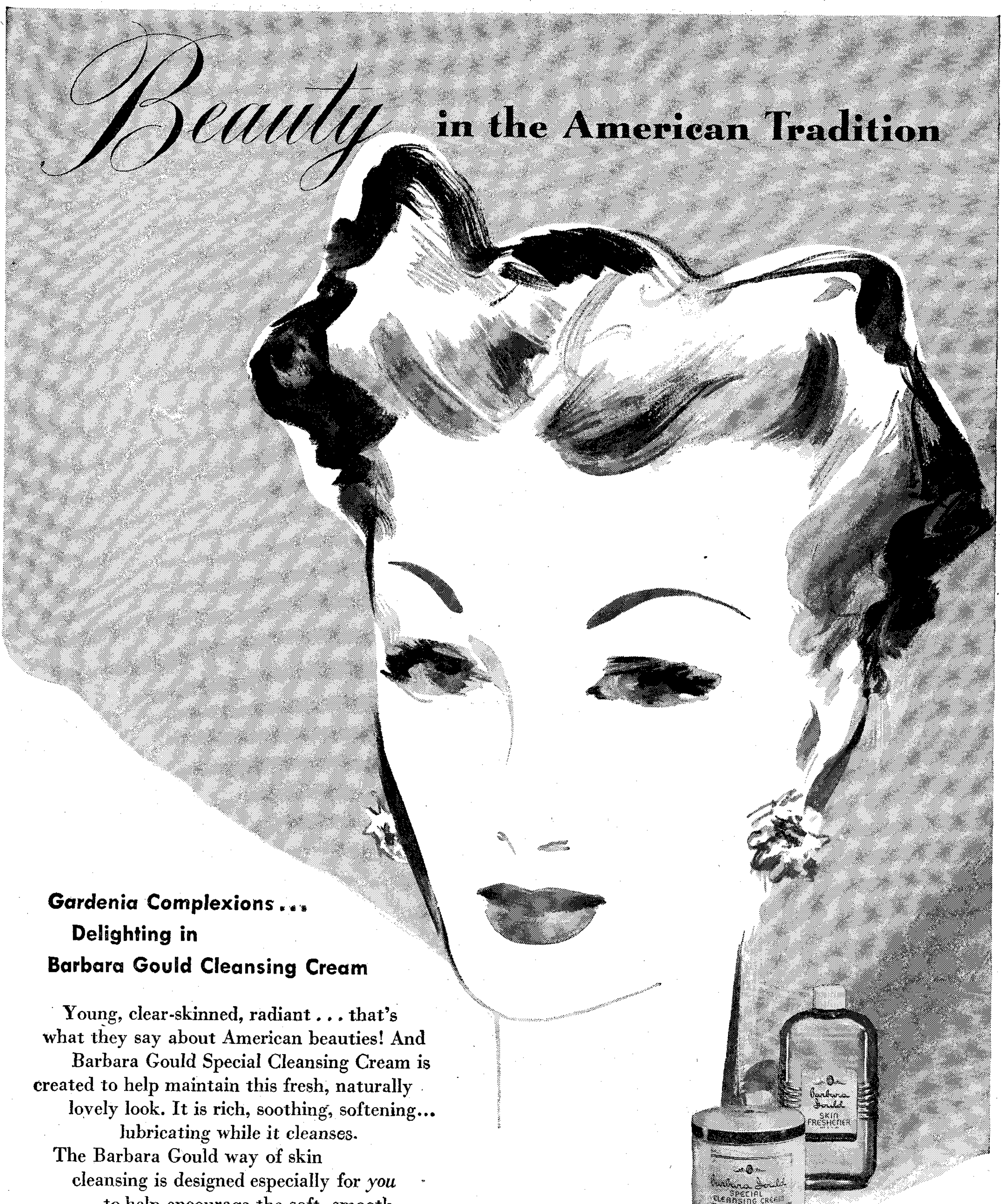
Beauty in the American Tradition



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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 26.

"Appalachian Spring," and "Deaths and Entrances," Fri. Eve., May 18. . . . "Mysterious Adventure," "Appalachian Spring," and "Every Soul Is a Circus," Sat. Aft., May 19. . . . "Letter to the World," "Herodiade," and "Appalachian Spring," Sat. Eve., May 19. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Eves. at 8:20. Mat. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music and/or other entertainment, once more until 3 or 4 A.M., except in the hotels, which are closing between midnight and one A.M. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice or less.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra playing its polite dance music in this cool and subterranean summerhouse.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Grade-A merriment by Jimmy Savo, dances by Beatrice Kraft, and slightly overwrought music by Phil Moore's orchestra.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has Imogene Coca and her cantankerous comedy, Josh White and his guitar, jazz piano by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson, and fervent music by Edmond Hall's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Here the dress-for-dinner contingent is making its last, desperate stand. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For an ornate but pleasant dinner or supper to the chipper dance music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and most luxurious tropics, fitted out mostly with a chromium-plated clientele. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band play non-stop music.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Wally Boag, the skillful balloon man, is in the elegant Cotillion Room along with some dancers and a magician. Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room, Hildegarde acting very Hildegarde, with Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's bands alternating on the stand. . . . For people with fond memories, tea dancing to Mark Monte's music every afternoon in the Palm Court Lounge.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—This pretty pink penthouse has Paul Sparr's subdued dance orchestra and the handsomest view in town.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The elaborate Café Lounge presents a lot of vocal choruses accompanied by the sweet music of London's Roy Fox and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every day.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band are on hand all evening. Tea dancing for those who can't wait.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): comic monologues by Eddie Mayehoff and all sorts of nice music by Mildred Bailey and the Herman Chittison Trio. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): brightsome singing by Monica Boyar and the Deep River Boys; a prodigious variety of good piano playing by Garland Wilson, José Mellis, and Julius Monk. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy, still talking those songs about what shouldn't happen to a dog, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof, evidently in the market for the kiddies, has a magician and some acrobats; Nat Brandwynne's orchestra provides better than usual dance music, with Mischa Borr's orchestra alternating at supper. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing. . . . **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Jane Pickens, back in harness, along with a show full of delectable young ladies who sometimes seem tired of it all; dance music, rumba and otherwise. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet, broken only mildly by Roger Stearns' piano. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **ZANZIBAR**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): one of those paralyzing Broadway shows, redeemed considerably by Lionel Hampton's band and Maurice Rocco's piano (through Mon., May 21). . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): good Spanish dishes and even better Spanish music. . . . **400 CLUB**, 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Benny Goodman and his brand-new band, which includes Slam Stewart, Red Norvo, and Teddy Wilson at work in very odd surroundings. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Xavier Cugat's orchestra and a show of sorts in which the biggest noise is Georgie Price. Upstairs in the Cabana Room, Joel Herron's orchestra. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large, cool, and full of helter-skelter young people, egged on by Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **LINCOLN**, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. . . . **MADISON**, 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Jerry Lloyd's orchestra (to be replaced by Bob Knight's on Sat., May 19). . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's and Walter Perner's orchestras.

●

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): classic welkin ringing by Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just a small hole in the ground, nicely fitted out with Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Sidney Catlett and his new band, Al Casey and his new trio; dancing. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith and Ben Webster now collaborating in a new band; also, Hot Lips Page huffing, puffing, and occasionally blowing the house down. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio which includes Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

ART

Arnold Blanch—Introducing a wholly new style, in the artist's first show here in four years: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 26.

Sara Berman-Beach—Recent oils: Artist Associates, 138 W. 15. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 31.

Jean de Botton—Decorative paintings and a mural, "America at War": Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The development of the water color in America, with emphasis on the work of Winslow Homer. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 17.

Arthur G. Dove—The artist's work from 1922 to the present: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through June 17.

Max Ernst—Sculpture, in his first real try at this medium; and some paintings: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 4.

European—Utrillo and Vlaminck: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 30.

Josef Foshko—Landscapes, portraits, and Biblical subjects: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Thurs., May 17, from 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

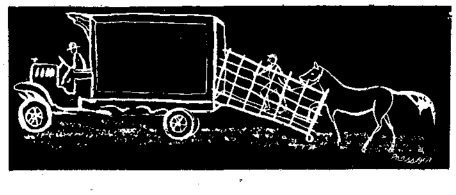
Frick Collection, 1 E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been in safekeeping since the beginning of the war are now back in the Museum. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Oronzo Gasparo—Pseudo-naïve paintings with firm and intricate patterns: Levitt, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 26.

Paul Gauguin—Woodcuts and a few paintings: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 31.

Glarner—A Mondrian follower's first one-man show: Kootz, 601 Madison, at 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

Groups—At the **RIVERSIDE MUSEUM**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: oils, watercolors, and sculpture by members of the Artists League of America, an outgrowth of the United American Artists, C.I.O. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 27. . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 43 E. 51: new painting and sculpture by John Marin, Bernard Karfiol, William Zorach, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 26. . . . **SALMAGUNDI CLUB**, 47 5 Ave., at 12: the seventy-fifth anniversary show. Weekdays 12:30 to 6 P.M. (also Tues. through Thurs. Eves., 8 to 10); Sun., 2:30 to 6 P.M.; through May 29. . . . **REHN**, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 2. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: paintings and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José de Creeft, and others of this group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **BRANDT**, 15 E. 57: Hedda Sterne, John Graham, David Hill, and Theodoros Stamos. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29. . . . **INTERNATIONAL PRINT SOCIETY**, 38 W. 57: a spring show of American painting and sculpture, with Adolph Dehn, Hugo Robus, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 26. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: Americans of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, including Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 15. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by contemporary American artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 29.



Randolph Johnston—Sculpture: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

Earl Kerkam—New oils: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 26.

Bernard Lamotte—Water colors and drawings of France: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

Max Liebermann—A large private collection of graphic art by the German Impressionist: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

Guy Maccoy and Bernard Steffen—Gouaches, water colors, and serigraphs: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 2.

Luis Martínez-Pedro—Drawings, concerned mainly with West Indian myths, by the Cuban artist: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 26.

Molla—Water colors and gouaches, blending the archaic with the abstract: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Wed., May 23.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A retrospective show of Georges Rouault. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through June 3.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A Kandinsky memorial show, containing over two hundred of his paintings. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 31.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The annual show of the National Association of Women Artists. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

Photography—At the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Pk. W. at 79: the annual show of the Pictorial Photographers of America. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., May 20. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: prints by Paul Strand, from his early abstractions and candid photographs to his recent series on Vermont. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through June 10.

Edmund Quincy—French and American city scenes: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through May 28.

Doris Rosenthal—Paintings of Guatemala: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

Josef Scharl—Recent oils, gouaches, and drawings: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

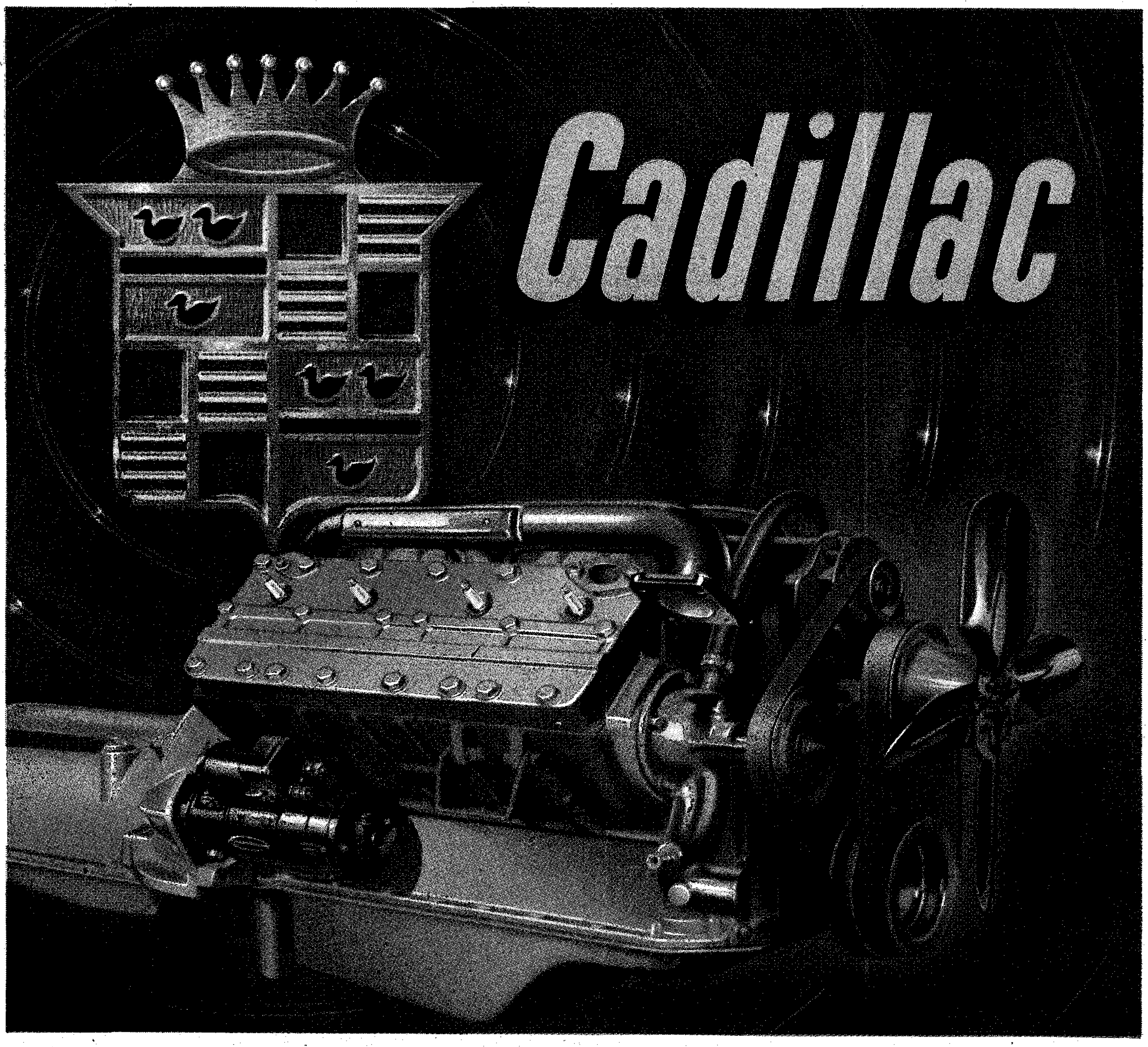
The Steigs—Paintings, sculpture, and drawings by seven members of the family, including William, and photographs by an eighth: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

Yves Tanguy—Sixteen new paintings: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 2.

MUSIC

American Youth Orchestra—Conducted by Dean Dixon; soloist, Regina Resnik, soprano. Fri., May 18, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

San Carlo Opera Company—"Rigoletto," Thurs. Eve., May 17. . . . "Aïda," Fri. Eve., May 18. . . . "Faust," Sat. Aft., May 19. . . . "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., May 19. . . . "La Bohème," Sun. Aft., May 20. . . . "La Traviata," Sun. Eve., May 20. . . . "Lucia di Lammermoor," Mon. Eve., May 21. . . . "Lohengrin," Tues. Eve., May 22. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Wed. Eve., May 23. . . . "Carmen," Thurs. Eve., May 24. . . . "Rigoletto," Fri. Eve., May 25. . . .



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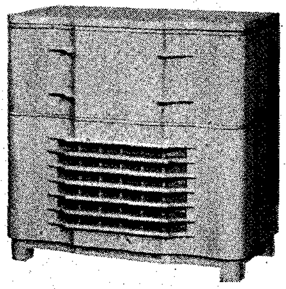

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 26.

"La Traviata," Sat. Aft., May 26. . . . "Aïda," Sat. Eve., May 26. (Center Theatre, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Eves. at 8:20. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 2:45.)

Gina Pinnera—Soprano. Thurs., May 17, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

French Concerts—Romolo de Spirito, tenor; Yvonne de Casa Fuerte, violin; and others; in a program of old and contemporary chamber music. Tues., May 22, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.) . . . Robert and Gaby Casadesus, piano; Zino Francescatti, violin; Martial Singher, baritone; and the Guilet String Quartet; in a program for the benefit of American Relief for France. Fri., May 25, at 9 P.M. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. For tickets, call PL 3-4571.)

SPORTS

Red Cross Benefit—Joe McCarthy, Byron Nelson, and other sports celebrities, as well as stage and screen stars, in a three-hour variety show. Fri., May 25, at 8 P.M. (Waldorf-Astoria. For tickets, call BR 9-2104.)

Baseball—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Chicago, Thurs., May 17, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Fri. and Sat., May 18-19, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., May 20, at 2 P.M. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Chicago, Wed. through Sat., May 23-26, at 2:30 P.M. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs., May 17, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Fri., May 18, at 8:30 P.M., Sat., May 19, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., May 20 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Mon., May 21, at 8:30 P.M.

Racing—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 1:30 P.M., through June 2. (Paumonok Handicap, May 24; The Excelsior, May 26.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:25 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through May 31. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Flower Shows—At the NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx Pk.: twenty acres of azaleas, hawthorns, and other spring blooms, with, through Sun., May 20, a miniature railway to take you around. . . . HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor): rock gardens and cut spring flowers. Thurs., May 17, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Circus—The history of the circus in America since 1797, shown in posters and handbills: New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 30.

Costumes—At the METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82: a large exhibition of imperial robes from the Manchu court of China; also, fabrics by modern designers, inspired by art objects in the Museum. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 10. . . . COSTUME INSTITUTE, 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Inscriptions, texts, and illuminated manuscripts, from 2600 B.C. to the fifteenth century. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 29.

Auctions—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—Chinese objects of art owned by Mrs. Goodhue Livingston and others: Thurs., May 17, at 2 P.M. . . . Modern paintings, including work by Vlaminck, Pissarro, and Degas, from the collection of Stanley N. Barbee and others: Thurs., May 17, at 8 P.M. . . . French furniture, genre paintings, and Oriental objects of art, owned by the late William H. and Cornelius Vanderbilt, and others: Fri. and Sat., May 18-19, at 2 P.M. . . . English porcelain, French eighteenth-century furniture, and objects of art, owned by the late Vernon C. Brown: Wed. and Thurs., May 23-24, at 2 P.M.

AMERICAN LABOR PARTY, 28 Greenwich Ave.—Paintings by five hundred contemporary American artists, including Raphael Soyer, Philip Evergood, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and Rockwell Kent, in a sale sponsored by the Artists League of America: Wed., May 23, at 7:30 P.M.

Note—The annual flower sale sponsored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association will be held on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Wed., May 23 (or, in case of rain, on the following day), from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

ON THE AIR

State Department—Archibald MacLeish, James C. Dunn, and Hamilton Fish Armstrong, in the thirteenth in a series of discussions of our international policy; broadcast from San Francisco, Sat., May 19, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sun., May 20, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Rochester Symphony Orchestra, Howard Hanson conducting, Sat., May 19 and 26, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . A symphony orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Sat., May 19, at 4 P.M., WJZ. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., May 19 and 26, at 5 P.M., WJZ. . . . San Carlo Opera Company: "La Traviata," Sun., May 20, at 8:30 P.M.; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Wed., May 23, at 8:40 P.M.; WNYC. . . . Budapest String Quartet, Sun., May 20, at 6:05 P.M., WQXR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues. at 4:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Sun. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson (from Europe), Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

Colonel Blimp—Very touching and quite dramatic story about the life of a professional British soldier. Roger Livesey represents the spirit of the Empire. (Gotham, B'way at 47; through Thurs., May 24.)

The Corn Is Green—Bette Davis in the part once performed by Ethel Barrymore on Broadway. Miss Davis seems slightly implausible and so does the picture. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Double Indemnity—Violent and fairly relentless murder story, with Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. Based on the novel by James Cain. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., May 18-24.)

Guest in the House—A very sensible adaption of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., May 23.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—An adaptation of Sally Benson's stories of her childhood that could hardly be better. Judy Garland is very grownup and decorative in the principal part, and the songs are nice, too. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., May 17.)

The Silver Fleet—First-class British film about a Dutch patriot who sabotaged his own shipyard when it fell into Nazi hands. With Ralph Richardson. (World, 153 W. 49; through Thurs., May 24.)

The Three Caballeros—Walt Disney's strange combination of Donald Duck, Fantasia, and the Ziegfeld Follies. *One of the great man's mistakes.* (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., May 18. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Fri. through Sun., May 18-20. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., May 18-21. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. through Thurs., May 22-24.)

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer (1938)—Tommy Kelly and May Robson as Tom and Aunt Polly. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Wed., May 23.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., May 22-23.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., May 22.)

Desire (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., May 21-22.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the first World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., May 22.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., May 25.)

Kitty Foyle (1941)—Ginger Rogers as Christopher Morley's white-collar girl. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 17.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews pretty deeply involved in murder. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., May 18-24.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., May 19. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., May 21-22. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Mon. through Wed., May 21-23. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Mon. through Thurs., May 21-24. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Sat., May 23-26.)

The Prisoner of Zenda (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Wed., May 23.)

Sahara (1943)—Humphrey Bogart in an all-male movie about the North African campaign. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., May 17. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. and Mon., May 20-21.)

Shall We Dance? (1937)—One of the Astaire-Rogers series, this time with Gershwin music. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., May 25.)

Standing Room Only (1944)—The housing shortage in Washington. Paulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., May 17.)

They Were Five (1938)—About a lottery and a country inn. In French, with Jean Gabin. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Wed., May 18-23. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. through Thurs., May 22-24.)

Topper (1937)—Thorne Smith's novel. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 17.)

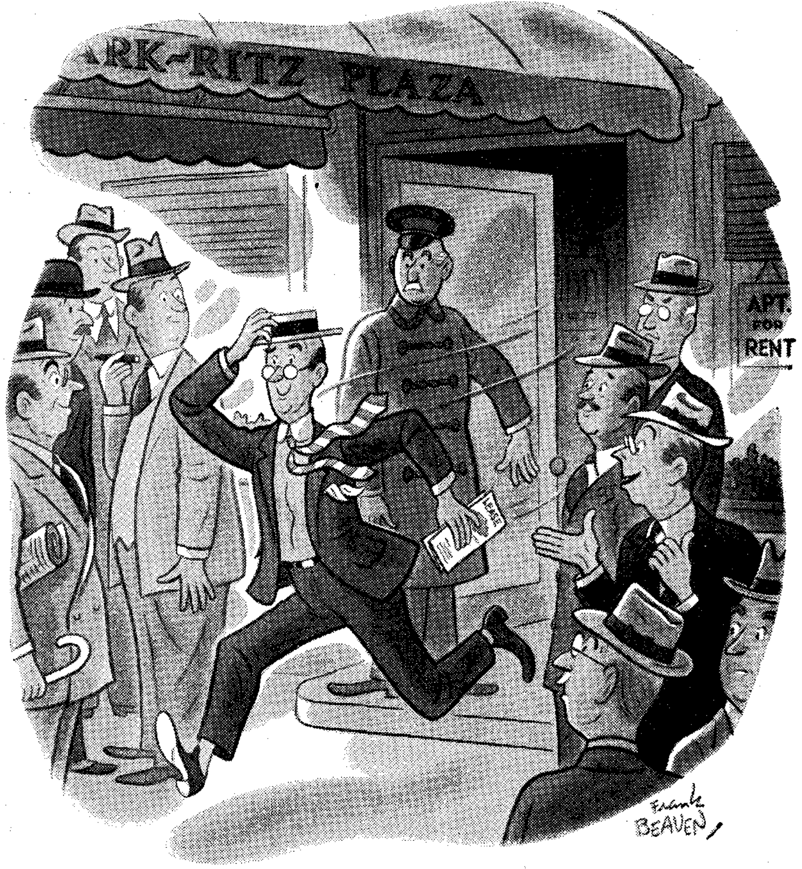
True to Life (1943)—A comedy about love and radio. With Mary Martin, Franchot Tone, and Dick Powell. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., May 23-24.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—THURS., MAY 17: "The Salvation Hunters" (1925), directed by Josef von Sternberg. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., MAY 18-20: "Metropolis" (1926), German film, directed by Fritz Lang. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., MAY 21-24: "Chess Fever" (1925); and "Mother" (1926), Russian films. . . . FROM FRI., MAY 25: "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927), directed by René Clair.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Service Men—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

women to work as much time as they can spar as sorters or canvassers for the United Nationa Clothing Collection; men and women to wor for the wastepaper drive, acting as liaison agent between tenants and managers of apartmen buildings and hotels. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a fort six-hour training course and then work fou daytime hours a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course an then work at least two full days each week a nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (R 4-6050): women to work three to five hours a day several days a week, preparing refreshments fo service men's clubs; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course i mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service driving for the Armed Forces and governmen agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply a 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.) . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to wor about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to work in hospital at least six hours a week, during the day, as aide in clinics, wards, offices, and diet kitchens, or a receptionists from 7 to 8:45 A.M. . . . AMERICA WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, a 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours week, preferably during the day, as drivers fo the Motor Corps; women to work at least one ful day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

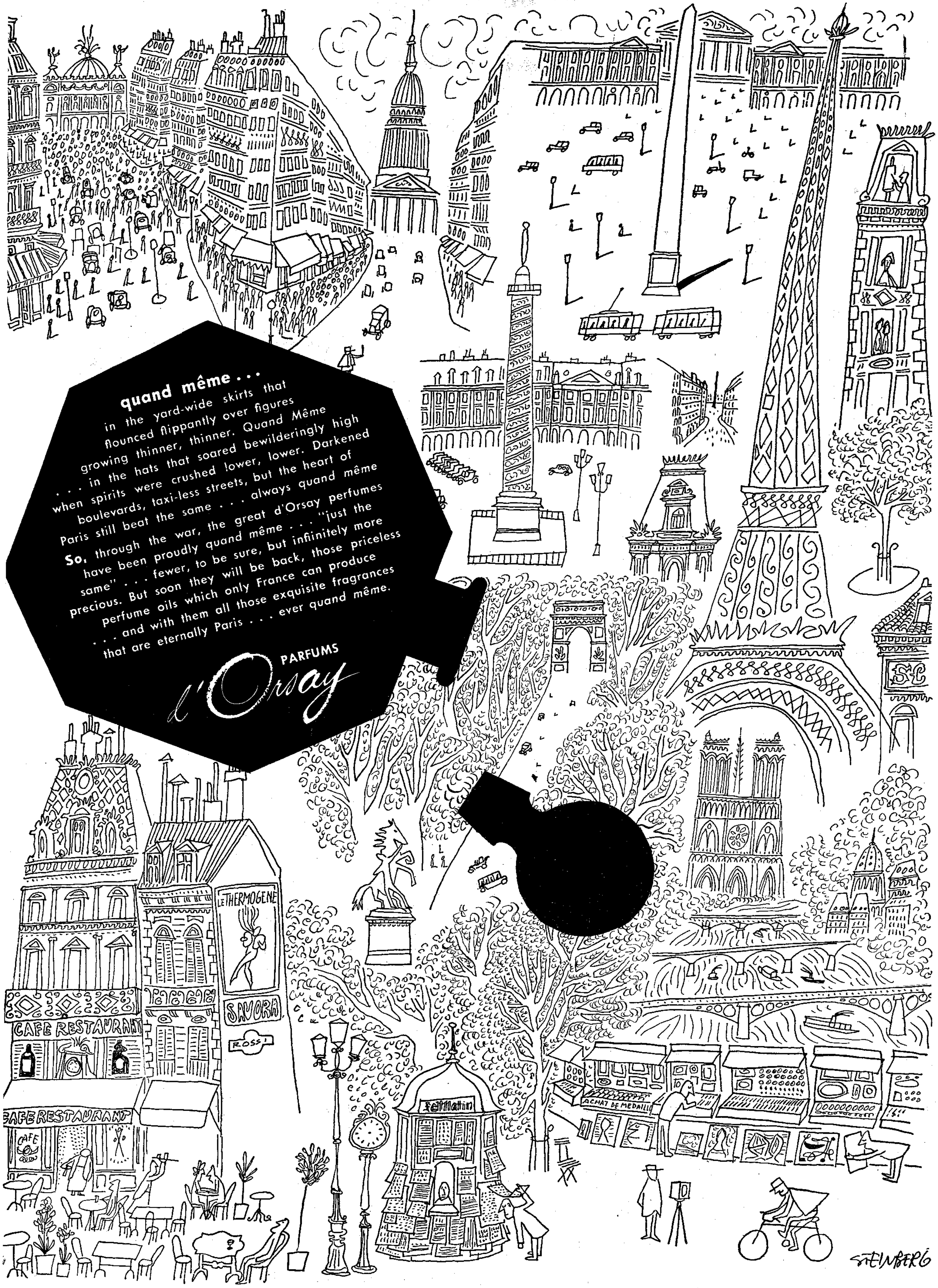
NOTE—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harves fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can b made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

SEVENTH WAR LOAN DRIVE—The War Bond campaig is on, and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050) and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), are recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper, which is vitally needed, an food cans should be kept separate from othe refuse and given to your building superintendent who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatte them after cutting out both ends. Wastepape should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue t save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The United National Clothing Collection wants to accumulate, during May, a hundred and fifty million pounds of practical clothing, shoes, bedding, and linens for destitute families overseas. Drivers of laundry trucks will pick up contributions on their regular routes, or, for the location of the nearest depot, call CI 5-7350. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church, New York 7 (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for small furniture, small games, radios, records, floor lamps, and playing cards. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220.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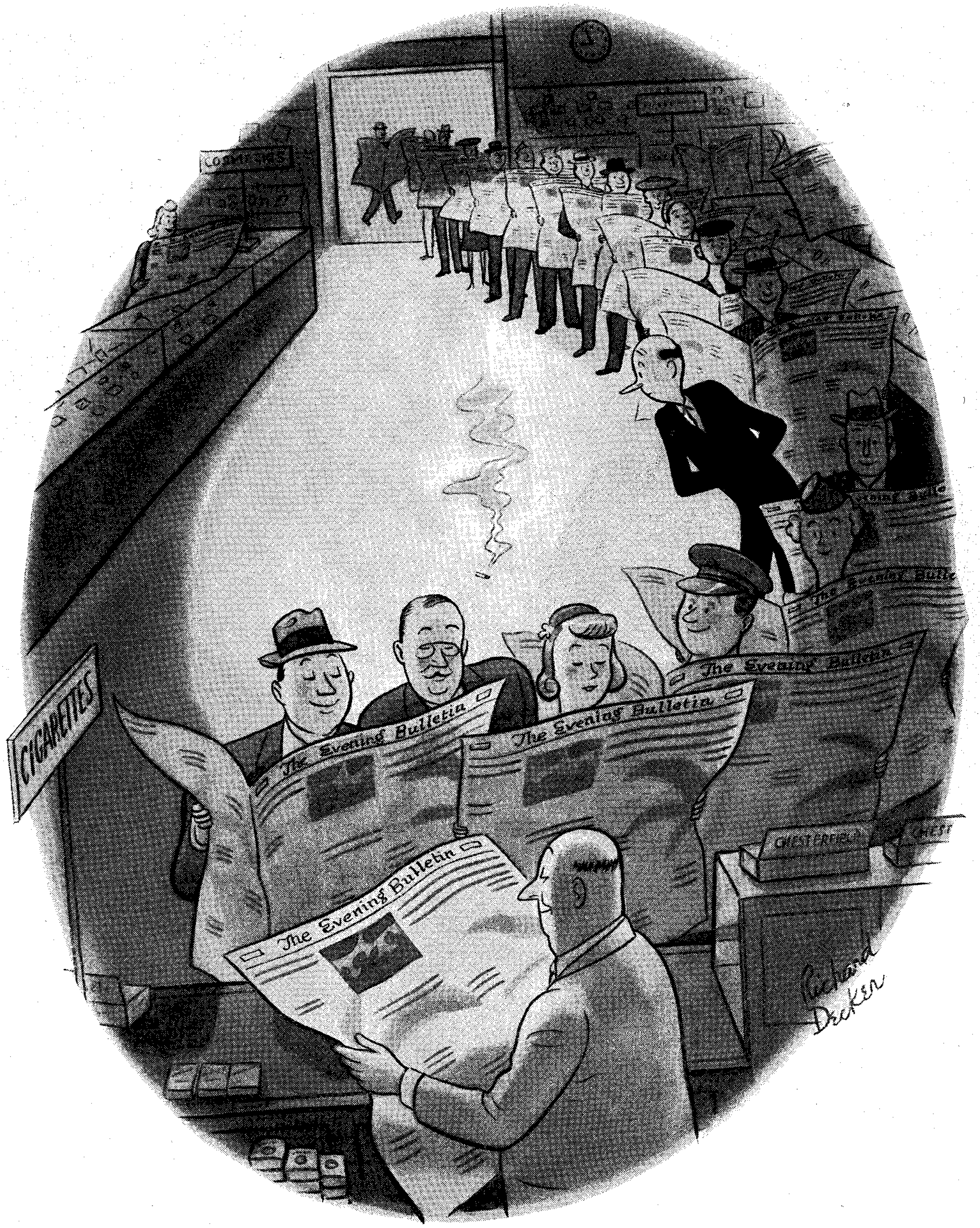
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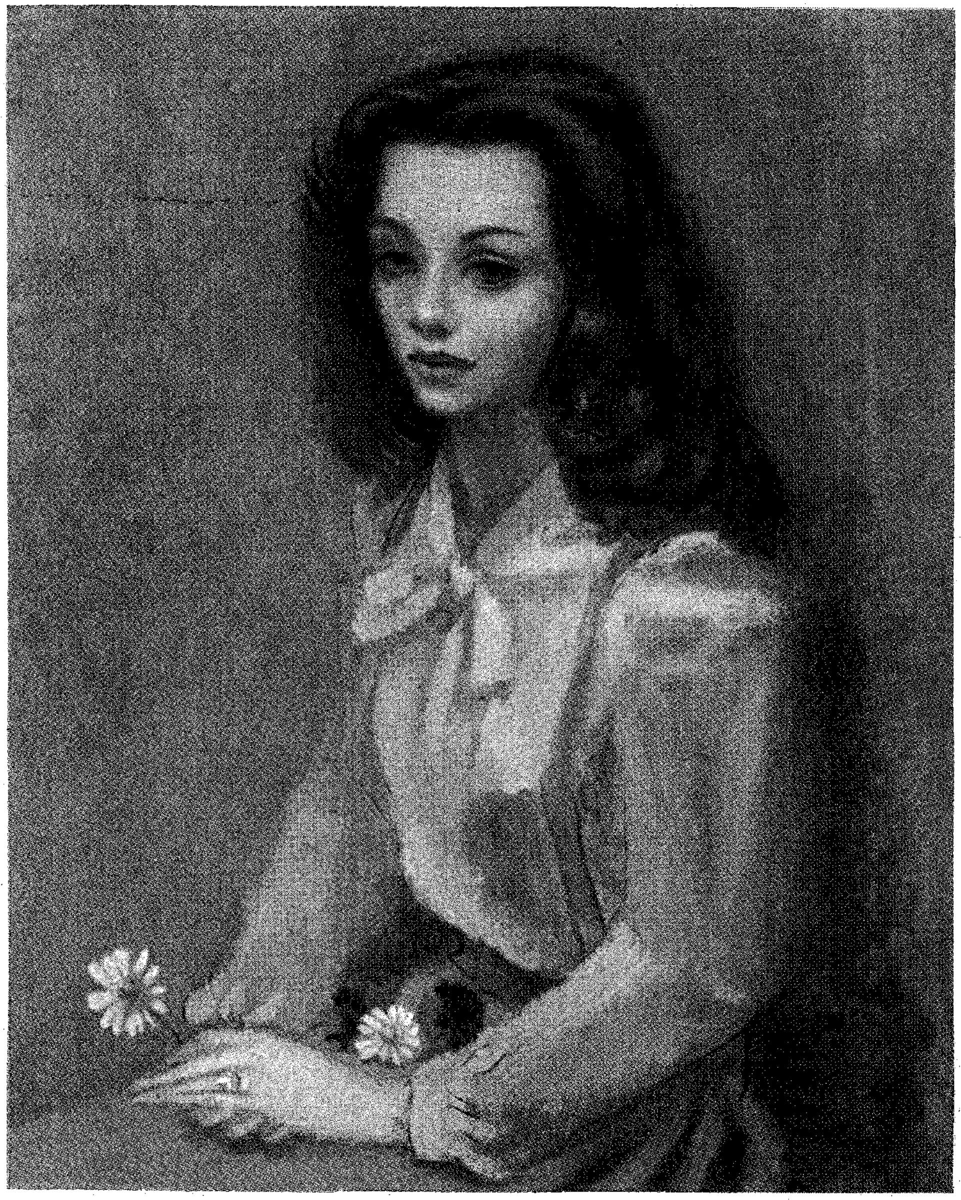

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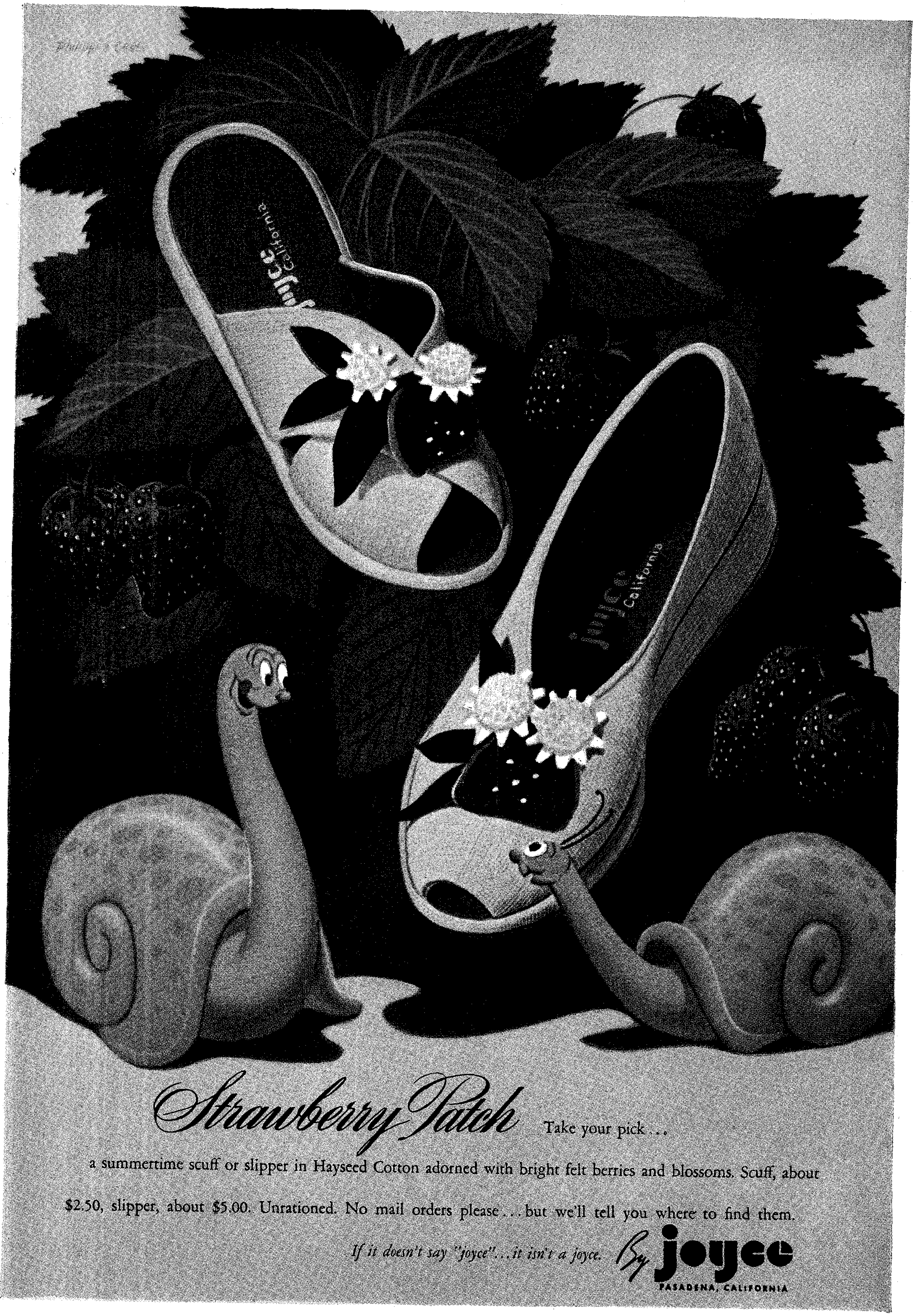
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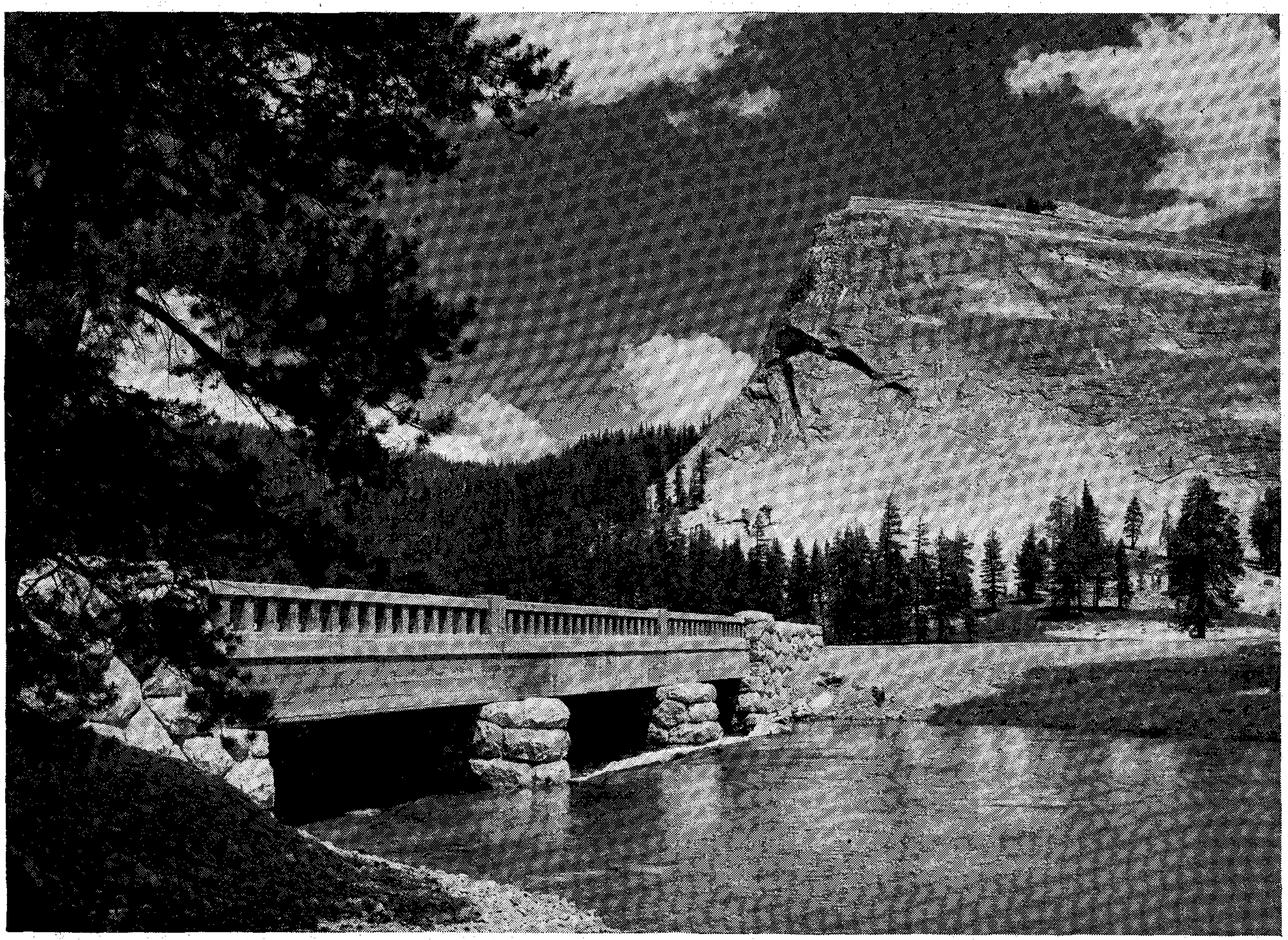

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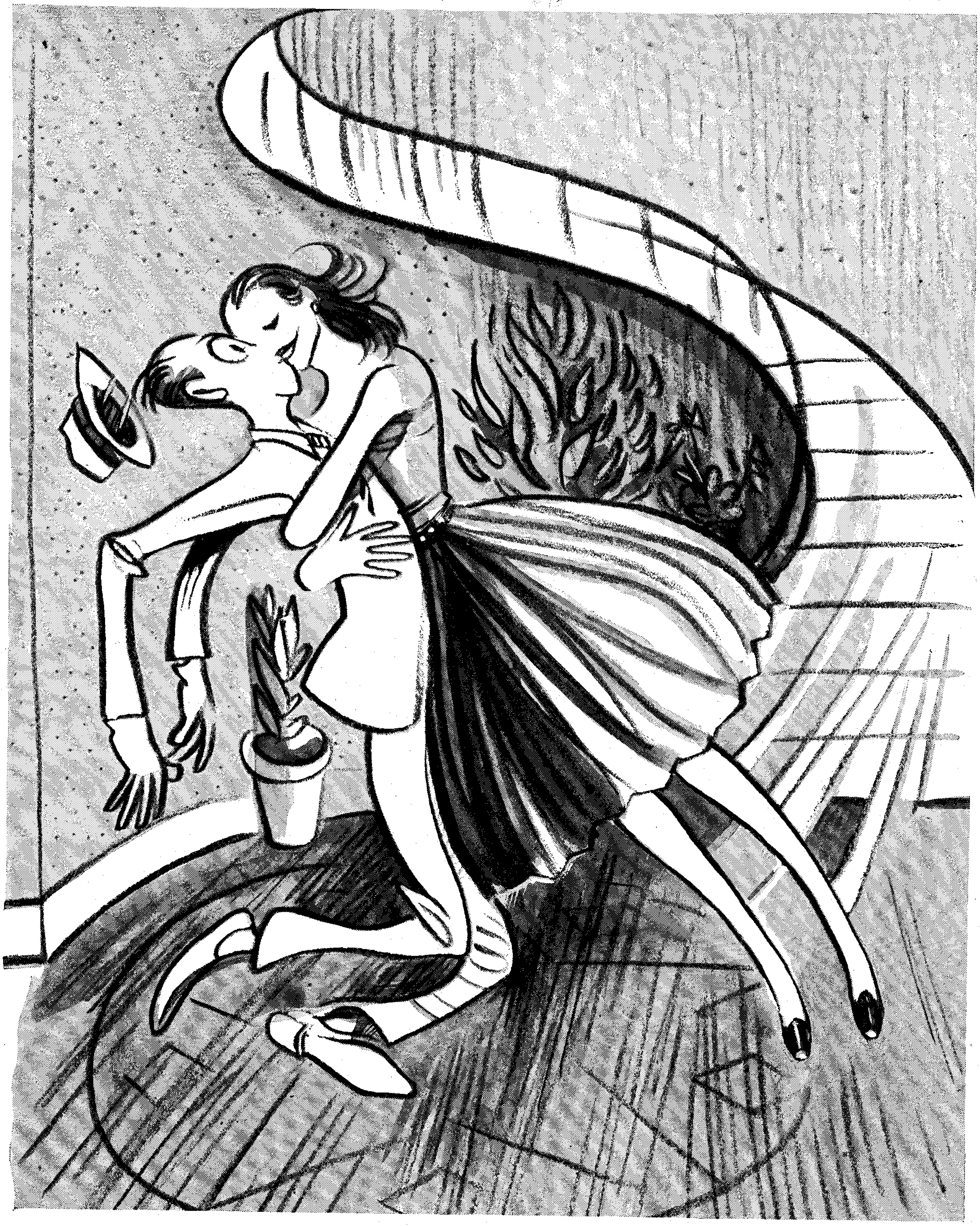

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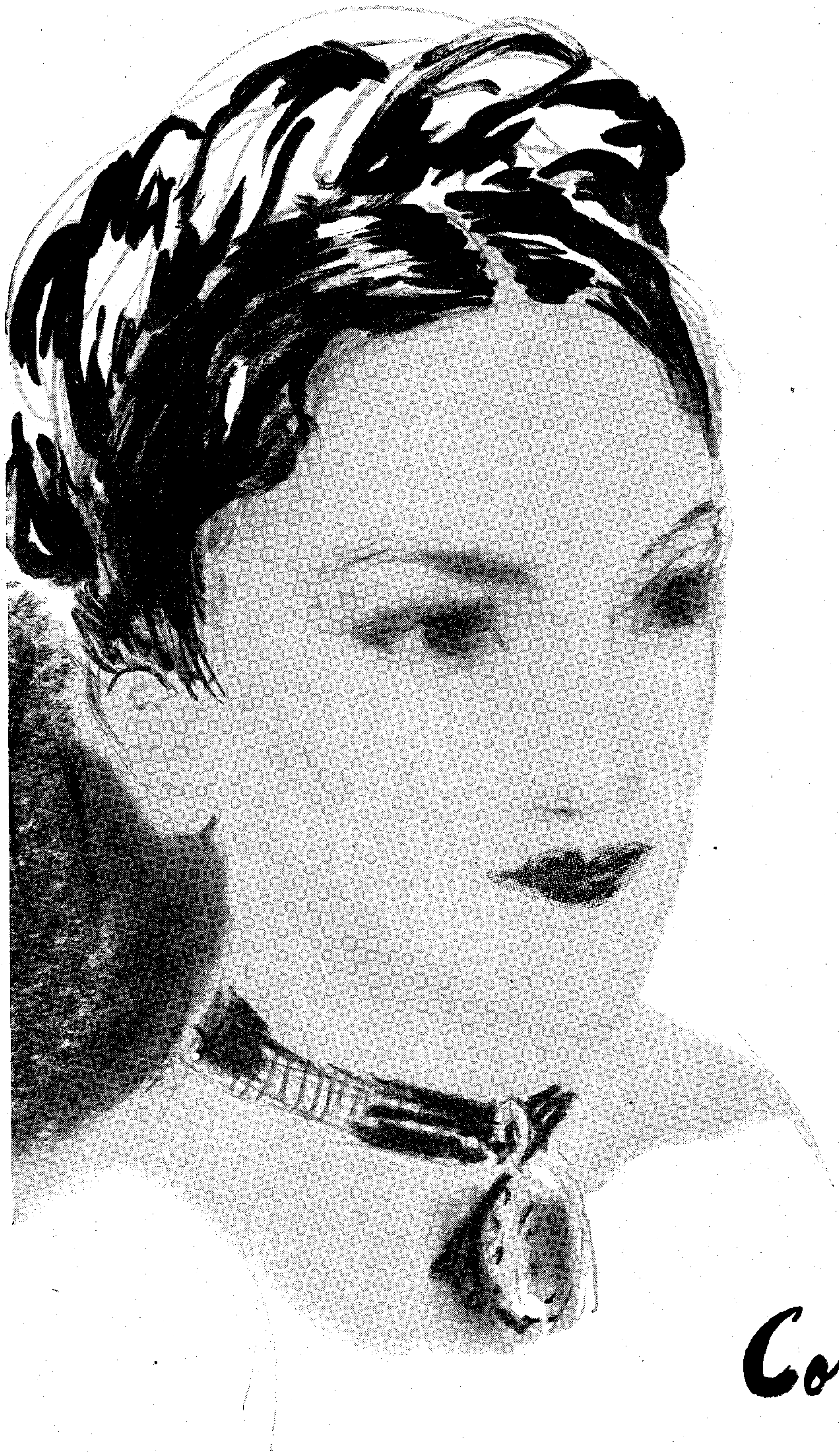

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NINETEENTH-CENTURY NOTE: On a wall in Barrow Street, some child has chalked, "The vicar is a very nice man."

WE laid over in Hollywood one night last week between trains, to pay a call on a former Easterner in his new setting. It was our first visit to the place, and we came away with no very distinct impression. Except for its air of impermanence and the complete breakdown of its transportation facilities, Hollywood seemed indistinguishable from any other wealthy backwater. We remember arising early and standing on a zebra skin while shaving. We recall that the writers we encountered seemed in good health but that they kept looking behind them, like girls crossing a pasture. One of them confided to us that he had been on the same page for three days and saw no way of getting off it. Writers were working in pairs, or groups, and they seemed more like conspirators than interpreters. On the whole, Hollywood struck us as a difficult place in which to pursue the literary life, with pretty stenographers lounging around in slacks and with a mocking bird outside the window shouting, "Flap-doodle, fol-deroo, fol-deroo, kill it, kill it, kill it."

WE haven't heard what, if anything, is being done about finding a name for the new league of nations. The name "United Nations" will presumably have to be dropped, since the organization is to be an association, not a union, and it is unwise to lead people into believing that they are getting something they aren't. One of the San Francisco papers made an unconscious suggestion for a title the other day when its proofreader was dozing. The paper came out with a reference to "the Untied Nations," a far more accurate phrase than the one intended. The work of transposing the "t" and the "i" now begins in the composing room of time. It may take a long while, but it is worth doing, if only so that the preamble can eventually open with, "We the people . . ." instead of "We, the high contracting powers . . ."

WE see that N.B.C. has ruled that no fifteen-minute news broadcast may be interrupted for the commercial. This is sensible, and will be fine for both listener and advertiser. We were thinking the other night that the radio-advertised product which has always seemed of the very highest quality to us is Johns-Manville's materials, and the reason must be that, although we have been listening to the program fairly regularly for three or four years, we can't recall ever having heard a word of the plug. To us, Tony Marvin, who speaks for Johns-Manville, is one of the truly influential radio voices, simply because he is never heard. The result, for Johns-Manville, is wonderful prestige. We wouldn't hesitate a moment about specifying J.-M. building materials if we ever built anything—which is highly unlikely.

Clara Skinner

THE way doctoring is nowadays, there is usually an interval of a week between the time a person phones a doctor for an appointment and the time he shows up in the office to be healed. And of course almost anything can happen to a person in a week's time, things of an organic or psychical or merely routine nature. He can shave off his mustache. He can get drunk. He can receive a letter—a check, perhaps. He can bump into an old flame. He can be asked to collaborate on a play. He can win a prize in a lottery. His spirits can expand as his blood pressure relaxes. And when he finally presents himself to keep the appointment he made so long ago, he can recall only dimly the pain which racked him when he put in the call. Under the doctor's stern gaze, he fumbles for words and paints a thoroughly unconvincing picture of infirmity, all the time knowing perfectly well that his heart is steady as a clock, pressure normal, tongue clear, mind at ease. "Hmm," the doctor thinks, "a hypochondriac."

PROBABLY all of us are a little too matter-of-fact about our eight million neighbors. If we think about them at all, we suppose that the people we pass on the street are bound on errands as prosaic as our own—that they're going to the bank to cash their salary checks, or to the St. James Theatre to see "Oklahoma!" One of them, however, wrote a note that a friend of ours found last Sunday under peculiar circumstances. It was neatly typed on a sheet of white paper, and a dollar bill was pinned to it. It said, "To George M——. Dear George, please come back. We want you to live with us. We have plenty of room. Take the bus . . ." and then followed detailed directions for reaching an address in the Bronx. Our friend found the note, weighted down with a handful of pebbles, on top of a gravestone in Woodlawn Cemetery. The name on the headstone was George M——. We just want to suggest that the writer of this note was the lady beside you on the subway last night, or the little man who slipped onto the stool you left when you had finished your drink at the corner saloon. Quite a city, quite a city.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: When Molotov visited Stanford University during his stay in San Francisco, the "Internationale" was played in his honor on the Hoover Memorial Chimes. At the same time, here in New York, the hammer and sickle was flying over the Union League Club, along with the flags of the other United Nations.

Aglow

WE went to Douglas Leigh, the animated-electric-sign king, to learn the implications of the dimout when it was imposed in 1942, and we thought we'd better have another talk with him when the lights went on again, last week. When we found him, he'd just finished a broadcast over WOR from the Astor marquee, in the course of which he had pointed out that, "like the unquenched fires of democracy," the lamps in his sixteen signs on Broadway were still in good working order after three years of darkness. The only Leigh sign not in perfect shape was the animated cartoon over the I. Miller shoe store on the northeast corner of Forty-sixth and Broadway. This was covered by a billboard, as it has been for most of the time we've been in the war. By a coincidence, the billboard's lease was within a couple of days of expiring, and Leigh said it wouldn't take long to get the billboard out of the way and then rig the electric sign beneath it for an animated reproduction of the Iwo Jima flag raising. The new cartoon will publicize the Bond drive and a beer that Leigh prefers to keep nameless until the sign is formally unveiled. He forehandedly had a couple of maintenance crews working overtime along Broadway for a week or so before V-E Day on his fifteen other signs, six of which are animated. All these were hooked up to a control switch in his office, in Rockefeller Center, soon after Pearl Harbor, so that they could be quickly and simultaneously shut off in case of an air-raid alert. When they went on again for keeps, though, they were operated by individual switches, as Leigh had given up the leased wires that made the central control possible. The Pepsi-Cola offering at the north end of Times Square—the only big non-Leigh electric sign on Broadway—was as bright and cheerful as the master's own signs when we passed by it last week, and Leigh generously remarked that it has been kept in good condition.

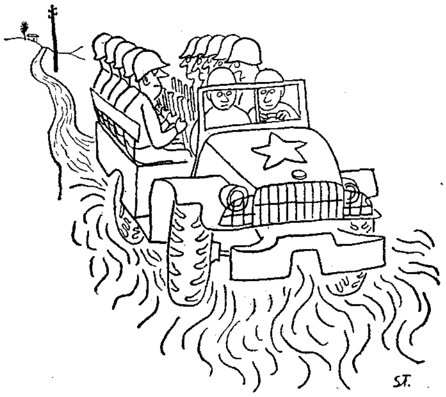
The restoration of bright lights to Broadway involved power for some sixty thousand bulbs, Leigh told us, and we were concerned about the sudden demand, so we decided to confer with Consolidated Edison. Edison said it had plenty of juice for all the signs in town and everything else. Then we consulted a man we know at City Hall and found him more interested in the retirement of his boss from public life than electric current. "Street lighting was already back to ninety per cent of the prewar level before V-E Day," he told us, "and restoring the other ten per cent was no trouble at all." He added that most of the darkness we'd been noticing on city streets was due to the brownout of commercial establishments, which was voluntary, and that increased brightness would result largely from the restoration of lighting in shop windows. He thought the merchants would loosen up quickly and that things would be pleasanter for all of us.

Nostalgia

THE Navy puts numbers on its landing craft, not having the time or the ingenuity to think up names for all of them. As soon as they reach the combat areas, however, the crews always give them unofficial names. There is one such craft, somewhere in the Pacific, which bears on her bows, in bold white letters, the name "CIVILIAN."

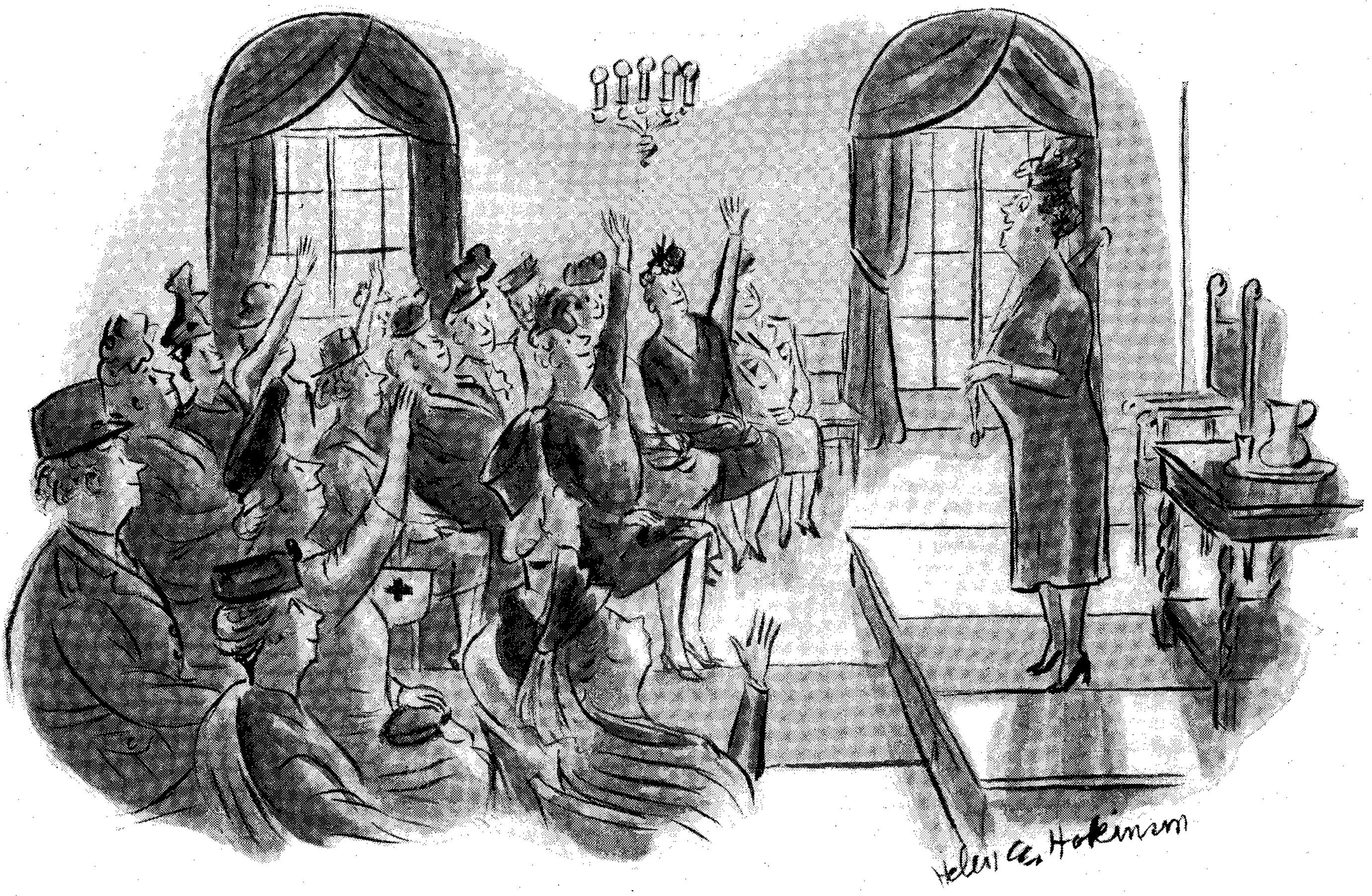
Goop and Roe

ANY ex-wardens among our readers will probably remember that in the early days of their training the incendiary bomb was dismissed as just a rather useful adjunct to high-explosive bombing; it was sagely explained that any fires lighted by the incendiaries would serve as targets for the H-Es. It turned out, though, that a vast percentage of the damage done by bombers was caused by the incendiaries and not by the H-Es. This started a trend which resulted in the B-29s' using nothing *but* incendiaries in some of their raids on cities on the Japanese mainland. For instance, in a single raid on Nagoya this Monday, thirty-three hundred tons of them were used, laying waste an area of nine square miles. These incendiaries, however, were not the old-fashioned kind that an earnest warden could put out with a bucket of sand or the tail of his shirt. Quite a few improvements have been made.



When the United States entered the war, the Chemical Warfare Service had only two types of incendiary bomb, the M-50 and the M-54. The first is a four-pound magnesium bomb, an adaptation of a British model—a tube, twenty-one inches long and two inches in diameter, made of magnesium and filled with an incendiary mixture consisting mainly of thermate. Thermate is itself a mixture of powdered aluminum, barium nitrate, petroleum, and thermite. The bomb filling ignites when the bomb lands, creating for one minute a heat of three thousand degrees Centigrade; this touches off the magnesium casing, which flares up and scatters in molten blobs which burn for fifteen minutes. Ordinarily the M-50s are dropped in clusters, which are broken up by an explosive fuse timed to go off when the cluster is about a hundred feet from the ground. As any warden knows, these bombs can be put out with water or sand. Not many of them could be made in the early days of the war, because magnesium was very scarce. We have enough magnesium now and are again using M-50s for certain types of bombing jobs. Doolittle's men, in the first Tokio raid, used a somewhat less satisfactory variant of the M-50—the M-54, which has a steel instead of a magnesium casing.

Spurred on by the magnesium shortage, our chemists came up with an inflammable jelly made by suspending rubber in gasoline. This was the first active agent used in the M-47, a hundred-pound bomb shaped somewhat like a panatela cigar. It has a casing of thin steel which shatters on impact, after which globs of flaming jelly fly as far as twenty yards. M-47s were used to start the Ploeşti oil-field fires in August, 1943. Rubber being not much more plentiful than magnesium, the Chemical Warfare people kept right on and discovered Compound X, whose name conveys something of the secrecy which sur-



"The chair will now entertain suggestions as to what we should do with the Emperor of Japan."

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rounds it. This compound, which turns gasoline into a whitish paste resembling cold cream, replaced the rubber jelly as a bomb filling early in 1942. It is based on an ingredient formerly used as a hair lacquer. In the meantime, something known as "fire roe" was developed. As you have probably read, this was discovered by a Harvard professor, Louis F. Fieser, who was merely looking for some way of burning the crab grass out of his lawn. As used in bombs, "fire roe" is a granular powder which looks enough like caviar to have earned its nickname. It is shipped in drums and is mixed into gasoline at the bomber bases. The result is a goo that looks like orange gelatine. Three pounds of this jelly, in a cheesecloth bag, are put into a nineteen-inch length of two-inch steel pipe. This is the power behind the M-69 bomb, which has received wide attention in the press of late. It has gauze streamers which slow its descent and break the fall so that it does not shatter on impact. What happens instead is that the bomb ticks for three seconds, then coughs out the sack of jelly, now burning furiously; it clings to whatever it hits, and, since it spurts up from the ground instead of falling from the air, may go in through a window or under the eaves of a roof. It's hard to put out, too, though how hard is still a secret. Anyway, no local ex-warden could handle it with water or a bucket of sand.

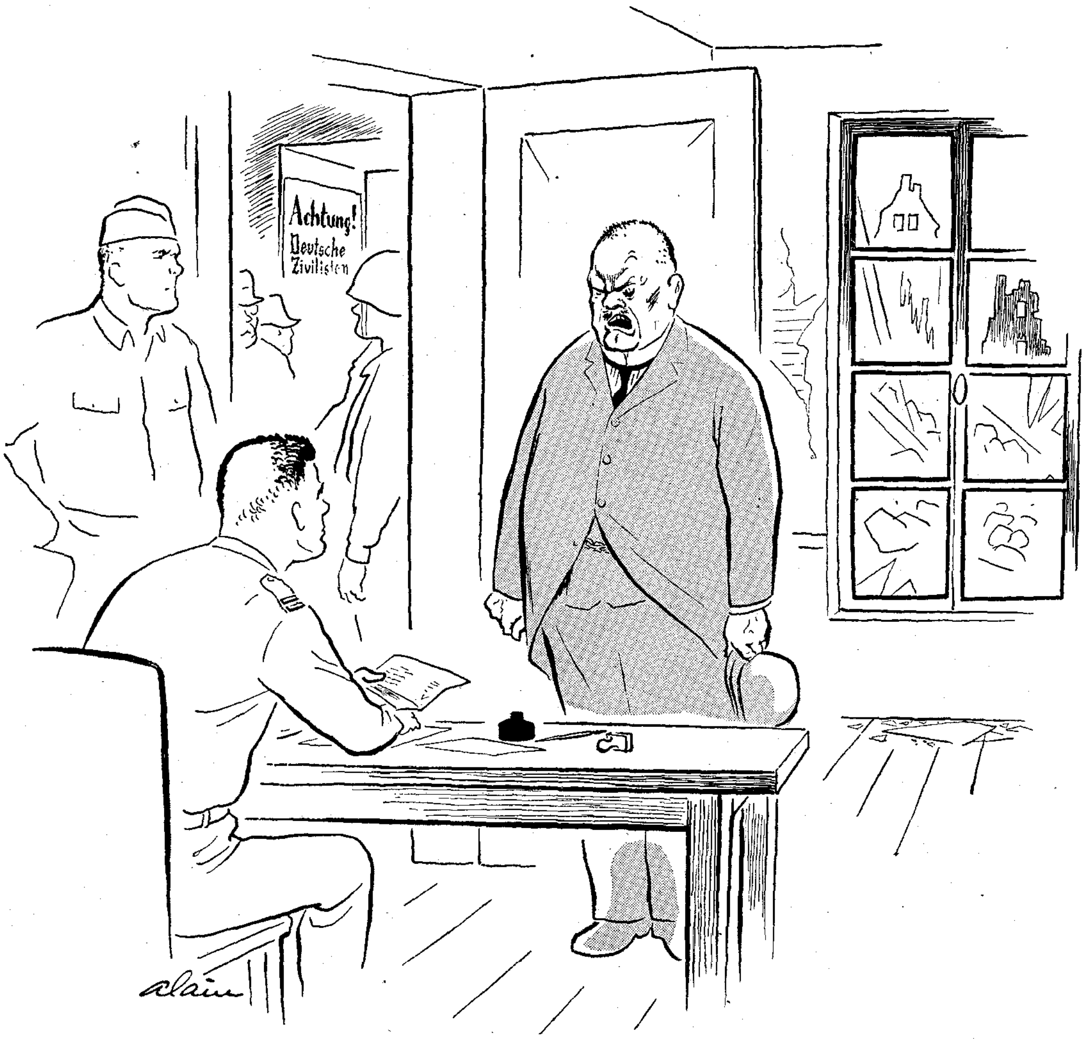
The very newest note in incendiaries is the M-76, which weighs five hundred pounds. Army chemists call it the goop bomb because of the texture of the incendiary compound, which is a rubbery dough and is squeezed into the bomb casings with an apparatus that looks like a big cake-icing tube. Goop is a mixture of crude magnesium, liquid asphalt, gasoline jelly, and various other terrific inflammables. It burns with an even higher temperature than the M-69 jelly, splashes around into all sorts of hard-to-get-at corners, and cannot be extinguished by any means known to man. Maybe we'd just better not have any more wars.

Girded

ON V-E Day, De Pinna, like many other stores, decided to shield its windows against the frenzy of the mob. Accordingly, a corrugated-pasteboard covering was put up, and to protect the covering, a number of "FRAGILE" stickers were attached. Worked out all right, too.

Hark to the Trumpet's Call

THERE were still a few bits of paper from the V-E Day celebration whirling around when we visited Local Board No. 31 last Thursday morning to see a group of presumably typical post-European-war candidates for induction preparing to set out for Grand Central Palace. When we arrived at the board, which has its offices on the third floor of the Delmonico Hotel, about twenty-five men were on hand, some with the down of nonage on their cheeks, others with the dewlaps of middle age. A few were pacing the corridors nervously; the rest were sitting uneasily in a couple of rooms adjoining the Board's main office. In one of these rooms, an older candidate in a well-cut suit and Charvet tie was holding forth. "This fellow I know," he was saying, "spent two years in camp right here in the U.S. and another in Hawaii. If we stick around some camp here for even six months, it'll probably be over." "Where's your friend now?" somebody asked. "Okinawa," said Charvet glum-



"Whoever said I'm a Nazi is a dirty Jewish democratic plutocrat!"

ly. "I'd like to have ten minutes alone with the files," said a thin-featured man in glasses. "I'd make my record look like confetti." A small, corpulent candidate, well along toward forty, cleared his throat and declared, "We might be finished with the whole thing in two or three hours. Last year, when they first had me up, it was over in no time." His listeners looked pleased. "But then," he went on, "they held me for four days. I had high blood pressure and they wanted to see whether it would go down. They let me telephone and took me for walks around the place, but I never got outside for the whole damned four days. Made me get up at five-thirty, just like in the Army. The old blood pressure stayed right up there." "You get any choice of service?" another candidate inquired. "Don't be silly," said the man with the high blood pressure. "They put you where they need you." "I'd have had a commission in the Navy," said one of the younger candidates, "only they found I had a little hernia." "You still got it?" a man near him asked. "I got it," he said, "and I'm sure as hell going to keep it."

In the other room there was no conversation. The candidates, most of them very young, just sat looking dead ahead. Not until the chairman of the board emerged from his office did they show any animation. "I'm going to call the roll," he said. "Answer 'Present' to your name and number." He droned through Rothschild, Small, Fuletti, Sheehan, Brown, Carter until he reached a Merandez, who did not respond. "He's a Porto Rican," the chairman said. "Probably still on his way up here from the island." The candidates smiled bleakly. The chairman finished calling the roll and said, "You probably all know what you're in for, but I'll tell you about it anyhow. You're going to meet a lot of doctors, who will examine you from the top of your head to the soles of your feet. If you've got anything wrong with you—mastoid, pains in the belly, asthma—bring it up. You're likely to know whether you're accepted or rejected today, and if you're accepted, I'd advise you to do some studying. Be good to know German if you get sent to guard the Nazis." The chairman laughed heartily, and appointed a Mr. Rodriguez as sergeant pro tem for the trip to the Palace.

The candidates went down Park Avenue in small groups, we with them. As they passed a dress shop at Fifty-fifth, a window cleaner paused in his work to shout, "I thought the war was over!" "A comedian," a candidate observed. We drifted from group to group and noticed that most of the conversation centered on the possibility that the Army and Navy wouldn't need replacements after all. "So you pass the physical," a man said. "Who knows they won't just stick you in some kind of pool and never call you?" "Funny thing," another man said. "I almost think I'd be disappointed if they *didn't* call me." At Fifty-first, the candidates passed a clump of soldiers. "My favorite color," one of the boys remarked, "is anything but khaki." Throughout most of the walk, Mr. Rodriguez, the sergeant pro tem, walked alone. He was a stocky and dapper businessman and looked merely like a businessman on his way to work. By the time the head of the procession had got to the Palace door, on Lexington Avenue, some of the men were still rounding the corner of Forty-seventh Street. As the last of the candidates finally went into the Palace, we heard one of them saying, "I wish it was raining. This is too nice a day to be cooped up indoors."

Device

A Part-Time spy of ours in the District of Columbia was mooching past the Smithsonian Institution the other day when he saw emerging from the building an officer who was, he knew, attached to the Navy's Special Devices outfit. Presumably performing some mission in connection with his work, he was carrying a crossbow and a handful of arrows.

Respects

THE day before Mayor LaGuardia abandoned the city's air-raid-warning system, the Fire Department, which has been in charge of such matters, gave us permission to go to the top of the R.C.A. Building and pay our final, and personal, respects to the large, ugly, ear-splitting siren installed there. Part of the way up in the elevator, we rode with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., but he was so busy thumbing through a paper folder marked "Mail" that we never got around to asking him if he had disliked the Saturday-noon caterwauling on his roof as much as we did. The elevator man directed us to a bleak little office on the sixty-seventh floor, and in it we found Fireman Harold Weisblut, a good-looking young man with curly brown hair, blue eyes, and a love of fine music. He had been listening, on his portable radio, to WQXR. "Keeps me from getting bored up here," he told us. "That and writing letters to friends in the service and reading the papers and maybe thinking once in a while. That's the way I pass the time. I get this eight-hour tour once a week. I mean, I used to get it. This is my last tour, and I can't say I'm sorry. It's kind of a lonely place. You feel cut off from everybody else in the world. I'd rather be down with the gang at Engine Company 34, where I usually am. There's always cleaning and fixing up to be done there and people to talk to—what we call backroom lawyers, fellows who know all the answers and who could run the country single-handed if they only had a chance. Matter of fact, I'd rather be going to a good, hot fire than just sitting at this desk waiting for what's not going to happen."

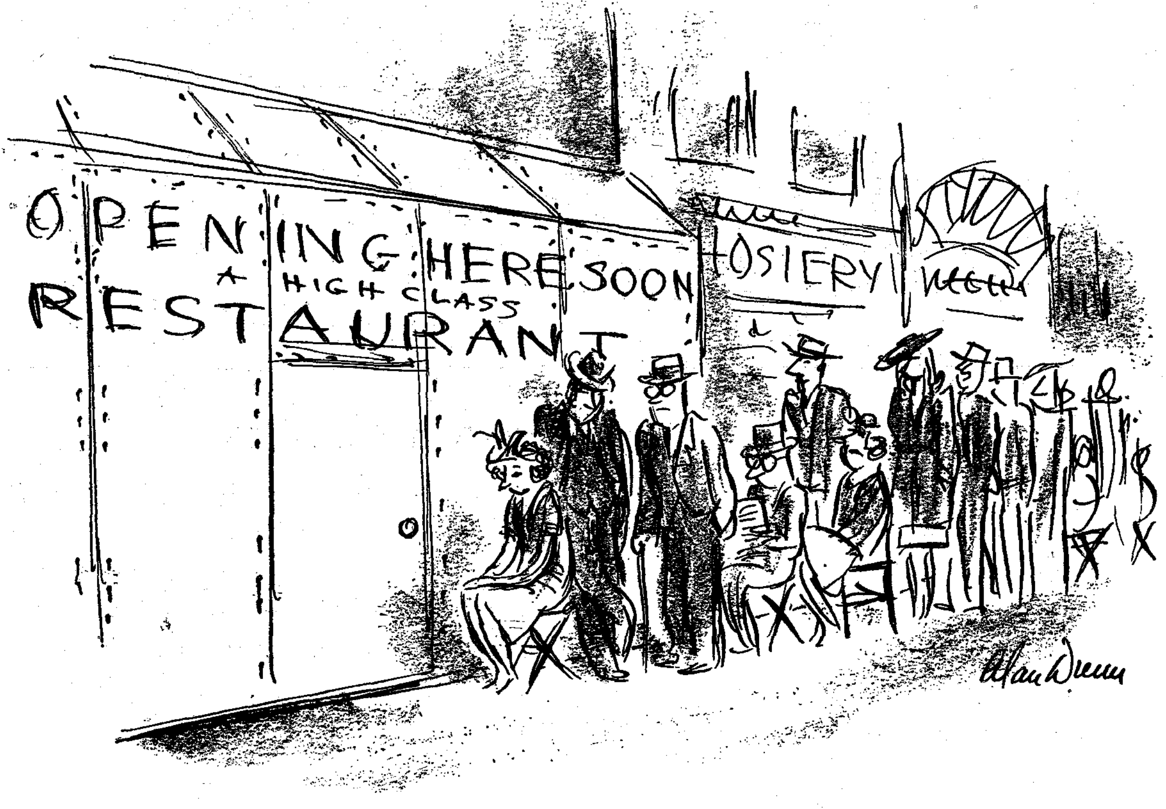
The siren had been manned twenty-four hours a day since several months after Pearl Harbor, we learned, and there had been almost no deviation in the routine of the job from the first day. "We just sit by the phone," Weisblut told us, "and check every hour with headquarters. At least once during a tour we go upstairs and start the siren's engine—give it a good warm-up to make sure everything's ready for what it's turned out never came. This'll be my last chance to ride the big baby. Want to come up and watch?" We did, and Weisblut led us to a stairway. We walked up two floors, to the observation deck, and then climbed a flight of stairs to the roof of the elevator shaft, and there was old bigmouth, looking like an outsized tractor with the wheels off. It even has a driver's seat and a rudimentary instrument panel. It is bolted to steel girders, the girders are bolted to sixteen-by-sixteen timbers, and the timbers are bolted to the roof. Looked to us as if Mr. Rockefeller would have a rough time getting the thing off his premises.

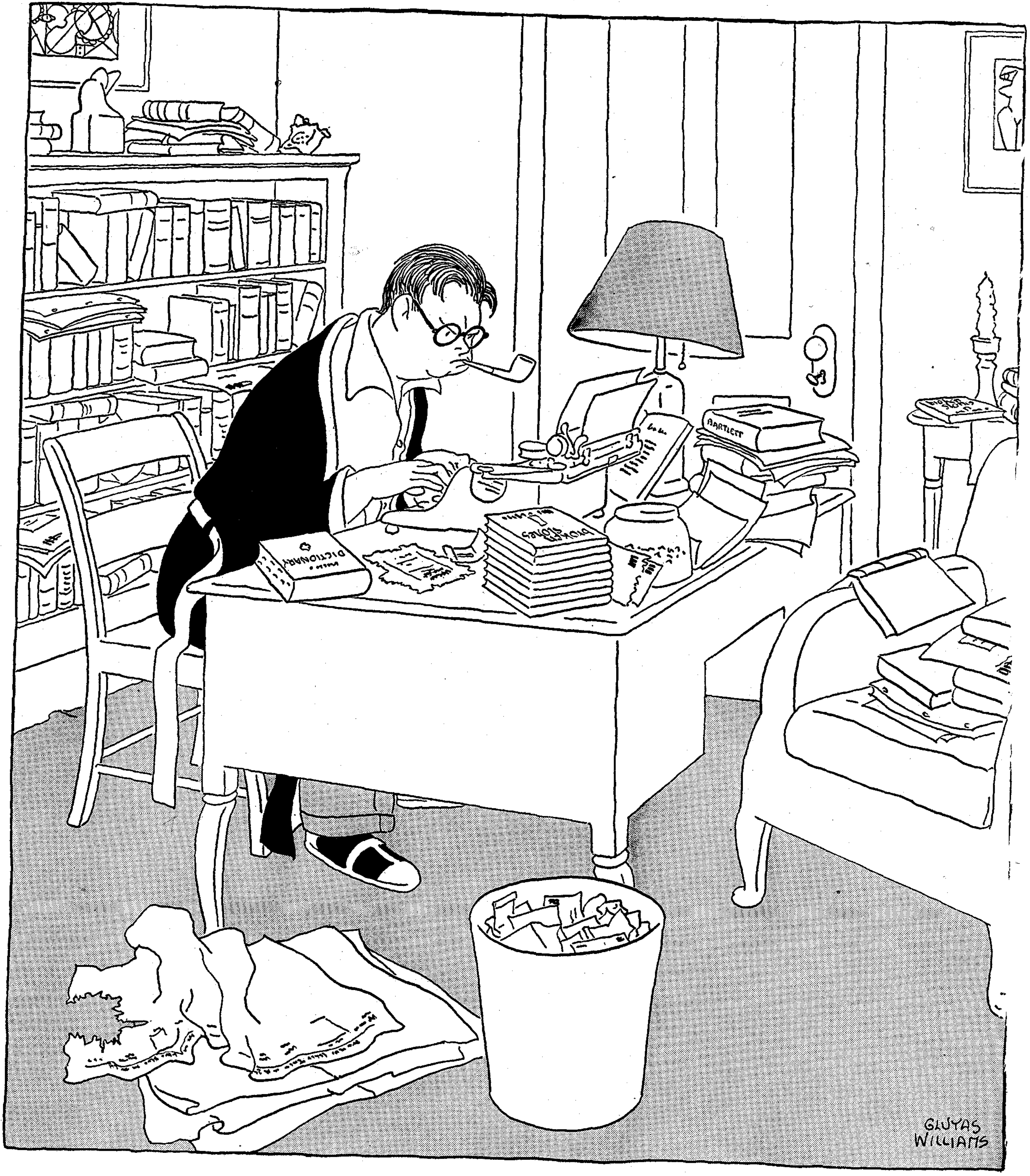
Weisblut climbed into the seat and pushed the starter button. "This is a regular eight-cylinder Chrysler industrial engine," he told us, as the engine spluttered and caught. "We go by R.P.M.S instead of miles per hour, and we use a clutch to engage and disengage the siren; that's how that wobbling tone got into the signals. We lug gas up here in cans, but we haven't used much—maybe a gallon or so a day. I mean we *did* lug it up. This siren was made in conjunction with the Bell Telephone people, and it's really pretty simple." It sounded simple enough, as explained by Weisblut: the loudest, whiniest noise in the whole world, probably, issued forth when a six-bladed rotary chopper interrupted a flow of air delivered by a blower at a speed of something over three hundred and seventy miles an hour. "We never allowed anybody on the roof when it was turned on; afraid it might deafen them permanently," Weisblut said. "We wore rubber plugs in our ears, but the noise wasn't really as hard on us as it was on the people in some of the buildings around here, because the horn always faced away from us. The siren swung around in a circle, to distribute the blast evenly. People often heard it ten miles away, and complained about it, too."

Weisblut walked around and patted the wide-open mouth of the horn. "I'm not sorry, but it's hard to realize I'm never going to get another crack at letting her roar," he said. Then he hesitated. "How would you like to hear just one peep out of her, for old times' sake?" We said we thought a *very* little peep would be all right but that we wouldn't want the noise to get out of hand. Weisblut stepped up the R.P.M.S, engaged the clutch, and the siren started to hum. The first thing we knew, it was bleating in a faint but familiar way. Weisblut disengaged the clutch and the sound faded slowly, almost reluctantly, until it was a practically soundless pulse; then silence.

Little Accident

WE have heard of a lady who hailed a taxicab the other day, a taxicab seemingly in no worse repair than the average, and asked to be taken to Pennsylvania Station. When she arrived and started to open the taxi door, it fell off—just separated itself completely from the cab and lay there on the pavement. The driver accepted this humiliating accident with a certain jauntiness. "Nothing at all, Madam," he said. "Can you lend me a hairpin?"





THE WRITING PUBLIC

"Dear Sir:—The confusion of your reviewer in dealing with my 'Broken Stones' is only equalled by his manifest ignorance of the whole tradition in which it is forged. That he is probably incapable of coping with anything more esoteric than Edgar Guest is evident in his 'floundering bafflement' over the poem entitled 'If Ever Those Fierce Jewels,' particularly the stanza beginning 'The queen of mink who mocks the tortured calculus of Night,' by which I meant simply to stress that futile hunger for Woman persisting in the hash of dreams, which nevertheless have a certain order and logic of their own . . ."

LUGGAGE FOR THE SOUTH

LAST January, I was in Shreveport, Louisiana, to give what my agent, with conscious humor, calls a lecture. I had been giving a great many lectures; that is, I had been giving this same one a great many times, though not always under the same title. I was, in fact, on a lecture tour—my first. I carried my itinerary in a leather case, especially made for it and given to me for Christmas by Margaret, one of my twin daughters. The outside flap of the case is stamped "Emily Kimbrough," but on the inside the stamping gives my married name and address in a Philadelphia suburb. Evidently Margaret's feeling was that a professional name was all right on the surface, but for genuine, practical identification, no such nonsense. The itinerary, which had been compiled by the lecture bureau, was bound in stiff blue paper, but by the time I was headed for Shreveport I had drawn it out of Margaret's leather case so many times to check on my passage from town to town that the edges were curled up and the pages dirty. My consultations of the itinerary were perhaps made even more frequent by the circumstance of my having forgotten one lecture. As it happened, I had forgotten it because that same daughter Margaret had developed an acute attack of appendicitis and had been operated on at four o'clock in the morning of the day I was to appear at the Newark Women's Club. The lecture bureau was very kind about my dereliction once it heard the reason, because, it said, I had a reason made to order for women's clubs. Nevertheless, it was not a reason that I felt I would be able to use often and the incident had made me jumpy.

To get to my Shreveport appointment, I came down from Flint, Michigan, on a night train, arriving at the Dearborn Street Station in Chicago at seven o'clock the following morning. I had pulled out my itinerary so many times that I knew even the place on the page where it said that I would leave Chicago from the Union Station at 8:15 A.M. That gave me an hour and a quarter in which to change stations—very little leeway if the train were late. The train was not late, but I was the first one off, scuttling along the platform beside the porter and urging him on with sharp cries, as if I were driving a dog team. The result was that I reached the Union Station with time to spare, and so I telephoned back to my home in Pennsylvania to give messages and to hear once more the voices of my dear ones before I dropped down into the far-off South. We clung to each other over the telephone until I had only five minutes left, and then I wrenched myself away, hurried through the gate and into the parlor car on the next lap of the trip, which was, so the itinerary said, Chicago to St. Louis.

A man was sitting where my ticket said I should be. The conductor, summoned, was apologetic. The man and I were both gracious about it. It was the kind of thing, we said, that happened frequently in wartime. It had, however, I interpolated gently, never before happened to me. I was on a rather extended trip, I told them, my accommodations had been reserved by an organization, and never before had there been an occasion of this sort. The man bowed himself away, saying that in that case the mistake obviously was in his ticket. I settled in, relinquished my ticket to the conductor, and expressed to him the polite hope that the gentleman would be able to find a seat.

In St. Louis I had a wait of three hours. I took a long walk and sent back to the twins some candy from a shop I came upon, which I recognized as one the St. Louis girls at my boarding school used to talk about.

When I got on the train for Shreveport, my porter put my bags in my Pullman car and I went straight to the diner so as to be sure of a seat. By the time I got back to my sleeper, I found my lower berth occupied by someone who had already gone to bed. When questioned by the conductor, the occupant turned out to be a man who said he'd be right out. The conductor then told me he was very sorry but that such mixups did happen occasionally in these wartimes. Meantime, the man in the berth was struggling back into his clothes behind a curtain that bulged and writhed like the Laocoön, or like a man putting on his trousers in a lower berth. The conductor talked to him from our side of the curtain, explaining that my tickets had all been purchased through an agency for a long tour and therefore the chances were that my accommodations were correct and his single purchase was the one in error. When the man emerged, he agreed docilely and apologized for having usurped my place. He went off down the aisle, carrying a shirt, collar, and tie over his left arm, his coat over his right shoulder, and wearing his hat uncertainly on his head, as if he had tossed it there instead of onto a hook, where it had barely caught. He carried a small valise and walked with his neck thrust out to prevent the hat's falling off. The porter followed with a large bag.

When the berth was made up again, I settled into it and had a comfortable night. The porter told me next morning that the conductor hadn't been able to find another place for the man, not even an upper. He had had to sit up the rest of the night in the men's room. I said it was a pity that inexperienced clerks these days were the cause of such things happening.

THE train pulled into Shreveport at half past eleven, three hours late; that was very good, the porter and the taxi driver said. The day was warm and sunny. I could see from the taxi that the streets were wide and that there were not very many of them, or any trees along them except for one row in front of the courthouse. In the Washington-Youree Hotel, a large crowd of people was waiting to register. I made no effort to push my way to the room desk. The lecture bureau always made my reservations well in advance and I had never had any difficulty. When my turn came, I simply said to the clerk, "You have a reservation," and gave my name.

He smiled back at me. "Yes, Miss Kimbrough, indeed we have." I felt a pleasant glow of contentment at being so well taken care of. The clerk poked his fingers in little pigeonholes, drew out scraps of paper, read them, and put them back. He paused over one and came back to where I was standing.

"Miss Kimbrough," he said, "we have a reservation for you for Monday."

"That's quite right," I told him. "I'm here."

"Miss Kimbrough," the clerk said, "this is Friday."

All the other people waiting to register stopped talking among themselves and looked at us. So did the cashier and the telephone girl and the assistant clerk. There was nothing I could think of to say to the room clerk that would make any sense. If you have amnesia, I wanted to tell him, there would be days behind you which were obliterated in your mind. What kind of disease would it be when there were three days ahead of you for which you could not account? It was, of course, nonsense to speak of the fourth dimension, but I couldn't help thinking about it.

I said aloud, "My schedule says that I arrive in the morning and lecture that night at eight o'clock," and I remembered that it also said, "Evening dress requested. Organization will call for you at the hotel and escort you to the club." The itinerary was always rich in detail.

The clerk repeated, "That's right, Miss Kimbrough, Monday. Today's Friday. But," he added with the pleased surprise of a child, "we can give you a room just the same, where you can wait until Monday."

I wondered if he thought it would be better for everyone if I were locked up in it until then, but I only told him faintly that that would be very nice.

When I had got the bellboy out of the room, after an interminable fussing over how to open the window and showing me where the coat closet and bathroom were, I sat down in a rocking chair by the window. I sat there for a long time without doing anything at all, because I couldn't think what to do. First of all, I couldn't think how I could possibly be sitting there on a Friday when it was meant to be Monday. Then I couldn't figure out what the lecture bureau had done with those three days. I still had on my hat and coat; I'd thrown my bag on the bed. I got up from the rocking chair, went over to the bed, pulled out the leather container once more, extricated the dog-eared itinerary, followed with my finger down the page to "Flint, Michigan—to Chicago." I had read it over a hundred times, except for the left-hand column, which had seemed repetitious. I read that now in order not to leave a word unturned. The section read, "[left-hand column] Thursday, January 25th (night of 24th)—[middle column] leave Flint, Michigan, Grand Trunk #5—[right-hand column] 12:30 A.M. [left-hand column] Thursday, January 25th—[middle] arrive Chicago, Illinois, Dearborn Station—[r.-h. col.] 7 A.M." And then my finger shook. The next line read, "[l.-h. col.] *Sunday*, January 28th—[middle col.] leave Chicago, Union Station, Alton Railroad #19—[r.-h. col.] 8:15 A.M. [middle] arrive St. Louis, Union Station—[r.-h. col.] 1:45 P.M." Then, "[l.-h. col.] *Sunday*, January 28th—[middle col.] leave St. Louis, Missouri Pacific #1—[r.-h. col.] 5:50 P.M. [l.-h. col.] *Monday*, January 29th—[middle col.] arrive Shreveport, Louisiana—[r.-h. col.] 8:30 A.M."

Thursday, January 25th, arrive Chicago. *Sunday*, January 28th, leave Chicago.

Three days in Chicago. Three beautiful days in Chicago, where I used to live, where my parents live now, where my old friends are! Three days of idleness thoughtfully arranged by the lecture bureau to take place in the one spot where I would like to be, with time to see everyone and not a single job to do! Shreveport was lovely, so I had heard, but I didn't want to spend three lonely days there and I couldn't very well tell the woman in charge of the lecture that I was three days ahead of time. No chairman could be expected to cope with that disaster. Three days alone in Shreveport. Of *course* my seat was occupied in the parlor car to St. Louis; of course a man had my berth on the train from St. Louis to Shreveport. Why hadn't the conductor looked at the date on my ticket? Why hadn't I looked at it, for that matter? But after all, that was part of a conductor's training. I certainly needed training, too—in reading. Why hadn't my loved ones at home, when I talked to them on the telephone in Chicago, known that I shouldn't have been in such a hurry? They had a copy of the itinerary. I found later that they *had* known five minutes later, after hanging up the telephone, had had me paged in the Union Station in Chicago, and had then given up. The dolts. They know now about sending a telegram to a train. The name of the railroad and number of the train were right there before them on the itinerary. I could have been snatched back at St. Louis and restored to Chicago. But I was not in St. Louis. I was in Shreveport, Louisiana. After I had sat a long while in the rocker by the window, thinking about these things, I thought about lunch.

VISITING HOURS
2 - 4 P.M.

THE dining room was large and very decorated. I ordered salad and a bottle of beer.

"We don't serve beer in this dining room," the headwaiter told me.

Beer happens to be the only alcoholic drink I take. I do like beer, and if ever there was a time when I wanted it, it was then. I got up from the table.

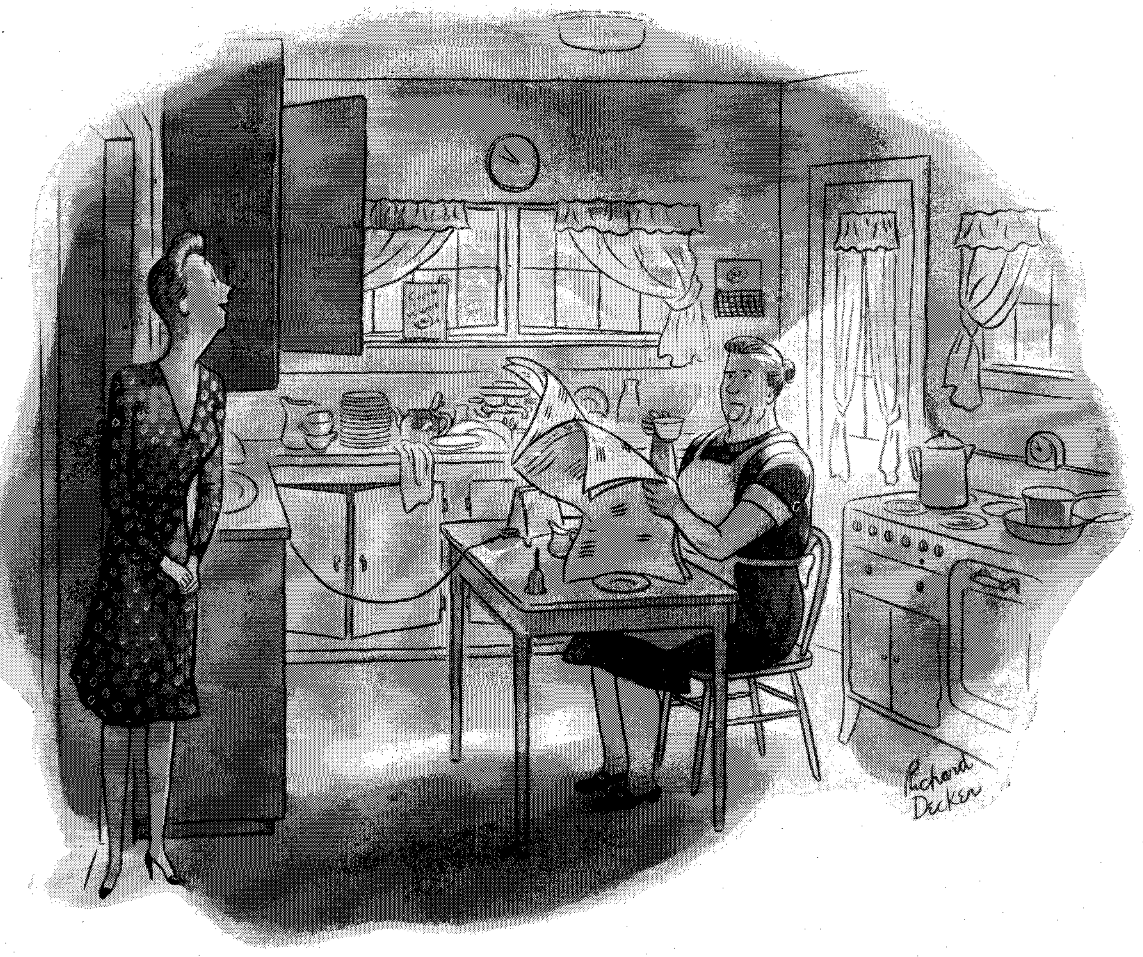
"Never mind the lunch," I told the headwaiter. "I'll try the other dining room."

The other dining room was the coffee shop. I sat up at the counter and ordered a salad and a bottle of beer.

"We don't serve beer here," the waitress told me. "Only in the bar."

"Never mind the salad, thank you," I said, and got up.

The bar was alongside the



"Did you ring, Nora?"

• •

coffee shop. Over the doorway, a neon sign read, "Ladies not permitted in the bar without an escort." I went back to the coffee shop and told the waitress about the sign.

"That's right," she said. "You have to have an escort." I asked if she could get me one, but she didn't answer. Then I asked if there were any way that I could get beer sent out of the bar. She suggested that I go to my room and try room service. I went up to my room. I ordered from room service a salad and a bottle of beer. Room service said the hotel carried only draught beer, which couldn't be taken out of the bar. I said, "Never mind the salad," and hung up.

WALKING down the street, five minutes later, I wondered if I was putting too much into getting a bottle of beer. I decided that, after all, it gave me a purpose and I had Friday to Monday to carry it out.

The first few places I tried had no beer. I think it was in the fifth place that the proprietor said that they did carry it, and even gave me a choice of brands. I ordered twelve bottles, in my relief and pleasure. The proprietor put them up on the counter, cold and wet.

"Got your empties?" he asked genially.

I began to feel a little fourth-dimensional again. I told him that I did not have any empty bottles, if that was what he meant. He began putting the beer away again. He was sorry, he told me, but he was not allowed to sell beer unless he had empty bottles in return. It was all I could do to keep from leaning on my stomach across the counter and snatching the cold bottles. It was suddenly, too, all I could do to keep from crying. I told the proprietor that I had travelled all the way from Philadelphia and that I had not carried empty bottles as part of my luggage.

"That's too bad," he said, "because we can't sell you beer without we get the empties."

The last bottle was gone from the counter, back down into the ice below. I went out of the store and up the street. It was very hot and there were no shade trees. I had on the only coat I had brought, my best one, and that was mink.

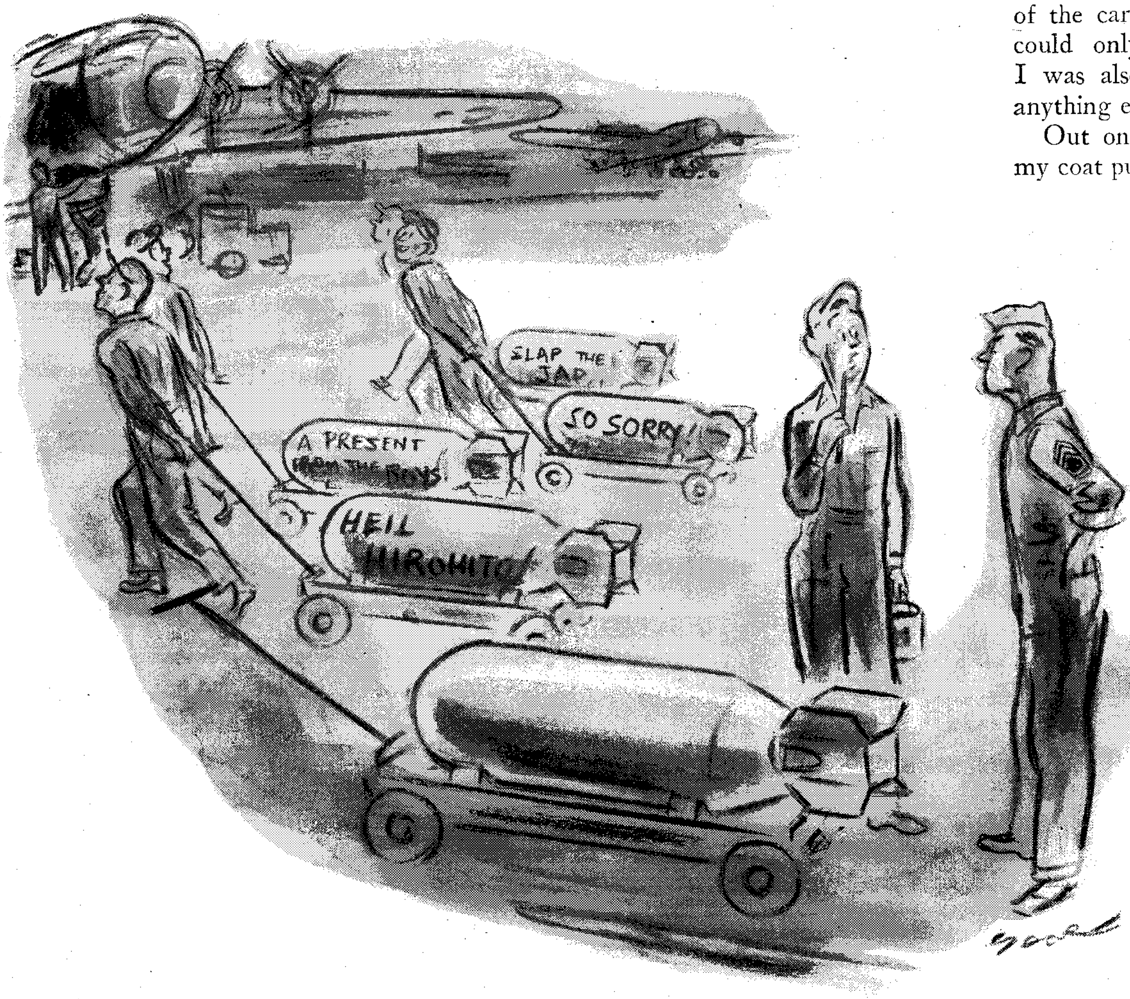
Two or three blocks farther on I found a place that sold beer, but they wouldn't sell it without the empties either. It was at the fourth place after that one that the proprietor agreed to sell me a dozen empties. He couldn't sell me the beer, too, he said, but he would sell me the empties and I could take them back somewhere else and exchange them for beer. He brought out twelve empty beer bottles and at that moment I felt I had never seen a prettier sight. I paid for them and then he said, "Where is your carrier?"

"My what?" I asked him.

"Your carrier," he repeated impatiently. "Something to put these in. How can I sell beer bottles to you unless you have something to take 'em away in? I can sell you the bottles, but I'm not allowed to give you a carrier and you could never carry 'em loose."

Again I was afraid I would cry. I explained that I had travelled from Philadelphia and had not brought a carrier with me. He was sorry, he said, but that's the way it was. He couldn't sell beer, or even empties, unless the customer provided a carrier, a basket, like. I asked if he knew of a place to buy a basket. He couldn't think of any at the minute. I asked him tartly—I was so hot and tired—if he could give me the address of a weaver and I'd get one made. He ignored that. As I started out the door, he softened. I could try the market down the street, he called after me. "Might be they'd sell you a container. Ginger-ale carton or anything would do."

I nodded, because I couldn't speak, and went on down the street. By this time the heat was so intense that sweat began to trickle down the back of my legs. When I got into the market, it was so crowded that I had to wait a long time before I could be served. I noticed a ginger-ale carton on the floor and asked a boy who came to wait on me if I could have it. The boy shook his head. I was by now defeated beyond



"Gosh, Sarge, I can't seem to think of a thing to say."

• •

argument. I turned and started away. He called after me, "Not without you buy something to go in it."

I caught sight of a box of cheese crackers on a shelf, dropped it into the ginger-ale carton at my feet, and asked if that would do.

He said, "Sure," and charged me ten cents for the cheese crackers, twenty-five for the carton. I went back along the hot pavement, my hair wet and sticking to the back of my neck. The proprietor who had said he would sell me the empties was behind the counter, just as I had left him, his head leaning on an open hand, his elbow on the counter. He did not change his position, but he brought out from under the counter, with his free hand, twelve bottles, one by one. He packed them in with the cheese crackers and I went out on the street again. For the first time I began to have misgivings about the number I had ordered. Twelve *empty* bottles seemed heavy.

I went on a quarter of a mile farther to the place that had offered me cold beer if I could supply the empties. The man remembered me and pulled out the bottles as he saw me come in the door. He was fat, with white skin, little blue eyes puckered in at the tops of sagging pouches, and strands of black hair arranged like Venetian blinds over the glare of his shining bald head. I handed over the empties and he replaced them, bottle for bottle. I put my handbag over one arm to have two hands for the carton, and inched the carton off the counter onto my front. I sagged under the weight and the sweat ran down my legs. A strand of wet hair tickled my nose. I couldn't let go the carton to push it back.

Until that moment, the proprietor had been almost without motion, but now he came round from behind the counter, swept open the door, and bowed with a flourish like someone out of a Margaret Webster Shakespeare play.

"Good day to you, Madam," he said. "I hope you will enjoy to the fullest extent the cheer of the beer and the hospitality of our Southland."

My chin was hooked over the edge of the carton to help balance it, so I could only mumble, "Thank you." I was also too surprised to think of anything else to say.

Out on the street, the carton kept my coat pushed back on either side, but the sweat trickled down everywhere and itched. My hat was uncomfortable, too. It had slipped back and it felt the way the hat had looked on the man leaving the lower berth on the train; I had to stretch my neck out the way he had stretched his to keep the millinery balanced at all.

The hotel was eight blocks away. I felt with my foot for each curb, because I couldn't see over the carton. When I came into the lobby, the mail clerk called out, "Have a nice walk? You look hot. How do you like our Southern climate?"

I relaxed the grip of my chin on the carton enough to smile, but I didn't say anything. It wasn't much of a smile, either.

Up in my room, I eased the carton onto the wash basin. I was afraid if I bent over to put it on the floor, I couldn't get up again. I sat in the rocking chair by the window until my legs had almost stopped shaking and then I went over to the telephone by the bed and called room service.

"I would like to order lunch," I said. "Just a bowl of green salad."

"I'm certainly sorry," the operator told me, "but the dining room is closed."

After a while I ate the box of cheese crackers, sitting in the rocking chair and drinking quite a lot of the beer as I reread my itinerary. I began planning, too, the best way to handle the increase in my luggage. Because I knew that I would never travel again without twelve empties and a carrier.

—EMILY KIMBROUGH

•

. . . Sinclair Lewis was ranked as fourth and Thomas Wolfe as fifth. Willie Cather took sixth place.—*From the Daily Observer, a service-men's paper.*

Come *on-n,* Willie!

TOO LATE TO MARRY, TOO SOON TO DIE

THEY sat at a table in one corner of the bar. They always sat at the same table and ordered the same number of drinks and left the bar a few minutes before midnight. The man looked about forty. He was getting fat and his thin blond hair had faded to the color of tobacco stain. The girl was twenty-three or twenty-four, tall, white-cheeked, and pretty. She was a better-looking girl than, before the war, most men of forty would have been able to buy drinks for at a Greenwich Avenue bar.

The man linked his fingers on the soiled table top, studied his polished nails, and said, "Say something."

The girl's voice was low, and steadier than the man's. It seemed to match her straight black hair and dark eyes. "You always tell me that," she said.

"Well, then, say something."

"Am I supposed to be funny? Am I supposed to make you laugh?"

"I don't care. Just so you don't sit there looking solemn."

"I'm not looking solemn. I'm looking gay. I'm looking at the gay people at the bar. They're so beautiful."

"They're rummies."

"All right then, they're rummies."

The man made an effort to match the forced liveliness of the girl's voice. "I can't say I approve of your language, Miss MacAleny. Miss Mulcahey."

"I'm sorry, Father."

"It's not the kind of language we expect from our girls."

"Forgive me, Father."

"I can't say I approve of your attitude toward the Church, either, Miss MacEldowney. Miss McGillicuddy's Reeks. Remember, God is everywhere."

In a child's singsong, repeating the words of the penny catechism, the girl said, " 'Who made the world? God made the world. Who is God? God is the creator of heaven and earth, and of all things.' "

"Let's not be blasphemous," the man said, and his voice had a sharp edge of disapproval.

"You're not serious!"

"Maybe I am. Maybe I don't think you're being especially witty."

"I'm not. I can't be."

They finished their drinks without saying anything more and, at a sign from the man, the waiter set two more drinks on the table in front of them. The waiter's worn shoes went slap-slap over the sawdust-covered floor.

After a few minutes, the girl said, "What are you thinking?"

"Nothing."

"You must be thinking something."

"I said, nothing. I'm not thinking at all."

"You're thinking of Carol."

The man made a gesture of impatience with his glass, sliding it back and forth between his hands. The girl said, "How *is* Carol?"

"She's fine."

"And the children?"

"They're fine."

"And your house—your lovely, expensive house?"

"It's fine."

"With the silver and china your father-in-law gave you because his little girl likes nice things—isn't that it?—and the Sheraton side chairs and the mandolin or whatever it's called clock—"

"All right, all right."

"You know what I wish?" The girl spoke deliberately. "I wish your silver would melt and your china would break and your house would burn down. I wish—" But she stopped speaking and the man leaned back, as if in relief, against the smoke-smudged wall. A young sailor left the bar and entered the men's room, directly across from their table.

"He's going to be sick," the man said.

"Poor lamb. I've been watching him. He's all alone."

"Why don't you take him home with you? Why don't you tuck him in bed and make him some camomile tea?"

"I wish I could."

"Why don't you?"

"For one thing, there's Ellen."

"Oh, for God's sake!" The man's voice sounded bored. "Why don't you heave her out?"

"We've been over and over that. It was Ellen who found the apartment. Where could either of us go now?" They heard the sailor being sick back of the thin pine door. "Besides, he'd think I was just another tramp. He'd much rather have a cute little bobby-sock girl." She turned to face the man, her eyes mocking him. "Isn't it pitiful? Doesn't it wring your heart? I'm of no use to anybody. When they went off, all the well-brought-up, carefully scrubbed boys, I was too young for them; by the time they come back, if they do come back, I'll be too old." She traced a heart on the table. "Give me a nickel."

"You're not going to play that record."

"I want to."

"Then I won't give you a nickel."

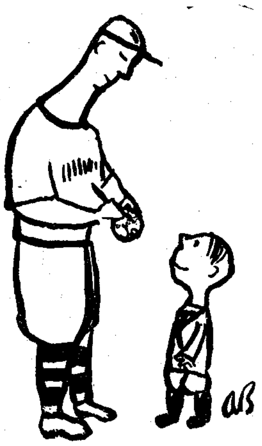
"I'll ask the waiter for one."

The man spilled some coins on the table, and the girl, picking up a nickel, walked to the juke box beside the bar. She chose a record, placed the nickel on the steel plunger, and thrust the plunger in and out. Then she returned to the table and sat down. She touched the man's cheek. "Ah, it's a lovely song," she said. " 'Too late to marry, too soon to die.' "

THE record was loud and brassy; it seemed to go on and on. The sailor came out of the men's room as the record ended. He looked pale under his tan, and surprised and offended by what had happened to him. The girl said, "Hello, sailor," and her eyes welcomed him. "Want to come over and sit down?"

The sailor looked uncertainly at the man. The man took a drink and said, "You're sick. You'd better get back to your ship."

The sailor said, "Hell, no, I got twenty-four hours." He was still so young that he wanted to walk away without making trouble, but, being a sailor, he wanted to carry some memory of a risky and gallant shore incident to sea with him. He said, "Listen, it was her who started talking, not me. If you want to make anything out of it, I'll be right up there at that bar."



The man grinned and said, "O.K., sailor boy."

"And don't call me sailor boy, hear?"

The man's cheeks sagged when he grinned. "O.K., sailor."

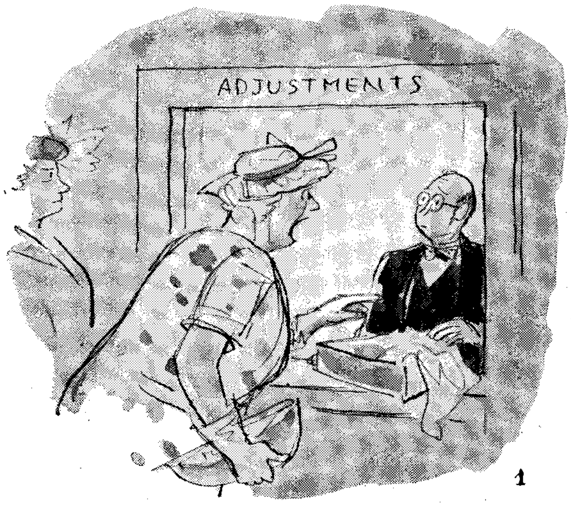
The sailor ducked his head, frowning with almost imperceptible brows. "Excuse me," he said to the girl, and walked slowly, with dignity, to the bar.

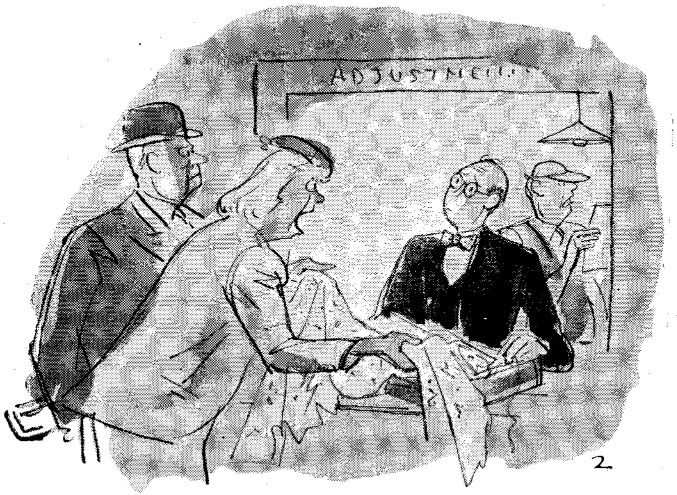
The girl said, "God, you're mean."

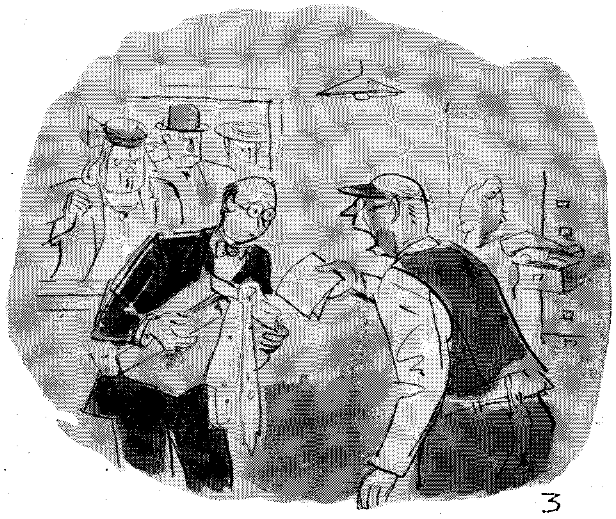
The man finished his drink. "I let the little lambikins thumb his nose at me, didn't I?"

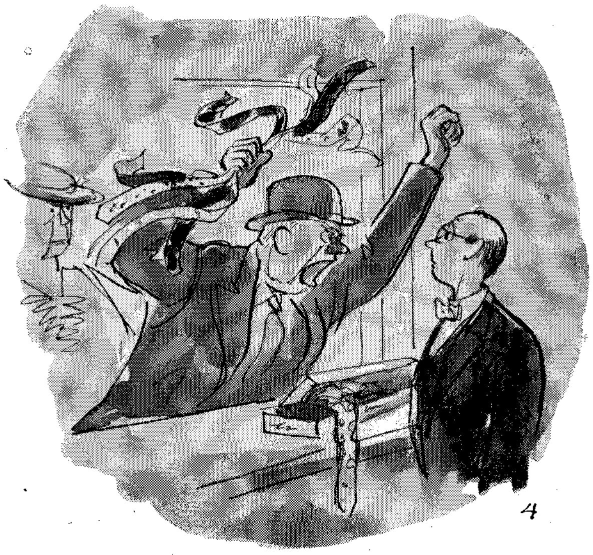
"Mean, mean, mean, mean. Why did you tell me to speak to him?"

"I wanted to see what you'd do. I wanted to see what you'll be doing next month when Carol and the children









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come back from her father's and I can't sit holding your hand every night in the week.”

“Please,” the girl said. “Oh, please, please. You don't have to say that. You don't have to.” The mascara she had brushed onto her lashes earlier in the evening had begun to print itself in straight wet lines against her upper lids. “I think I'll go home now,” she said.

“Home to your neat little, narrow little bed?”

“Home to my neat little, narrow little bed.”

“It's early yet. Ellen will think we've had a row.”

“Ellen doesn't know anything about you.”

“Don't be an idiot.”

“She only knows there's someone. She thinks you're tall and lean and dark—the Cary Grant type. She thinks you're twenty-eight and that you've been deferred as an aircraft designer. Very exciting.”

They did not speak again until, not looking at him, the girl said, “Now we're even.” She covered one of his hands with hers. “We mustn't do this. It's silly. No matter what, I want to see you. At least, I don't want not to see you.”

“Finish your drink,” the man said.

“Are you angry with me?”

“Finish your drink.”

“You *are* angry. Well, I'm sorry.”

“Now you're being childish.”

“All right, I'm being childish. I'm being anything you like. Only say you're not angry with me.”

“I'm not angry with you.”

“And you'll see me tomorrow night?”

He nodded. “I'll see you tomorrow night.”

The waiter came up to their table. His feet throbbed in his shoes and his eyes looked glazed back of his gold-rimmed glasses. “Want your check?” he said, and it was as if he had said, “Why don't you go home? For the love of God, why don't you go home?”

The man said, “Bring us a couple of more drinks.”

“We're going to drink to patience,” the girl said. “To all the patient virgins, wives, mothers, sisters, aunts, cousins, and second cousins in the world.” She smiled at the waiter, her dark eyes shining. “But we'll drink our drinks fast,” she said.

The waiter nodded and turned away, his shoes dragging through the darkened, two-day-old sawdust.

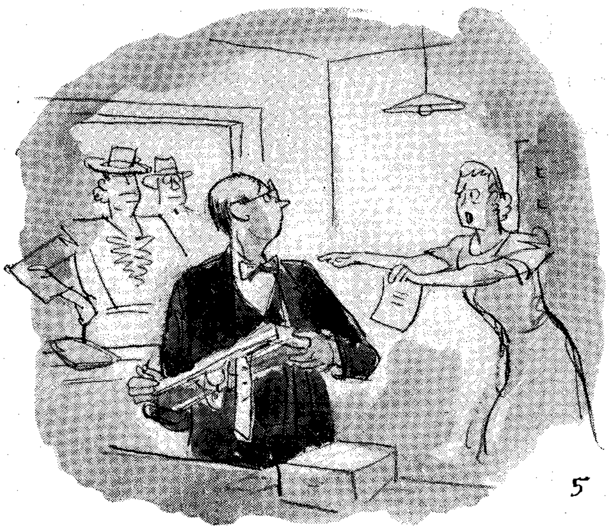
“Give me another nickel,” the girl said to the man. “Please. I'll play a nice, cheerful record this time, a Crosby. I promise I will.”

—BRENDAN GILL

•

RELIABLE family wants to rent 3½ bedroom house, convenient to transportation. DE 9-7444.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Sounds like reliability gone wild.



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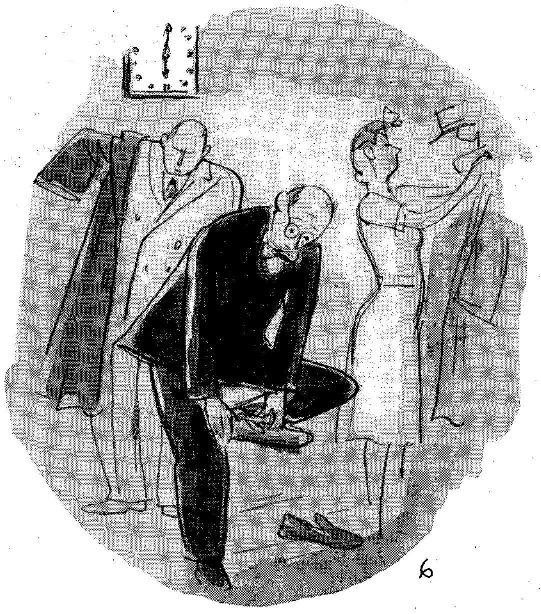

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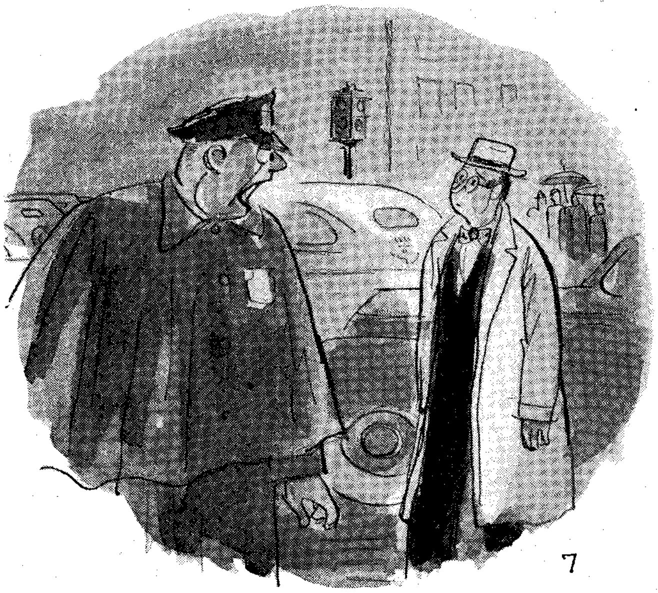

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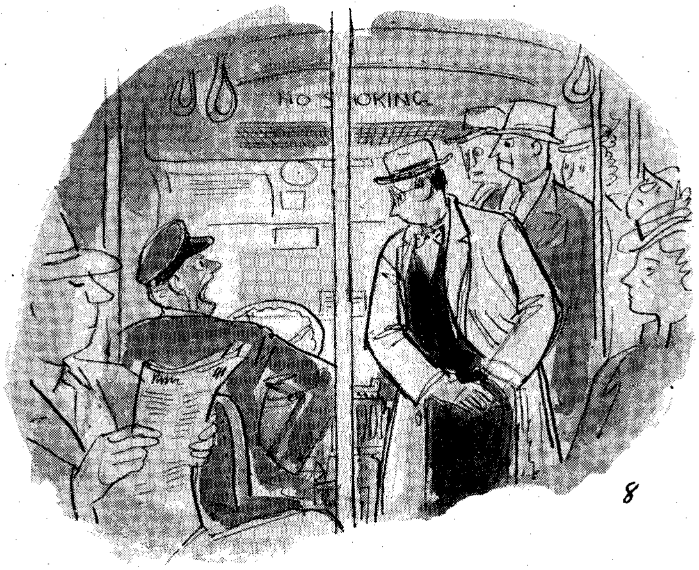

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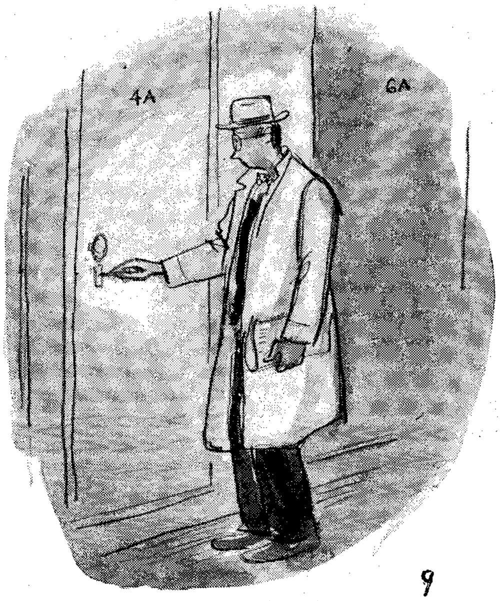

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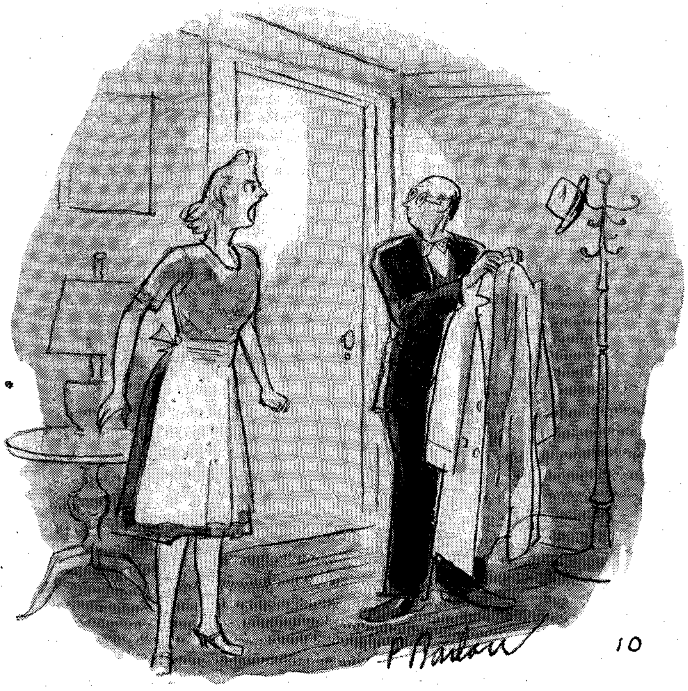


10

A REPORTER ON OKINAWA

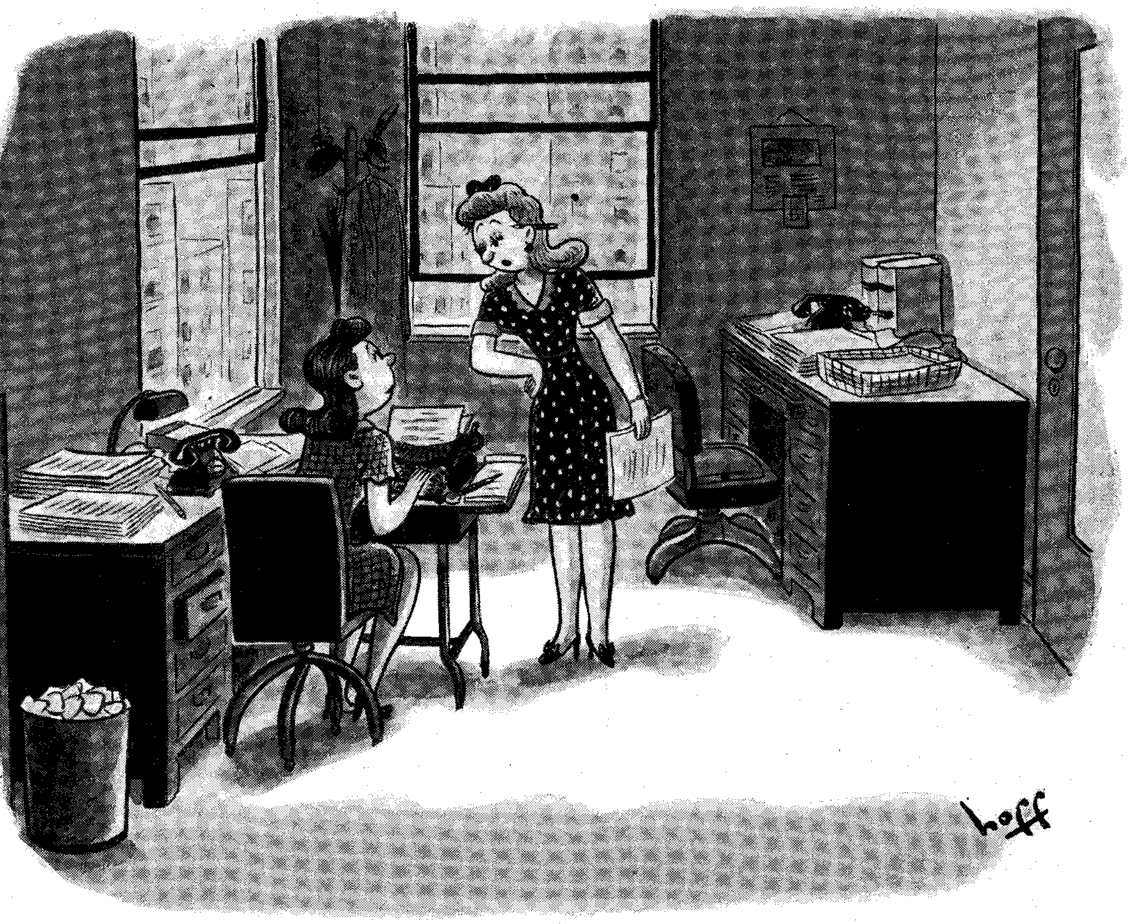
I—SUICIDES AND BUSHWHACKERS

SOMETHING of the wide, vaudeville range of European warfare was seen in the Pacific Theatre for the first time when American Army and Marine troops, supported by hordes of ships, boats, planes, amphibious vehicles, land vehicles, and technicians and specialists of every description, invaded Okinawa on April 1st, Easter Sunday. Most of the items of this particular variety show had been seen singly on the Pacific stage before. The Philippines, for instance, offered the spectacle and problem of a large civilian population—something unknown till then in our series of Pacific landings. In the Marianas there were small-scale collaborations of the Army and the Marines, and it should be understood that in many points of training, equipment, and mental attitude the difference between the Army and the Marines is sharper than the difference between the American and the British armies in Europe. At Iwo Jima we employed our first full-dress armada of naval and air support, and in two or three other places there occurred that true rarity of the Pacific war, an artillery duel. But Okinawa had them all and in most respects had them bigger. On this island, filled to capacity by four hundred and fifty thousand somewhat bemused natives and seventy thousand desperate Japanese troops, as the Marines indulged in wild and hazardous bushwhacking, the Army simultaneously fought a great pitched battle of artillery, and ships and planes threw thousands of tons of shells in all directions, I felt for the first time that every piece in the complicated pattern of European war was present. There were also several weird and gaudy patches that were thoroughly and uniquely Pacific.

There was a great deal of Japanese suicide—a branch of hysteria the Japs have developed highly in this war—in many forms, all ingenious. It's true that our enemies on both fronts have turned to suicide, but the Germans saved it for what seems to the Western mind the logical time—the end—whereas there is no sure indication that the current Jap suicide trend means the finish of the Japanese war effort. The Japanese on Okinawa have used suicide as a battle tactic and an active defense measure. They had done so elsewhere, but never so extensively or earnestly. On land and sea, their arrangements for defense were both strong and emotional, and everywhere the emotional quality undermined and nullified the strength. A matter of two thousand Japanese planes, representing an enormous outlay of equipment and first-line pilot talent, were shot down in the Okinawa area in the period of slightly more than two weeks I watched the operation, and though they did some damage to our smaller craft, such as destroyers, minesweepers, and LCSs, and created tensions and minor wounds elsewhere in the huge regatta, the net effect of it all was disproportionately and pitifully weak. Similarly, ashore, the best defensive preparations, which included large ammunition supplies and very strong built-up positions, were not used against us until after we had a grip on the island fatal to its defense and had poured men and supplies in unmolested.

Of the planes shot down, the greater number were bent on suicide, under the terms of the Japanese Kamikaze, or special-attack-force, training, which calls for "death simultaneously with a mortal blow to the enemy." There are swimmers and small-boat crews, as well as airmen and other strange operatives still unmentionable, for security reasons, in this force whose members "are not expected to return." Okinawa was a headquarters for the training of suicide swimmers and suicide boatmen. One morning, I was in a ship off the west shore when daylight overtook fifteen suicide swimmers in a canoe and on a raft aboard which they were approaching a nearby destroyer, and to a man they killed themselves instantly with grenades. The suicide swimmers are so designated because they leave their small craft for the final, personal gesture of attack. Suicide boats are attack weapons in themselves, with explosives and rocket launchers, set to fire upon impact, in the bow.

Our ships were attacked at Okinawa by suicide swimmers, suicide boats, suicide planes, ordinary homespun bombing planes which "expected to return" (though they seldom did), shore batteries, mortars, torpedoes, and even a submarine or two, and on top of that they faced the passive threat of mines. On the day of the first suicide-plane raids, the Navy vessels and transports in the fleet just off our supply beaches shot down some hundred and twenty planes. In addition, a hundred and sixty Japanese aircraft were intercepted and shot down farther out at sea. There was no question that the planes were ticketed for suicide by the Kamikaze formula. Those fliers who managed to penetrate our awesome curtain of flak dived straight and with finality at the ships of their choice, apparently picked at random. None of them would ever have entered this abattoir at all if they had had any thought of escape. They all rammed, or tried to ram, and none got away from the area while I was watching, which I did from a bouncing seat that at times I would gladly have traded for any other, in spite of the grisly fascination of the scene. Planes were coming in at intervals, in small batches, as best they could, and there was no way of telling, when you stepped into a Higgins boat bound across the harbor, under a peaceful sky, what would happen before you got where you were going. I was in an Army messenger boat on its regular run between the flagship and the beach, with its usual cargo of a dozen couriers and passengers, and it was slapping blithely through the waves beneath a hot afternoon sun. The first warning of sudden visitors was an arm of antiaircraft fire which shot up from a ship close by, to be joined immediately by other arms darting from every direction. Riding the apex of this cone of fire was a two-motored Japanese plane. Its purpose became obvious when the pilot went into a clean, deliberate dive instead of making for higher, freer spaces. Three ships loomed off our port bow—a white hospital ship, a gray transport, and an LST—and one of them was his target. They followed him, groping and clutching. I could see black slugs swarm around him, and red tracer bullets, and this made me realize how



"Is it patriotic yet to ask for a raise?"

close he was—able to look down our personal throats in our personal small boat, if he cared to, and read the linings of our stomachs. I grabbed my helmet, put it on, and ducked behind the bulkhead. The others did the same. The coxswain had given up purposeful steering by now, having no idea which way to run, and we bounced around aimlessly and watched the wild race between a man intent on his destiny and guns that tried to forestall him. In spite of the plane's speed, it was an unequal race. Halfway down, a trimming of fire suddenly crept over the fuselage, and a moment later the plane twitched in its course just enough to make us doubtful about what its target was. Then the plane hit the water, skipped once, like a flat stone, and broke into pieces. We still couldn't tell which ship it was that the pilot had chosen for his altar of immolation. He crashed between the hospital ship and the transport, and a couple of hundred yards from us, but we did not note such points specifically until after we had picked ourselves off the bottom of the boat, to which we had dived to avoid the fragments of plane flying over our heads.

I was telling this story a few days later to a young soldier embroiled in the infantry and artillery business over on the far side of Okinawa, out of sight of the shipping, and he listened courteously. "Is that so?" he said, when I had ducked my final fragment of the suicide plane. "Listen, did you know I fell off a cliff once in Leyte? We were going along . . ."

THE fact is that with three highly specialized operations in progress all at once in Okinawa and vicinity, the active, but submerged, combatants in each branch were apt to lose sight of those in the two others, and of the instruments of synchronization, which were applied at Okinawa on such a vast scale. The battle area was small enough so that wanderers from zone to zone, like myself and the other war correspondents, could watch all three, or parts of all three. But on another day, when a suicide-plane raid almost as big as the first one befell our shipping, I had little mind for anything but the shells from the Jap land guns that were dropping around an Army command post a dozen miles away from the anchorage. Down in Army territory, at the south end of the island, when they did speculate on life in other regions, they would ask, "What about those Marines? Are they making any headway?" Now, the Marines—Okinawa was invaded by one corps composed of two Marine divisions and one corps of four Army divisions—had turned north from the landing beaches into wild, thinly defended country, while the Army, turning south, had bumped square against prepared Japanese defenses and the main part of the Jap defense force. By the time I began to hear the Army's question about the Marines' whereabouts, the Marines had ranged northward, over hill and gully, for great distances—great island distances—and one light-footed battalion had reached the north tip of Okinawa, nearly fifty miles from the landing point. Reports of this sort of thing were mystifying to Army troops, considering their own circumstances, but they were hardly more mystified than the Marines themselves had been at the start of the jaunt north. So far as the Marines were concerned, the Okinawa invasion was like a fierce, bold rush by cops, hunting gunmen, into a house that suddenly turned out to be only haunted. Here and there, the Marines did get fleeting glimpses of an evil presence. One platoon was ambushed in a ravine by a small party of Jap soldiers. The first night ashore some infiltrating Japs slipped into a camp and bayoneted thirteen Marines in their foxholes. But mainly there was just open island, green, fresh, cool, scenic, and empty—empty except for thousands of civilians, whom the Marines firmly ignored and tried to avoid shooting. In their fury of frustration and puzzlement, however, they shot a little of everything else, including a horse that came down the road near an encampment one night sounding like fourteen Jap soldiers. It was mowed down by outposts of a company commanded by an adventurous young Marine from Atlantic City.

The sense of anticlimax was especially acute among the Marines to whom I was assigned during the landing operation. They belonged to the Fourth Marine Regiment, famous even among Marine regiments for its hardihood and fighting record. Its nucleus was a group of semi-Commandos known, at the time they began fighting on Guadalcanal, as the Marine Raiders, and it was commanded now by an old Raider leader, Colonel Alan Shapley, a big, golden-colored fellow with a golden past as the Naval Academy's greatest athletic hero of the twenties. On the way to Okinawa, Shapley had been depreciating to me the idea of supermen or supertroops—Raiders, Rangers, Commandos, and such. He said any regulation regiment of Army or Marines could do as well. But he added, "These boys of mine are very good, and they love to kill Japs. This will be a very tough show, but the boys are full of shooting." On D Day at Okinawa, these boys full of shooting rode in to the beaches in the amtracks, erect and fierce as always in their white war paint and steeled against the withering fire they had been promised for weeks. They rushed up the beaches and before they knew it—in two hours, to be accurate—had crossed their D-plus-three (or fourth-day) objective, the big Yontan airport. The thwarted Marines stared at the Okinawans and the otherwise empty landscape with twitching fingers. It was at this unfortunate juncture that a Japanese fighter-plane pilot elected to make a landing on Yontan Field. Plainly ignorant that Yontan was in our hands, he brought his neat little green fighter down gracefully and taxied to a stop near what had been the Japanese operations office. In five seconds his plane was full of holes of every calibre from every gun around the airstrip. Appreciating that the situation was unfavorable, the pilot got out of the plane with his revolver drawn and was immediately full of holes himself. "I'm sorry the boys were so damn impulsive," said Shapley later. "He would have been a good prisoner."

SONG FOR A BEST-SELLER

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With eagerness akin to love,
With pulse and spirit pounding equal,
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My favorite author's newest sequel—
Another opus in the series
Of which no housewife ever wearies.

I know its title—Number 5
War Ration Book, and thus and so on;
Know 'twill prove timely, terse, alive,
But that is all I have to go on.
I palpitate in every sinew
At how the story will continue.

Book Number 1 was brief and taut,
A prologue merely, understated.
Two had a somewhat meatier plot.
Three came profusely illustrated.
But Volume 4, though starting duller,
Wound up with action, interest, color.

In Four did all the passions rage—
Sorrow, delight, pain, disappointment.
What mysteries on every page!
What flies to match each pot of ointment!
From thrill to breathless thrill progressing,
It kept the reader madly guessing.

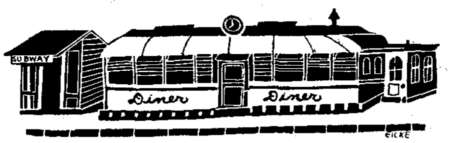
(In fact, there were but few, I think,
Who really fathomed what it *all* meant.)
So now I stand upon the brink
Of opening the next installment.
Will it conclude the tale, or, hammily,
Go on and on, like "One Man's Family"?

What fate will overtake the Blue?
Will all the Reds remain unbending?
Whom will the Shortage still pursue?
Can we expect a happy ending?
And will Supply burst out of deadlock
To join Demand in holy wedlock?

Ah, who can answer, who can say,
Excepting God and O. P. A.?
Until the book at last is mine,
I only wait, and wait in line.
—PHYLLIS McGINLEY

• •

BY dawn of the third day ashore, the Marines I was with were ready to jump off in the final move of forty-five hundred yards, which would bring them to the eastern shore of Ishikawa Isthmus, on the opposite side of the island from where they had landed. Three battalions were going to take part in the attack. The night had been an eerie one in our dew-drenched camp on a pine-covered ridge dividing two ravines. There had not been time to flush all the ravines and caves, and we had by now heard the story of the thirteen Marines who were bayoneted in their holes the night before. We watched the pink glow of a brush fire that exploding shells had started beyond the next hill. "By God, this is very mysterious. Know what I mean?" said Lieutenant Colonel Fred Beans, executive officer of the regiment, as the boys looked around desperately for something to shoot. In the matter of civilians, they showed commendable restraint, especially considering that ev-



ery Marine regarded Okinawans as Japs and would split no Oriental hairs whatever except to concede that these "Japs" looked very harmless and beaten down. The Okinawans we saw at first, cowering in the thatched houses of the little village of China—an apt name, since Okinawans are more like Chinese peasants than anything else—or hiding in nearby caves, were all women, old men, and children, every male civilian between sixteen and forty having been herded south by the Jap Army for labor duty.

We learned with interest from a hand radio that an airborne invasion by Japs was expected that night. Those Marines who had gone to bed shivered under their blankets and ponchos; they were South Pacific fighters, unused to crisp, cool nights. Shapley became concerned about a faint wailing sound up ahead of us. Finally the regiment's operations officer, Major Orville Bergren, turned from our telephone with a message. "I got the word on that noise," he said. "The second battalion has a woman and a baby with them that are hurt and crying. They wish to hell we would do something about it, because it is driving them crazy. The man that was with them got killed in the Jap fire in that little counterattack they had this evening. You know how it is. These people are scared to move by day, so they move by night and get shot up. What about it?" "Tell them to take it easy and see that the civilians are doctored, and forget it," said Shapley. "They'll be jumping off soon."

All three battalions launched their final eastbound attack at 0830 and, except for one small-fire fight on the right flank, were delayed only by the roughness of the ground. By 1100, two battalions were on the eastern beaches, and by 1130 the third was in the little coast village of Ishikawa. "Being as how we are working with the Army on this invasion and have the loan of some of their vehicles, of which they got more than there are in the city of Detroit," said Beans, who, like other Marines, was never able to get over his astonishment at the Army's wealth of equipment on Okinawa, "we don't have to walk to catch up with those battalions." Then he turned to Shapley. "I'll go ahead, Colonel," he said, "and set up a new C.P. across the island, and you can follow with the other jeeps." So saying, Beans was off down the road. He returned five minutes later to recover his revolver, which he had left hanging from a branch of a pine tree. That was the kind of campaign it was.

I rode across the island in Shapley's jeep. The roads were narrow and dusty, the villages poor and dingy, but the green island around them was a fine thing to see. Some ridges were so thickly terraced for planting that it was hard to see how they remained standing. We passed across a coastal plain checkered with rice paddies and green squares of sugar cane. Potatoes, beans, garlic, onions, radishes grew everywhere. The civilians, who were now feeling easier, were walking along the roads and saluting us. Nobody returned these salutes until Shapley waved back at a jovial old gentleman with a dirty kimono and bare feet, and then conviviality was general, with some exceptions. A truck just ahead of us was carrying five young Marines and, in the uniform of the Jap labor troops, one young Okinawan who had been badly shot up that morning. Apparently his head wounds had brought on shock, headache, and nausea, for he huddled in a corner of the truck, refusing all attentions. When one of the Marines, during a stop in the journey, lighted a cigarette and put it between the Okinawan's lips, he shuddered violently and pulled back after one puff. The Marines watched intently.

"What do you want to treat a Jap so good for?" asked one of them, whose tow hair stuck out wildly in all directions.

"Why not?" said the man with the cigarette.

"Well, why don't they send some of them back to tell those other Japs how good we treat them?" the first man said. "Then maybe they would treat us good."

The man with the cigarette spat thoughtfully. "Why not?" he said.

"Why don't they send some of them back to tell those other Japs?" the tow-headed boy was yelling balefully as the truck moved on again.

We found Ishikawa to be a deserted village perched on a magnificent bathing beach. Colonel Beans, who had already set up a command post on a hill overlooking some rice and sugar fields, went swimming with the regimental surgeon. I wandered through the village, looking at the lights of a dozen barbecue fires that were beginning to flicker in the dusk. Pigs were roasting, and chickens. Assistant chefs were going up to the fires with handfuls of onions, garlic, and radishes. "They ought to be sticking to their rations, dammit, but I don't know what you can do about it," the doctor said to me as he came out of the sea and began to towel himself. "The main thing is if they just cook that stuff thoroughly enough. Otherwise there's going to be a lot of sick Marines." The doctor was in a disgruntled frame of mind because earlier in the day a man from the regiment's weapons company, following the combat troops into Ishikawa, had been shot through the abdomen while hunting souvenirs in an area not yet searched.

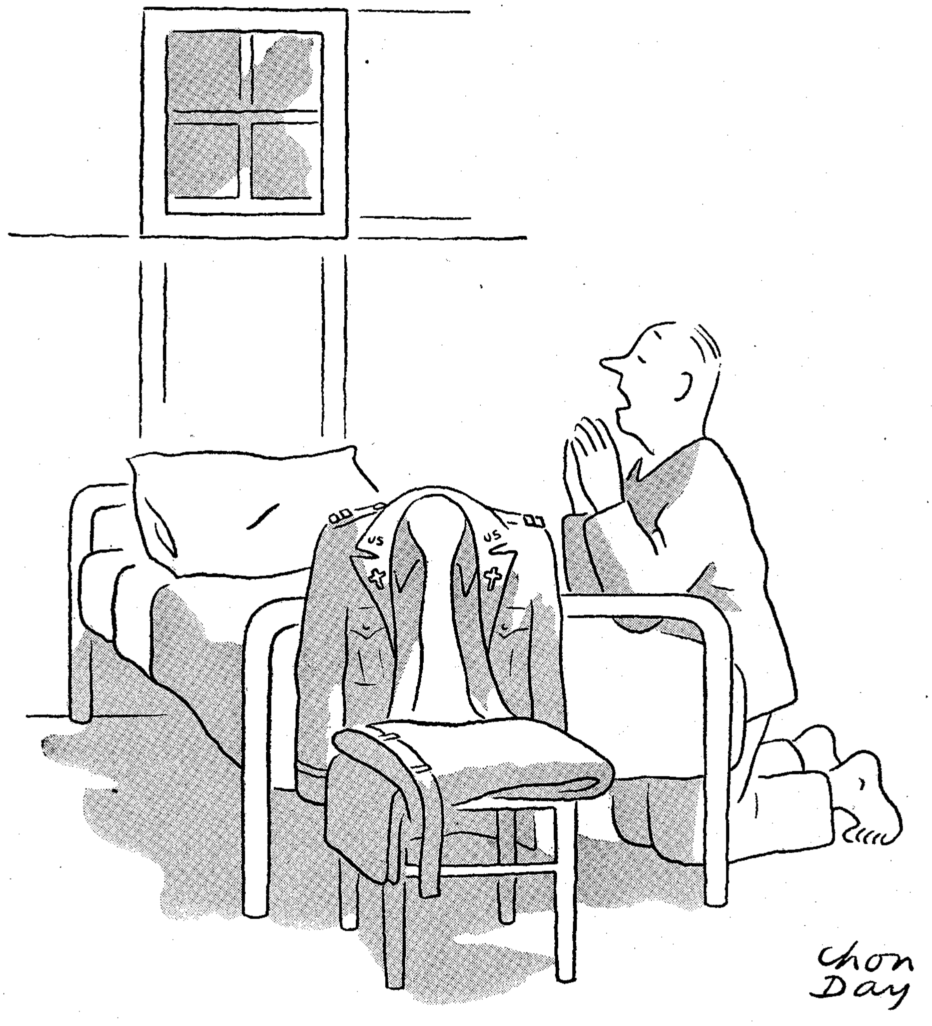
"How's he coming, Doc?" asked Beans sympathetically.

"Oh, he's got a fifty-fifty chance," the doctor said gruffly.

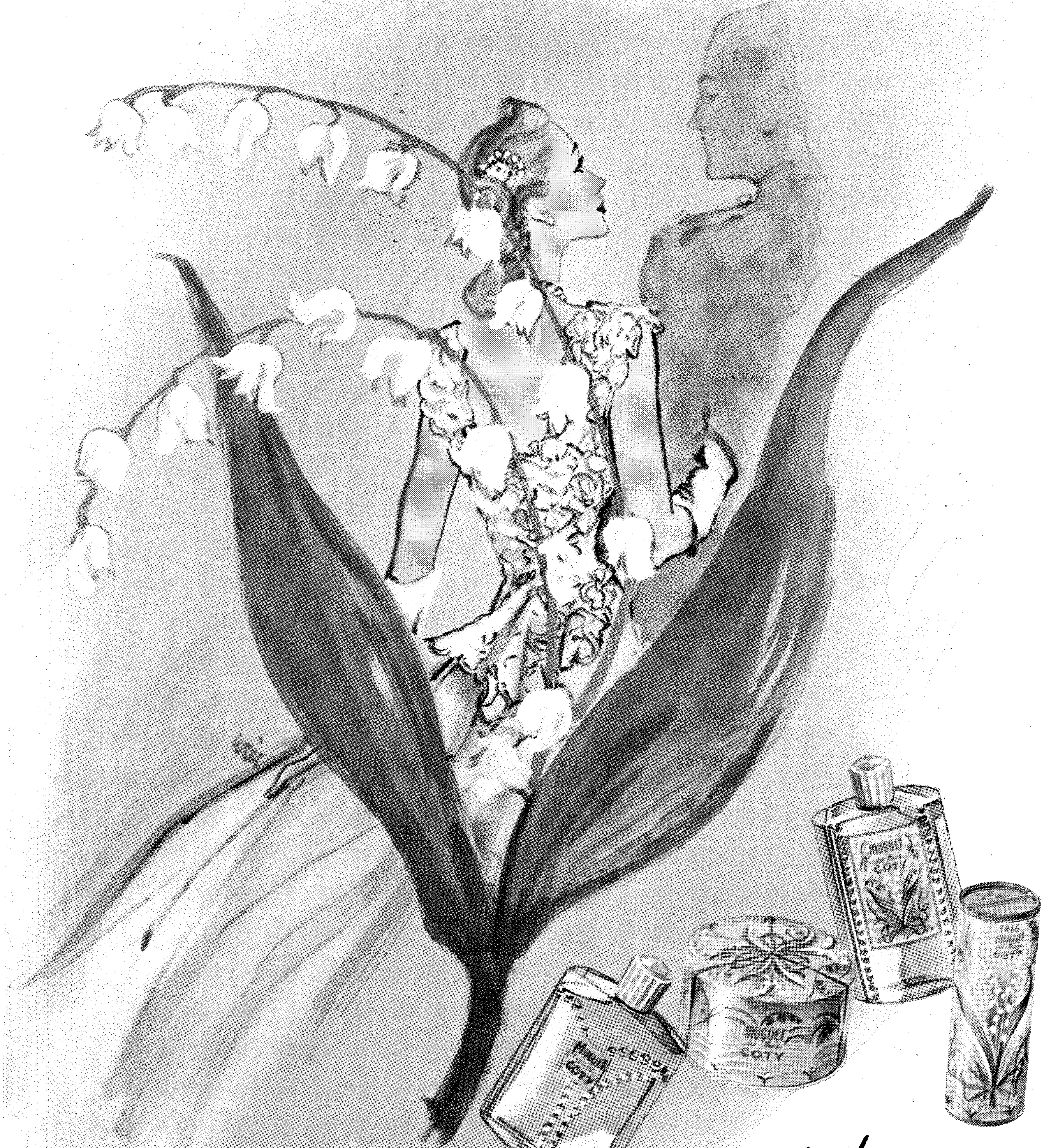
BACK at the C.P., Shapley had put a sprig of blue flowers in the buttonhole of his shirt and was outlining the day's progress to the general commanding the division. A couple of mess sergeants were cooking soup in a bucket, against the chill of the coming evening; it got cold as soon as the sun went down. Other Marines were gathered around an old woman in an old black kimono, who was squatting in a corner of the camp and eating C rations with chopsticks. "I guess the Japs didn't cut her in on those new kimonos," one Marine said. A shipment of kimonos, just in from Japan, some lined with flaming red silk, had been found in the village. A Marine gave the woman a cigarette, which she began to smoke. Apparently all older Okinawan women smoke. She was an unusual case, however, for when she had only half smoked the cigarette, she threw it away and produced a long, slim opium pipe, with a tiny bowl, and got to work on that. "No kidding, this old dame startles me," said a Marine. Another Marine said, "I seen one of them with a pack this afternoon that I couldn't lift it myself and another guy helped me with it, and she put it on her head and she just walked away as easy as anything."

The good, rich smell of hot chicken broth filled the clean air, and the Marines went up to the bucket, dipped their canteen cups in, and stood around drinking. It looked a little like a picture of a Civil War camp, with troops lounging in their high-crowned, peaked utility caps and their green utility clothes, now gray with dust.

Over in a newly dug foxhole, two Navy photographers who had just caught up with the regiment began to swap dirty pictures for souvenirs. A great many photographers are traders, and they have evolved a smooth underground commercial arrangement whereby a set of pornographic negatives is kept in some such headquarters as Guam and made available to all photographers who wish to make their own



"... and please make me a major."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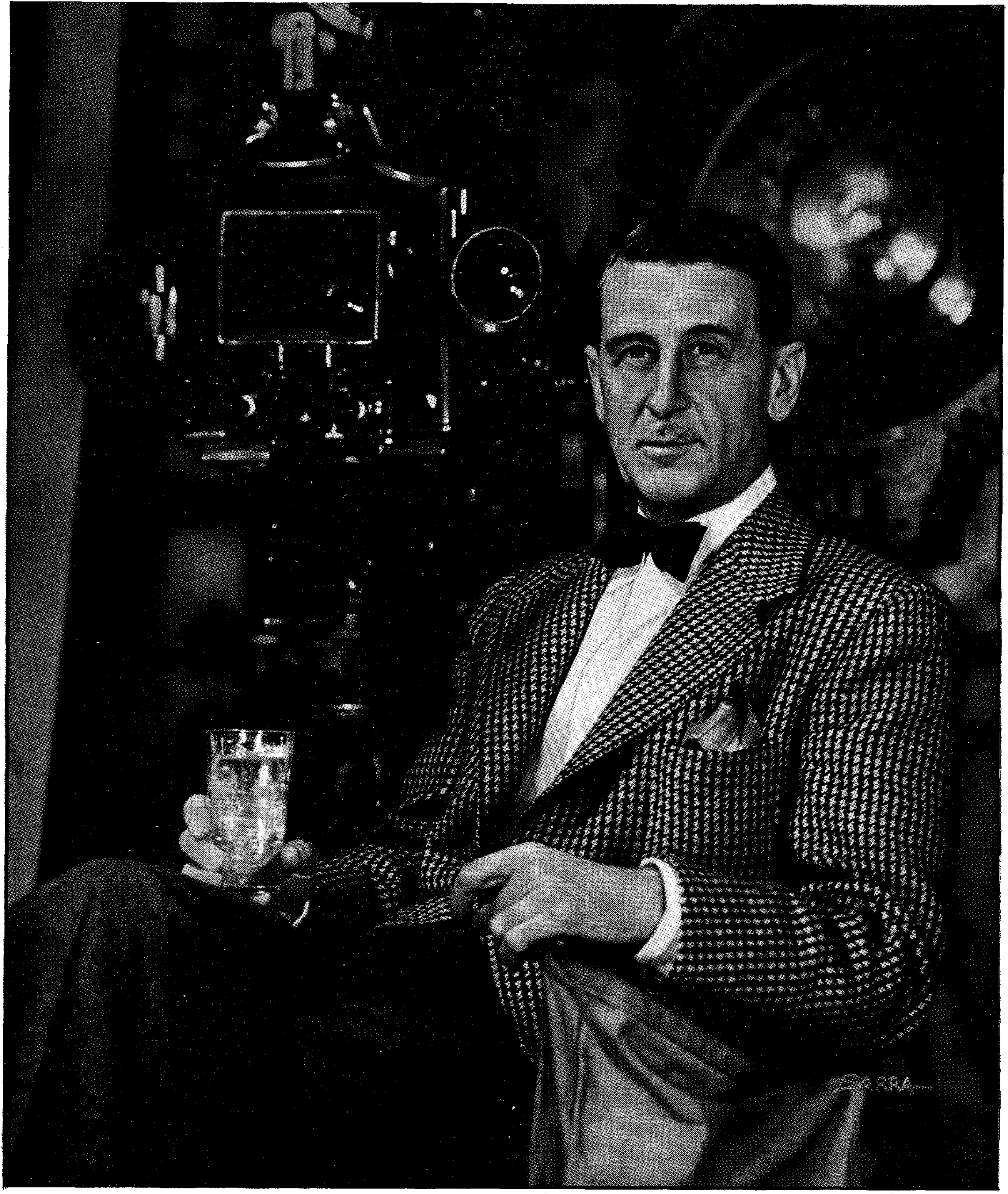

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prints for trading purposes. Bidding was brisk in our camp. One sailor gave a Marine twelve pictures for a little stained Japanese flag and an opium pipe. After a while everybody began to look around for a warm place to sleep.

Shapley's staff had lent me a cot and a blanket, and I spread the blanket and my poncho over me and lay thinking about infiltrators. The valleys and caves around the camp were mainly unflushed and unsearched. Pretty soon it was no longer necessary to imagine sounds or magnify little rustlings in the dark. I heard a good, substantial sound on my left, and it got closer and louder—it was something any lifetime subway passenger could immediately identify as a Jap soldier crawling on his hands and knees and making a slight added shuffling noise caused either by asthma or a knife held between his teeth. I glanced at Colonel Beans' cot and saw that he was healthily comatose. I reached under my bed for my canteen to use defensively, and felt my hand being nosed and then licked, in the slow, appreciative manner of a connoisseur, by something which gradually took shape in the darkness as a goat. I found in the morning that it was a white goat. It stayed with me all night, occasionally going under the cot and butting me morosely through the canvas. "It's not a matter of this goat liking you better than anybody else," said Beans when he woke up, apparently fearing that I might have derived some false vanity from the experience. "You're in a Marine camp, and goats are naturally attracted to Marines. We've been having this kind of infiltration all over the Pacific. It's a wonder more of them don't get shot."

HAVING crossed the island, the Marines now began a campaign of systematic bushwhacking through the wild and rugged northern two-thirds of Okinawa. The Fourth Regiment moved up the eastern coast in leapfrog style: the lead company of the lead bat-

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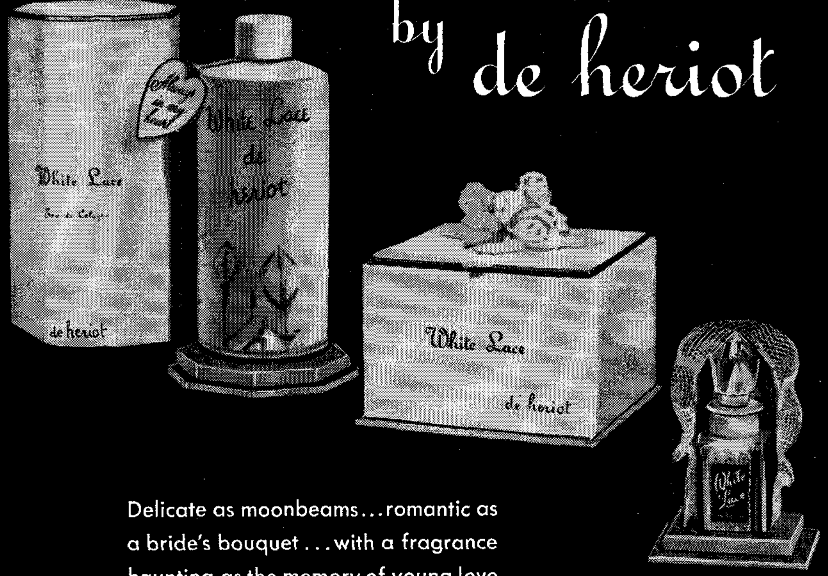
White Lace by de heriot



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talion would turn left up the first road leading inland to search for Japs, while the next company went ahead to flush the next road, and so on till the first unit, its work done, moved up through the others to take the lead again. Warships cruised alongshore parallel to this advance, ready to lend support with their big guns in case of trouble. However, little game was found till the Marines began to scour the big Motobu Peninsula, on the west shore of the island. There—as on the tiny island of Ie, off Motobu, on which Ernie Pyle was killed, almost at the end of a quick and otherwise unnoteworthy little special campaign—Japs to the number of perhaps two regiments, scattered at the time of the landing, had reformed into tight defensive pockets, and it took some fighting to break these up. The Marines who had been baffled and gun-eager on landing day finally got their shooting on Motobu Peninsula. Some were killed and wounded, but not to the extent of really impressing their colleagues. One of my last memories of this phase of Okinawa is of a Marine six feet three in height running up to the field hospital carrying a dead snake, perhaps eighteen inches long, by the tail. "Look at this son of a bitch!" he yelled excitedly to the medical corpsmen who were tending the wounded on litters. "He almost got me! If I hadn't been expecting something like this ever since we landed, he would of got me!"

We had heard by now that the Army, at the other end of the island, had run into one of the greatest Jap defensive battles of the war, and since the story was now there and no longer among the Marines, I went south.

—JOHN LARDNER

(*This is the first of two articles on the invasion of Okinawa.*)

•

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And so it goes.

•

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[*From the Washington Star*]

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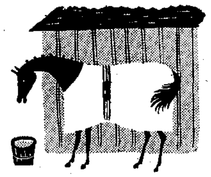
THE RACE TRACK

They're Off and Running

IT may be premature to hum "Happy Days Are Here Again." On the other hand, I'm afraid that I can't agree with a horseplayer crony who, after noting that seven out of nine favorites were beaten at the Narragansett opening last Saturday, remarked that a lot of people must be wishing now that Vinson hadn't lifted that ban. Well, all the favorites have been beaten many an afternoon at Narragansett and nobody minded too much. My possibly prejudiced opinion is that on Saturday the big crowd simply wanted racing and that none of the spectators would have been any more pleased if Devil Diver had won both divisions of the Inaugural Purse—I fancy he could have easily, if he had been on hand that day—than they were over the triumphs of that pair of considerably less distinguished animals, Bar Willow and Castleman.



BY now everybody knows that the New York season will begin next Monday. There will be a fortnight of racing at Jamaica to start with, and Belmont, Aqueduct, and Empire City, which follow, will have three weeks apiece. The Saratoga Association will have four weeks, from August 6th to September 1st. I regret to predict, as C. Knapp will regret to hear, that the meeting will be run at Belmont Park. The transportation situation will be the same as in 1944. The Long Island Railroad will run extra sections of regular trains, but, to discourage the holders of A cards, the track's automobile parking lots will stay closed.

It's a little hard to understand why the start of the New York season is being delayed. Several tracks have already opened. Both Narragansett and Sportsman's Park, a gay little half-miler in Cicero, Illinois, opened last Saturday; California's Santa Anita, Baltimore's Pimlico, and the Keeneland meeting at Lexington, Kentucky, opened this week. Putting on a race meeting is a fairly complicated proceeding, but the Jamaica management wasn't caught entirely unawares. The stands and grounds have been kept swept and garnished for a month. The loose ends of the pari-mutuel department will be tied up at dress rehearsals of the sellers and cashiers this week. Right now, the major preoccupation of the management, and of Jack Campbell, the racing secretary, is taking nominations for the stakes races to be run at the meeting. The Experimental Free Handicap, for which all the better three-year-olds are eligible, will be run next Monday. I'm sorry to say that I haven't the slightest notion who's going to win it, because Esteem, whom I admire, developed a cough the other morning. The Paumonok will be run on Thursday and the Excelsior on Saturday. Devil Diver, one of this department's pets, is training awfully well and may start in one of these two races. He is also scheduled to run in the Grey Lag, on June 2nd. The Wood Memorial, which is the most important event of the meeting and which serves as a public trial for the classic races for three-year-olds, will be run on Memorial Day.

There are, by the way, three hundred and thirty colts and fillies of that age in training now at the Long Island tracks. Step right up and take your pick. Mine is Pavot. The Kentucky Derby, one of the classics I was just speaking about, which will be run at Louisville on June 9th, closed with a hundred and fifty-five nominations, an unusually large number.

NOTES ON A SALVAGED RACE CARD: A colt was foaled in Frenchy Rosen's barn at Aqueduct last week, the first time such a thing has happened at a race track in ever so long. . . . The grooms and exercise boys at Belmont had what they called a Victory for Racing celebration after they heard over their radios that the ban had been lifted. . . . The first casualty of the training season is By Jimminy, who went lame after a workout. . . . Colonel Martingale, who had been farmed out to Lend Lease or something during the shutdown, is back watching the morning gallops and preparing a list of Horses to Remember.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "Passing Strange," by Richard Sale*]

Two minutes later I seized the baby by its left foot and extracted it. Some baby. A nice plump boy. "Nine pounds if he goes an ounce," I said cheerfully.—*Page 42.*

Then she came over and planted a wad of lipstick on my cheek. "That, my boy, is for the perfectly beautiful little daughter you gave me an assist on."—*Page 253, same mamma, same baby.*

LISTEN: MAY 19, 1945

At midnight on V-E day, CBS listeners heard Molotov, in San Francisco, acknowledge the surrender of Germany and pledge his country to continue to fight for a free world. His words concluded the network's 150th broadcast of the day.

Between December 7, 1941 and May 8, 1945, CBS broadcast a total of 52,834 war programs. Of these more than 20,000 reported the forward march toward victory. The balance — some 32,000 programs—urged the American people to back up their fighting men.

Columbia's unremitting efforts since Pearl Harbor to keep the American people clearly and fully informed were summed up by Paul W. Kesten, executive vice-president:

"In 1918, America was conscious of a mission successfully completed. Today, there is recognition of a responsibility that must be continued, if peace is to be assured. Today marks a pause only long enough to turn the full force of our attention westward—to San Francisco and to Tokyo...We at Columbia will devote no less energy tomorrow than we did yesterday to the further successful prosecution of the war, and securing of the peace."

★

Last autumn when it became reasonably apparent that war in Germany might end within reasonable reach of some time or other, Norman Corwin was commissioned to do something about it. So he wrote a great and prophetic program called *On A Note of Triumph.* It went on CBS at 9 p.m. EWT, May 8. A torrent of approval poured in, and the program was repeated Sunday, May 13 at 11:00 p.m. EWT. Simon & Schuster brought the text of it out as a book on May 16. You will be well advised to read it, at least every May 30 — and (better) often between times.

★

Please remember to buy that War Bond

This is CBS ...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

MICHAEL TODD presents
"UP IN CENTRAL PARK"
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS • Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS • Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
CENTURY THEATRE, 7th AVE. & 59th ST. • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

"Always funny, sometimes profoundly touching." —CHAPMAN, Daily News
The HASTY HEART
A New Comedy by JOHN PATRICK
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Evs. 8:40, $1.20-$3.60 Tax Incl. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Eddie DOWLING & Louis J. SINGER present
LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in
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A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
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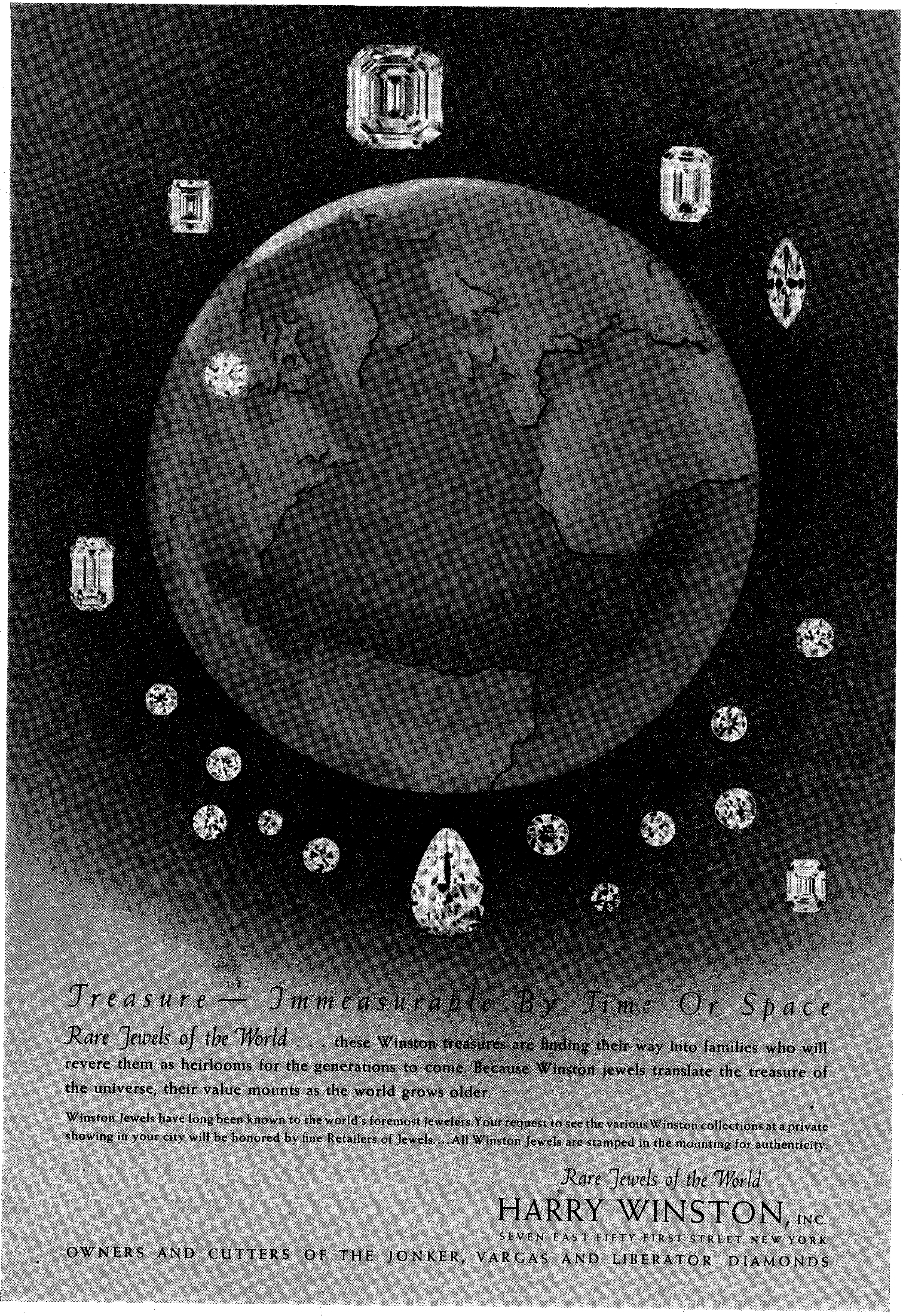
LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 12 (BY CABLE)

THE big day started off here with a coincidence. In the last hours of peace, in September, 1939, a violent thunderstorm broke over the city, making a lot of people think for a moment that the first air raid had begun. Early Tuesday morning, V-E Day, nature tidily brought the war to an end with an imitation of a blitz so realistic that many Londoners started awake and reached blurrily for the bedside torch. Then they remembered, and, sighing with relief, fell asleep again as the thunder rolled over the capital, already waiting with its flags. The decorations had blossomed on the streets Monday afternoon. By six that night, Piccadilly Circus and all the city's other focal points were jammed with a cheerful, expectant crowd waiting for an official statement from Downing Street. Movie cameramen crouched patiently on the rooftops. When a brewer's van rattled by and the driver leaned out and yelled "It's all over," the crowd cheered, then went on waiting. Presently word spread that the announcement would be delayed, and the day, which had started off like a rocket, began to fizzle slowly and damply out. Later in the evening, however, thousands of Londoners suddenly decided that even if it was not yet V-E Day, it was victory, all right, and something to celebrate. Thousands of others just went home quietly to wait some more.

When the day finally came, it was like no other day that anyone can remember. It had a flavor of its own, an extemporaneousness which gave it something of the quality of a vast, happy village fête as people wandered about, sat, sang, and slept against a summer background of trees, grass, flowers, and water. It was not, people said, like the 1918 Armistice Day, for at no time was the reaction hysterical. It was not like the Coronation, for the crowds were larger and their gaiety, which held up all through the night, was obviously not picked up in a pub. The day also surprised the prophets who had said that only the young would be resilient enough to celebrate in a big way. Apparently the desire to assist in London's celebration combusted spontaneously in the bosom of every member of every family, from the smallest babies, with their hair done up in red-white-and-blue ribbons, to beaming elderly couples who, utterly without self-consciousness, strolled up and down the streets arm in arm in red-white-and-blue paper hats. Even the dogs wore immense tricolored bows. Rosettes sprouted from the slabs of pork in the butcher shops, which, like other food stores, were open for a couple of hours in the morning. With their customary practicality, housewives put bread before circuses. They waited in the long bakery queues, the string bags of the common round in one hand and the Union Jack of the glad occasion in the other. Even queues seemed tolerable that morning. The bells had begun to peal and, after the night's storm, London was having that perfect, hot, English summer's day which, one sometimes feels, is to be found only in the imaginations of the lyric poets.

THE girls in their thin, bright dresses heightened the impression that the city had been taken over by an enormous family picnic. The number of extraordinarily pretty young girls, who presumably are hidden on working days inside the factories and government offices, was astonishing. They streamed out into the parks and streets like flocks of twittering, gaily plumaged cockney birds. In their freshly curled hair were cornflowers and poppies, and they wore red-white-and-blue ribbons around their narrow waists. Some of them even tied ribbons around their bare ankles. Strolling with their uniformed boys, arms candidly about each other, they provided a constant, gay, simple marginal decoration to the big, solemn moments of the day. The crowds milled back and forth between the Palace, Westminster, Trafalgar Square, and Piccadilly Circus, and when they got tired they simply sat down wherever they happened to be—on the grass, on doorsteps, or on the curb—and watched the other people or spread handkerchiefs over their faces and took a nap. Everybody appeared determined to see the King and Queen and Mr. Churchill at least once, and few could have been disappointed. One small boy, holding onto his father's hand, wanted to see the trench shelters in Green Park too. "You don't want to see shelters today," his father said. "You'll never have to use them again, son." "Never?" the child asked doubtfully. "Never!" the man cried, almost angrily. "*Never!* Understand?" In the open space before the Palace, one of the places where the Prime Minister's speech was to be relayed by loudspeaker at three o'clock, the crowds



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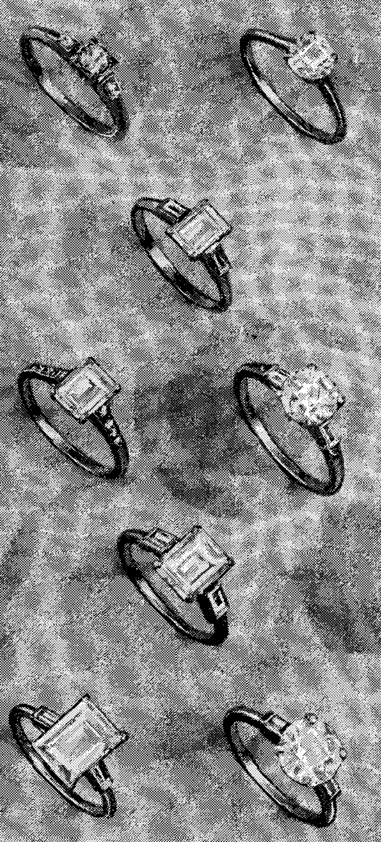

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seemed a little intimidated by the nearness of that symbolic block of gray stone. The people who chose to open their lunch baskets and munch sandwiches there among the flowerbeds of tulips were rather subdued. Piccadilly Circus attracted the more demonstrative spirits.

By lunchtime, in the Circus, the buses had to slow to a crawl in order to get through the tightly packed, laughing people. A lad in the black beret of the Tank Corps was the first to climb the little pyramidal Angkor Vat of scaffolding and sandbags which was erected early in the war to protect the pedestal of the Eros statue after the figure had been removed to safekeeping. The boy shinnied up to the top and took a tiptoe Eros pose, aiming an imaginary bow, while the crowd roared. He was followed by a paratrooper in a maroon beret, who, after getting up to the top, reached down and hauled up a blond young woman in a very tight pair of green slacks. When she got to the top, the Tank Corps soldier promptly grabbed her in his arms and, encouraged by ecstatic cheers from the whole Circus, seemed about to enact the classic rôle of Eros right on the top of the monument. Nothing came of it, because a moment later a couple of G.I.s joined them and before long the pyramid was covered with boys and girls. They sat jammed together in an affectionate mass, swinging their legs over the sides, wearing each other's uniform caps, and calling down wisecracks to the crowd. "My God," someone said, "think of a flying bomb coming down on this!" When a firecracker went off, a hawker with a tray of tin brooches of Monty's head happily yelled that comforting, sometimes fallacious phrase of the blitz nights, "All right, mates, it's one of ours!"

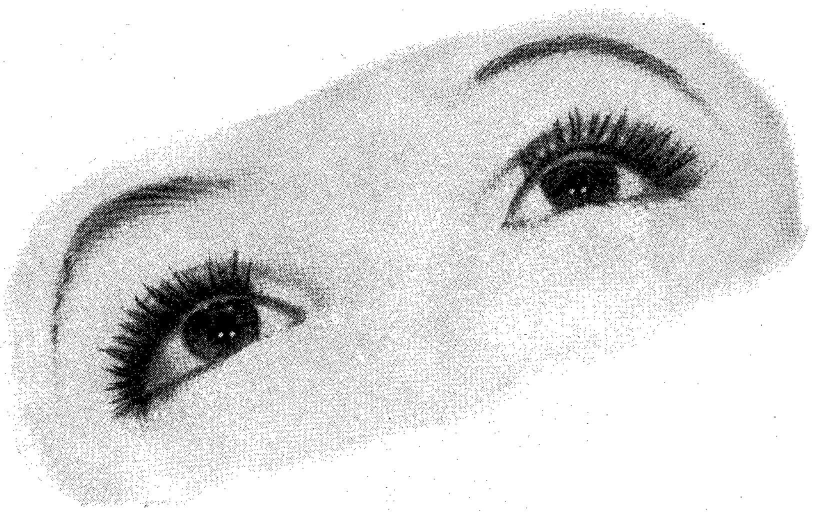
All day long, the deadly past was for most people only just under the surface of the beautiful, safe present, so much so that the government decided against sounding the sirens in a triumphant "all clear" for fear that the noise would revive too many painful memories. For the same reason, there were no salutes of guns—only the pealing of the bells, and the whistles of tugs on the Thames sounding the doot, doot, doot, dooooot of the V, and the roar of the planes, which swooped back and forth over the city, dropping red and green signals toward the blur of smiling, upturned faces.

IT was without any doubt Churchill's day. Thousands of King George's subjects wedged themselves in front of the Palace throughout the day, chanting ceaselessly "We want the King" and cheering themselves hoarse when he and the Queen and their daughters appeared, but when the crowd saw Churchill, there was a deep, full-throated, almost reverent roar. He was at the head of a procession of Members of Parliament, walking back to the House of Commons from the traditional St. Margaret's Thanksgiving Service. Instantly, he was surrounded by people —people running, standing on tiptoe, holding up babies so that they could be told later they had seen him, and shouting affectionately the absurd little nurserymaid name, "Winnie, Winnie!" One of two happily sozzled, very old, and incredibly dirty cockneys who had been engaged in a slow, shuffling dance, like a couple of Shakespearean clowns, bellowed, "That's 'im, that's 'is little old lovely bald 'ead!" The crowds saw Churchill again later, when he emerged from Commons and was driven off in the back of a small open car, rosy, smiling, and looking immensely happy. Ernest Bevin, following in another car, got a cheer too. One of the throng, an excited East Ender, in a dress with a bodice concocted of a Union Jack, shouted, "Gawd, fancy me cheering Bevin, the chap who makes us work!" Herbert Morrison, sitting unobtrusively in a corner of a third car, was hardly recognized, and the other Cabinet Ministers did no better. The crowd had ears, eyes, and throats for no one but Churchill, and for him everyone in it seemed to have the hearing, sight, and lungs of fifty men. His slightly formal official broadcast, which was followed by buglers sounding the "cease firing" call, did not strike the emotional note that had been expected, but he hit it perfectly in his subsequent informal speech ("My dear friends, this is your victory . . .") from a Whitehall balcony.

All day long, little extra celebrations started up. In the Mall, a model of a Gallic cock waltzed on a pole over the heads of the singing people. "It's the Free French," said someone. The Belgians in the crowd tagged along after a Belgian flag that marched by, its bearer invisible. A procession of students raced through Green Park, among exploding squibs, clashing dustbin lids like cymbals and waving an immense Jeyes Disinfectant poster as a banner. American sailors and laughing girls formed a conga line down the middle of Piccadilly and cockneys linked arms in the Lambeth Walk. It was a day and night of no fixed plan and no organized merriment. Each group danced its own dance, sang its own song, and went its own way as the spirit moved it. The most tolerant, self-effacing people in London on V-E Day were the police, who simply stood by, smiling benignly, while soldiers swung by one arm from lamp standards and laughing groups tore down hoardings to build the evening's bonfires. Actually, the police were not unduly strained. The extraordinary thing about the crowds was that they were almost all sober. The number of drunks one saw in that whole day and night could have been counted on two hands—possibly because the pubs were sold out so early. The young service men and women who swung arm in arm down the middle of every street, singing and swarming over the few cars rash enough to come out, were simply happy with an immense holiday happiness. They were the liberated people who, like their counterparts in every celebrating capital that night, were young enough to outlive the past and to look forward to an unspoilt future. Their gaiety was very moving.

JUST before the King's speech, at nine Tuesday night, the big lamps outside the Palace came on and there were cheers and ohs from children who had never seen anything of that kind in their short, blacked-out lives. As the evening wore on, most of the public buildings were floodlighted. The night was as warm as midsummer, and London, its shabbiness now hidden and its domes and remaining Wren spires warmed by lights and bonfires, was suddenly magnificent. The handsomest building of all was the National Gallery, standing out honey-colored near a ghostly, blue-shadowed St. Martin's and the Charles I bit of Whitehall. The illuminated and floodlighted face of Big Ben loomed like a kind moon. Red and blue lights strung in the bushes around the lake in St. James's Park glimmered on the sleepy, bewildered pelicans that live there.

By midnight the crowds had thinned out some, but those who remained were as merry as ever. They went on calling for the King outside the Palace and watching the searchlights, which for once could be observed with pleasure and without apprehension. Tired couples sat down, holding hands, and watched livelier people dancing around the little bonfires that burned here and there in the parks. A Canadian boy said to his English girl, "I hope you never have to have another celebration like this in your lifetime, Pat, but if you do I'll be



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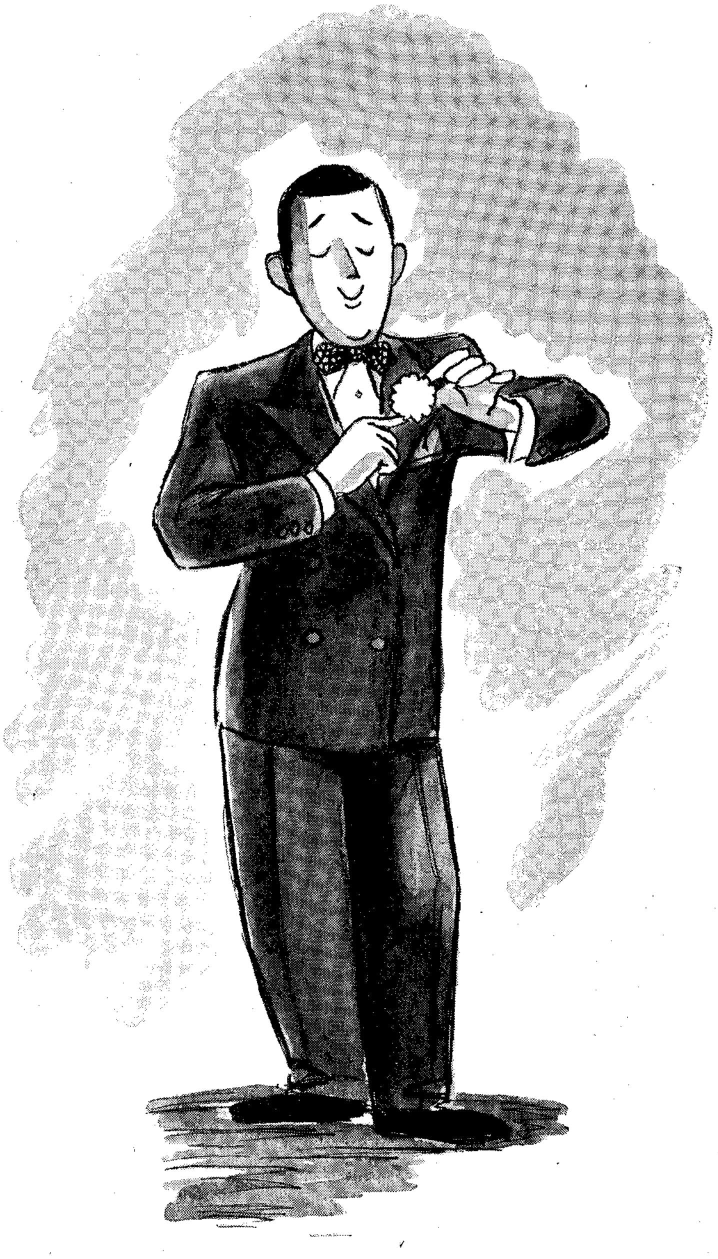

Only a Small Bouquet

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back to help out. You can depend on that."

At last, when the floodlights were turned off, people began to straggle home, some of them still singing. For thousands of them, home that night had to be a sheltered doorway or the grass under a tree in the park, because the tubes and buses had stopped running hours before and taxi drivers, like everyone else, had taken the day off. The celebrating spirit continued through the next day, which was declared a holiday, and more crowds poured into the center of town to sing, cheer, wave their colors, and yell for Churchill. On V-E Day plus one, it seemed fitting that the first visit of the King and Queen should be to the East End, a section of town which had particularly good reason to celebrate. In Stepney, the visit was announced only at the last minute, by police who drove through the district in cars equipped with loudspeakers. Consequently, the narrow, dirty little streets were lined with hundreds of people instead of the thousands there would have been had there been more notice. In the crowd were three spectacled rabbis, some old ladies clutching shawls, lots of noisy, excited kids climbing up on walls, service men home on leave, and girls with frizzy, elaborate hairdos. At one point along the route, there was a huge crater where the last V-2 to fall on London had crashed down one March morning among some large blocks of Council flats, destroying two of them and killing more than a hundred and thirty people, including the members of some family parties that had been celebrating the return of soldier sons. "As soon as ever I was told the King and Queen was coming, I knew they'd come to our incident," one of the shawled old ladies said proudly. Dozens of little flags made a good show among the ruined houses and the excitement of the people was, if anything, wilder than it had been in the West End the night before. When the royal car turned up, the people broke through the cordon of good-humored policemen and stormed toward the visitors. It was evident that everybody in the battered street interpreted the royal visit as a personal compliment. A young man with a pale, intelligent face said, "They're feeling fine round here. You should have seen the bonfires last night. Every little street had one. Burning the bunks out of the shelters, they were. Well, they've had a bad time and now it's over. They've got a right to feel fine if anybody has."

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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Due to the ever-increasing demand for Rheingold, your dealer may not always have enough to supply you.

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ALL OUT FOR THE MIGHTY 7th WAR LOAN

LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 11 (BY WIRELESS)

IN Paris the war ended the way it began—with marching. It began with the French soldiers marching off to the war and it ended with the French civilians marching around into the peace. A frenzied spirit of enlistment seemed to take hold of the people of Paris the moment peace ceased being a rumor and became a fact, and by the hundreds of thousands they settled into restless ranks and began their parade. They started marching on Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock, just after the voice of General de Gaulle announced the great news over the government's street loudspeaker system, and thousands were still marching at dawn the next morning. The crowds marched in the sunshine and on into the night with the collective, wandering rhythm of masses who are not going anywhere but are feeling something which their marching together expresses. V-E Day here was like an occupation of Paris by Parisians. They streamed out onto their city's avenues and boulevards and took possession of them, filling them from curb to curb. They paved the Champs-Elysées with their moving, serried bodies. Around the Arc de Triomphe the marchers, pouring in from the spokes of the Etoile, solidified into a dangerous, living, sculptural mass which was swayed and pushed by its own weight until the marchers, limping and dishevelled, disengaged themselves to march back down the avenues and boulevards, in the dusty, beautiful spring heat.

The babble and the shuffle of feet drowned out the sound of the stentorian church bells that clanged for peace, and even the cannon firing from the Invalides and from the precincts of the Louvre were audible on the Place de la Concorde only as rumbling explosions, muffled by the closer noise of feet and tongues that were never still. The people in the crowds seemed to draw nourishment from each other, and the strength to go on down one more street, up one more avenue. Except for whatever food they may have brought from home and carried in their pockets, the marching masses lived on air and emotion. Restaurants were closed, apéritifs were scarce, beer was feeble. Peace and spring found the Parisians as badly victualled as they had been during the war and the winter, but now no one thought or cared about being hungry. All anyone cared about was to keep moving, to keep shouting, to keep singing snatches of the "Marseillaise"—"*Le jour de gloire est arrivé . . . marchons, marchons.*"

By midnight, on side streets near the Rond Point, the crowds had thinned enough for long lines of boys and girls, arms high and holding hands, to run, to crack the whip, to curvet and stretch out in antics, like long lines of noctambulistic paper dolls. Youth dominated the day and the night. It was youth that shouted with delight at the occasional skyrockets which cometed through the night sky, and it was youth, earlier in the day, that had screamed with joy at the giant American planes which roared above the tops of the chestnut trees on the Champs-Elysées and flirted deafeningly around the Obelisk. It was young Paris that was on foot and underfoot. It was the new postwar generation, running free and mixed on the streets, celebrating peace with a fine freedom which their parents, young in 1918, had certainly not known. And those Frenchmen, with their old ribbons and medals, who had fought through the last war were the quietest, the least free-moving of the Parisians among the street crowds during this week's peace. As one of these tired, middle-aged French veterans said, "That great world insomnia which is war has come to an end once again."

FRANCE and the rest of Europe are tired to death of death, and of destruction. Much of the comfort which should have arrived automatically with the peace has been lost in the news of the German concentration camps, which, arriving near the end of the war, suddenly became the most important news of all its nearly six years of conquests, defeats, campaigns, and final victories. The stench of human wreckage in which the Nazi regime finally sank down to defeat has been the most shocking fact of modern times. Only dreadful natural phenomena like the earthquake in Lisbon in the time of Voltaire or the gases and ashes of Pompeii in the time of Pliny the Younger seem to have so horrified the world. The shooting is over, but the concentration-camp prisoners are now returning, or are being advertised for by families still waiting in vain at railway stations with diminishing hope. In *Le Monde*, under the brief heading "RECHERCHE," an ad-

MIDSUMMER'S DREAM

. . . mint-cool Oxford rayon crepe with little-girl neckline, in these heart-lifting shades . . . Surprise Red, Serene Green, Crocus Yellow. See it in our spirited collection of bright young dresses, hand-picked to flatter you. 10 to 16. 22.95.

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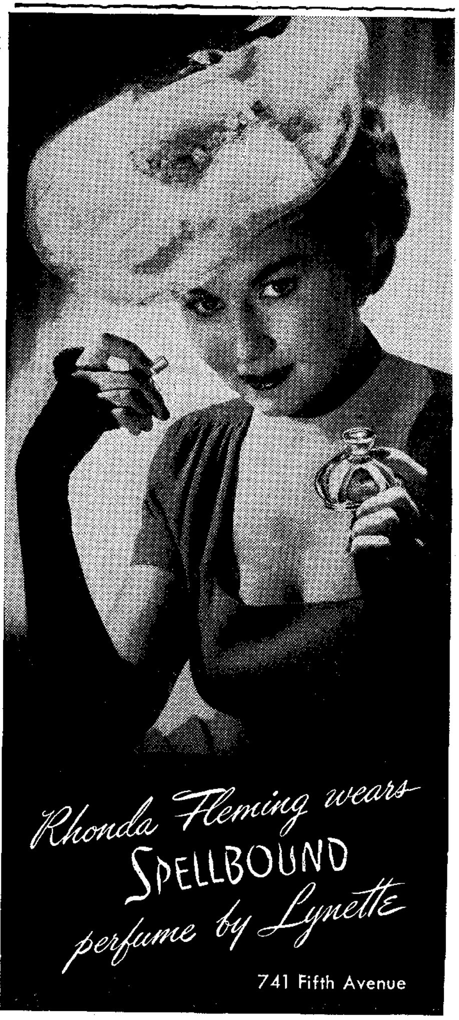

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Best RUM bar none*

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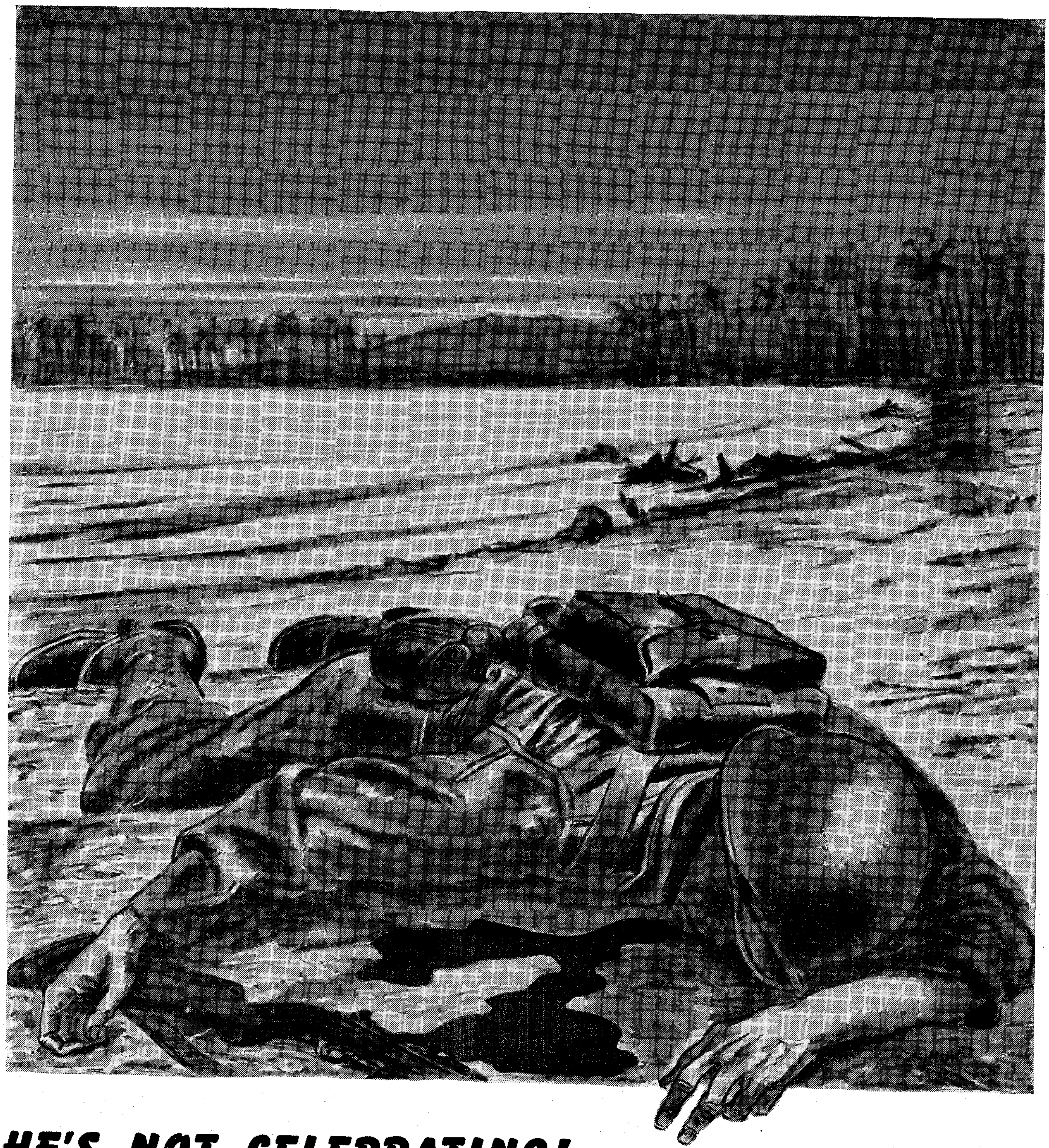
vertisement has just been run that said, "Any persons having known Mmes. Marie-Louise Roure and Adrienne Baumer, deportees at the camp of Ravensbrück, and Louis Baumer, deported from the camp at Compiègne in June, 1944, are begged to furnish their information to Monsieur Remy Roure." The Nazi program of non-military destruction has not been affected by the peace; it is still continuing in the bodies of the camp prisoners now home but still sick or still crazy or still mutilated or still stone-deaf from blows on the head or still malodorous with running sores.

The vigilant resistance newspaper *Le Franc-Tireur* has demanded that returned prisoners who are strong enough be selected to serve as jurymen in the still to come trials of collaborationists, of which the trial of Marshal Pétain, in June, will be the climax. The same paper has also had the disagreeable courage to say what thousands of prisoners' families know is the truth—that the Ministry of Prisoners and Deportees functions, as it has functioned from the start, with inefficiency and confusion. Many prisoners have arrived without being met by officials, or even by their unnotified families, at the railway stations; the Ministry has not provided trucks, or even ambulances, for transportation; and the pitiful thousand francs each prisoner receives as a government gift on returning home is doled out by an office which sportily observes *la semaine anglaise* and so is closed Saturdays to penniless prisoners who for years have lost all count of money, let alone time. Furthermore, the wretched Spanish Republican prisoners who were plucked out of prewar French concentration camps by the Nazis and sent off to Germany are, on their return to La Belle France, being popped back into the same old camps again.

Some of the best and most highly educated brains of France, after imprisonment in Germany, are now being returned, ripened by isolation, suffering, hope, and misinformation. When a questionnaire was submitted to a select group of such men a few days ago, three trenchant reactions turned up repeatedly: No. 1, since they, the prisoners, had been informed in Germany that France was overrun by famine, anarchy, and civil war, they were relieved to find France merely suffering as usual from political party wrangles at the expense of national unity; No. 2, it was their opinion, formed in prison camp, that fear and lack of faith are what push any nation into self-destructive attitudes, such as Munich and Collaboration; and No. 3, it was their opinion, formed since leaving prison, that the post-liberation Frenchmen are "somewhat too inclined to easygoingness, immorality, and selfishness."

NONE of the Paris newspapers thought of the great and simple headline "VICTORY," which both the Paris *Herald Tribune* and the *Stars & Stripes* used on their front pages on the historic Tuesday, May 8th. Most of the French dailies described Germany rather than the Allies in the favorite headline, which proclaimed, "L'ALLEMAGNE A CAPITULE." General de Gaulle's paper, *Les Nouvelles du Matin*, gave over its front page to a fancy drawing of a female figure symbolic of France, with wings, laurels, Allied flags, and the headline "LA GUERRE EST FINIE." *France-Soir's* headline was a great white "JOUR-V" on a deep black band. The Socialist *Populaire* used as its headline "LE REICH NAZI ABBATU." The Communist *Humanité* had no Tuesday headline at all, since it ignored the victory that day but celebrated it Wednesday, Moscow's V Day, with a seven-tier headline—or more headlines than anyone in Paris had ever seen before—which declared (we translate), "VICTORY! ACCLAIMED ALL DAY YESTERDAY BY THE PEOPLE OF PARIS IN CELEBRATING THE MILITARY TRIUMPH OF THE UNITED NATIONS OVER HITLERISM. IN INNUMERABLE PARADES, IN IMPROVISED MASS MEETINGS, EVERYWHERE WAS DECLARED THE WISH TO CRUSH THE RESIDUE OF HITLERISM. FROM ONE END OF THE LAND TO THE OTHER, BUT ONE UNANIMOUS CRY: PETAIN TO THE GALLOWS! VIVE LA FRANCE! VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!" The incorrigible *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris's favorite satiric gazette, celebrated the victory by publishing a cartoon of Hitler, dead and gone to heaven, where he starts the New Order by pinning a Jewish star of David on God's chest.

Ironically enough, it was the Germans who had the last, as well as the first, word of the war, since it was Admiral Doenitz's "cease prowling" order to his submarines that provided the peace news here. The headline in an early-Monday-afternoon special edition of *France-Soir* let the cat out of the bag. *France-Soir's* studied headline once more made French the language for disseminating diplomatic information all



HE'S NOT CELEBRATING!

So the war's all over! So you're celebrating . . . taking a few days off . . . having fun! Wait a minute, brother! Know what it's like to lie in a foxhole and hear the unearthly scream of "Banzai" in the night? How it feels to have your guts torn out by shrapnel? How you'd face the future with aluminum where a leg used to be? Or with your sight in the head of a dog? For God's sake, get back to work . . . buy more bonds . . . give more blood. Every little bit you do *is* important. Remember, *the shorter the war, the fewer American boys killed.*

Jones & Lamson Machine Company, Springfield, Vermont, U. S. A.

over Europe. This headline announced, in huge type, "FIN DE GUERRE," and in small type beneath, "Sous-Marine," since in French the adjective dutifully follows the noun it modifies. The headline sold the paper like hot cakes; trained by four years of food shortage, Parisians queued up to buy the paper as they would queue up to buy anything good to eat if they could find it. But no one on the streets showed much reaction to the news. Expectant but still incredulous, a small crowd gathered after dinner on the Place de l'Opéra. There, at eight-thirty, a voice from a street loudspeaker announced that the peace had been signed that morning at Reims. The Allied national anthems were played. Strolling American soldiers, who understood no French but knew anthems when they heard them, stood on the sidewalk at salute, then lounged on; the French on the Café de la Paix terrace continued sipping their beer in the balmy evening twilight.

At half-past-ten that night, in the Allied Servicemen's Club in the Grand Hotel, an orchestra leader whose men had just finished playing and singing "And the tears flowed like wine" suddenly shouted to the dancers that the war was over, that tomorrow was V Day in Europe. A wild groan of joy went up from the men in uniform. Then they began capering extravagantly, their girls in their arms, to the tune of "Hallelujah." Afterward, tumbling out onto the boulevards, they started spreading the news to all Joes and to anyone French who would listen. But that night it was only the Americans, the optimists from across the Atlantic, who believed the good news about Europe.

Next morning, though, the French papers announced that at 3 P.M. the great news would be officially true. All Paris was dressed in its not very fine best and standing on its handsome boulevards waiting in the sun for the "Marseillaise" and the pronouncement of its leader de Gaulle. And then his for once impassioned, excited voice proclaimed victory, which had come at last.

Europe's Five and a Half Years' War is all over but the peace. —GENÊT

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From the bulletin of a church in Charleston, W. Va.*]

8 A.M.
THE HOLY COMMUNION
Each week at this service, we remember a group of our men and women who are absent from us in the armed services. Today, we remember those whose last names begin with the letters A through D.

Young-Timers bob up as "good neighbors" in a Mexican-embroidered Bolero Costume

Dress, 19.95
Jacket, 12.00

Backless dress to turn you into a sun-worshipper . . . jacket, gay as a toreador's.
Of spun rayon . . . lime, turquoise, or grapefruit with black embroidery . . . natural with red.
Sizes 10 to 16.

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NEW YORK 19 NY

OF ALL THINGS

THE United Nations' management would like the Japanese to know that the apparent lack of interest in their affairs was caused by pressing engagements elsewhere. The Japs are assured that their case will now receive everyone's undivided attention.

•

It can hardly be denied that the Nazis were consistent. They ended their war as they began it, by murdering the Czechs.

•

One of the most delightful reports of the week was that Montgomery had captured Heinrich Himmler. At last we had the makings of a really fascinating quiz program.

•

A million or more of our soldiers will be coming back before the year is out. They should be happy here once they get used to the American, or vegetarian, way of life.

•

Hermann Goering's attempts to whitewash himself were singularly unsuccessful. The War Crimes Commission has a list of his foul deeds as big as his waistline.

•

Dr. Soong says that China has received bushels of worthless peace overtures from the Japanese government. At any rate, the stuff must have helped to relieve the paper shortage.

•

The lack of harmony in the San Francisco opera house is distressing, but there is a silver lining. The Berlin propaganda bureau is in no position to enjoy the situation.

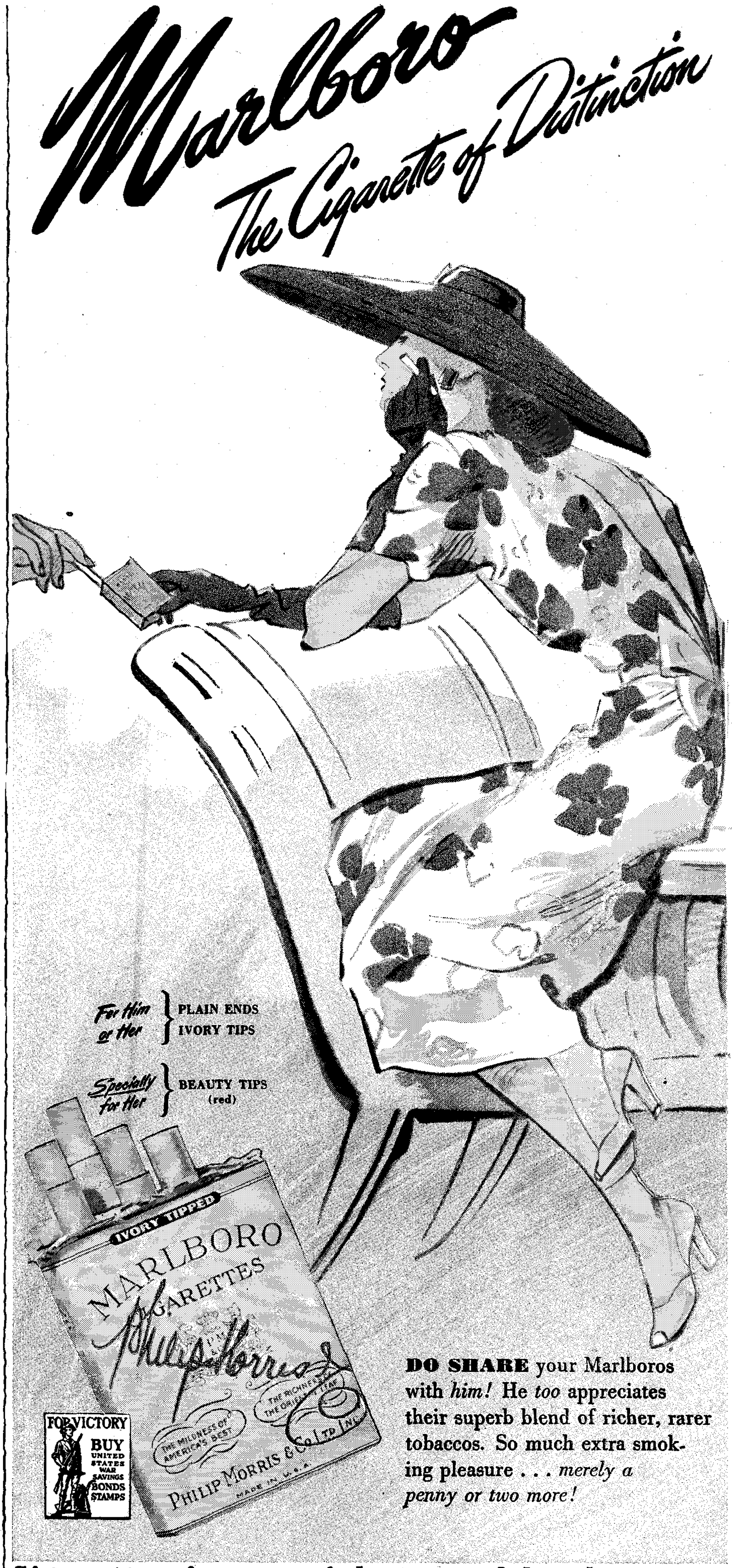
•

Eisenhower announces that soldiers who have fought on both the African and the European fronts will not be sent to the Pacific. The only other front these men will have to see is the home one.

•

The appointment of Robert Hannegan as Postmaster General is in accord with traditional American political practice. The man who manages a successful campaign is entitled to read everybody's postcards.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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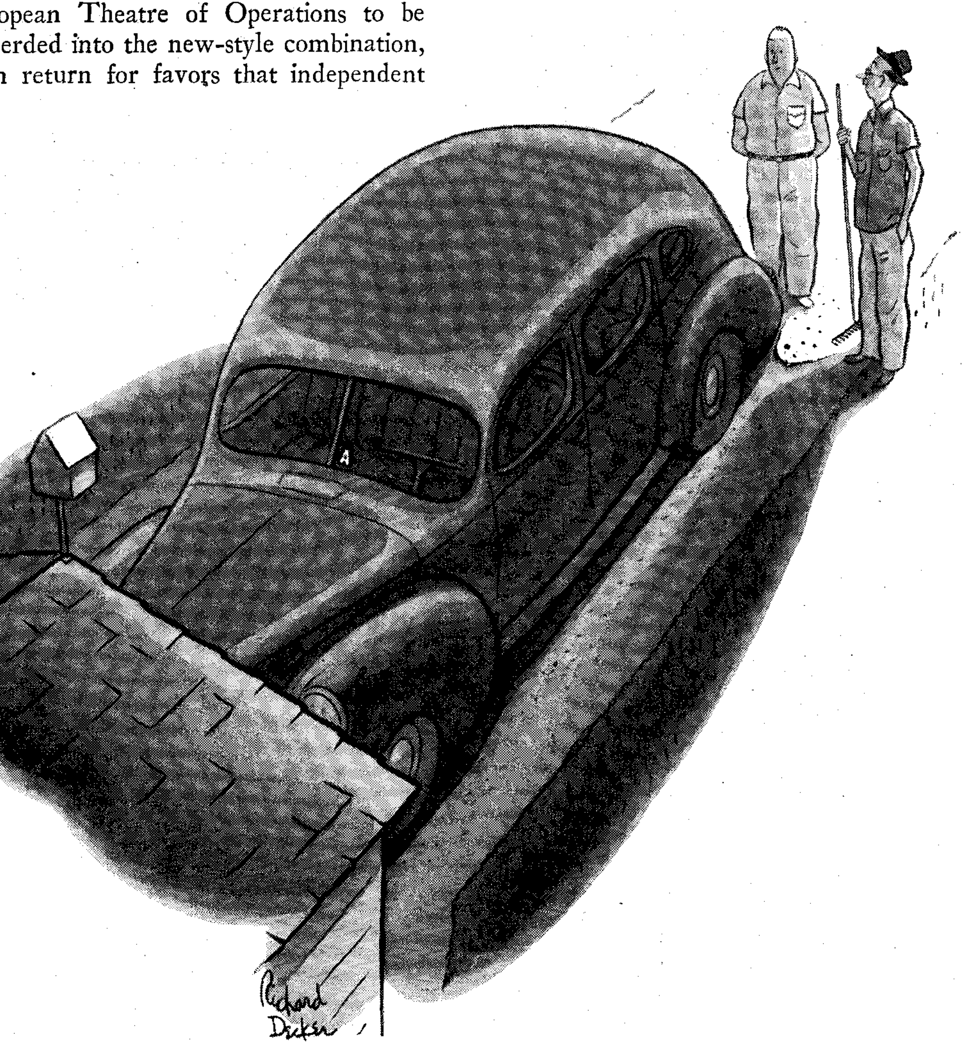
THE WAYWARD PRESS

THE A. P. SURRENDER

THE great row over Edward Kennedy's Associated Press story of the signing of the German surrender at Reims served to point up the truth that if you are smart enough you can kick yourself in the seat of the pants, grab yourself by the back of the collar, and throw yourself out on the sidewalk. This is an axiom that I hope will be taught to future students of journalism as Liebling's Law. The important aspect of the row, I am sure, is not that Kennedy got his dispatch out of Europe before the SHAEF Public Relations bosses wanted him to but that only three representatives of the American press were admitted to one of the memorable scenes in the history of man, and they only on condition that they promise not to tell about it until the brigadier general in charge of public relations gave them permission. *No* correspondent of a newspaper published in the United States was invited to the signing; besides Kennedy, Boyd Lewis of the United Press, and James Kilgallen of Hearst's International News Service, the official list included four radio men, an enlisted correspondent for *Stars & Stripes*, and a collection of French, Russian, Australian, and Canadian correspondents. Whether a promise extorted as this one was, in an airplane several thousand feet up, has any moral force is a question for theologians. The only parallel I can think of offhand is the case of Harold the Saxon, who was shipwrecked in the territories of William of Normandy at a time when Edward the Confessor was getting on in years. William, taking Harold into protective custody, made him swear not to claim the English throne after Edward died, but when Harold got home he cocked a snoot at William. Anglo-Saxon historians have since expressed a good deal of sympathy for Harold's point of view, but the Church held with William. I suppose that Kennedy should have refused to promise anything and thus made sure of missing an event that no newspaperman in the world would want to miss, but I can't imagine any correspondent's doing it.

I do not think Kennedy imperilled the lives of any Allied soldiers by sending the story, as some of his critics have charged. He probably saved a few, because by withholding the announcement of an armistice you prolong the shooting, and, conversely, by announcing it promptly you make the shooting stop. Moreover, the Germans had broadcast the news of the armistice several hours before Kennedy's story appeared on the streets of New York, and Absie, the O.W.I.'s American Broadcasting Station in Europe, broadcast it in twenty-four languages, including English, within an hour after. The thing that has caused the most hard feeling is that Kennedy broke a "combination," which means that he sent out a story after all the correspondents on the assignment had agreed not to. But the old-fashioned "combination" was an agreement freely reached among reporters and not a pledge imposed upon the whole group by somebody outside it. Incidentally, the *Times* used to make its reporters at Police Headquarters stay out of combinations. The willingness of the large American news organizations in the European Theatre of Operations to be herded into the new-style combination, in return for favors that independent journalists didn't get, had led directly to the kind of official contempt for the press that the Reims arrangements indicated, with the accompanying view that opportunity to report history was what SHAEF calls a "SHAEF privilege," like a Shubert pass. The Associated Press was a leader in establishing this form of organized subservience, and the jam it now finds itself in is therefore a good illustration of the workings of Liebling's Law.

For many years before this war, the editorial end of the American newspaper business had been turning from news gathering to shopping for a packaged, mass-produced wordage sold by the press associations and syndicates. A few newspapers, such as the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* here and the *Tribune* and *Daily News* in Chicago, went into wholesaling in a modest way themselves by setting up their own syndicates, principally to peddle European news. The war, coupled with the excess-profits tax (which made many businessmen decide that they might as well pay their extra



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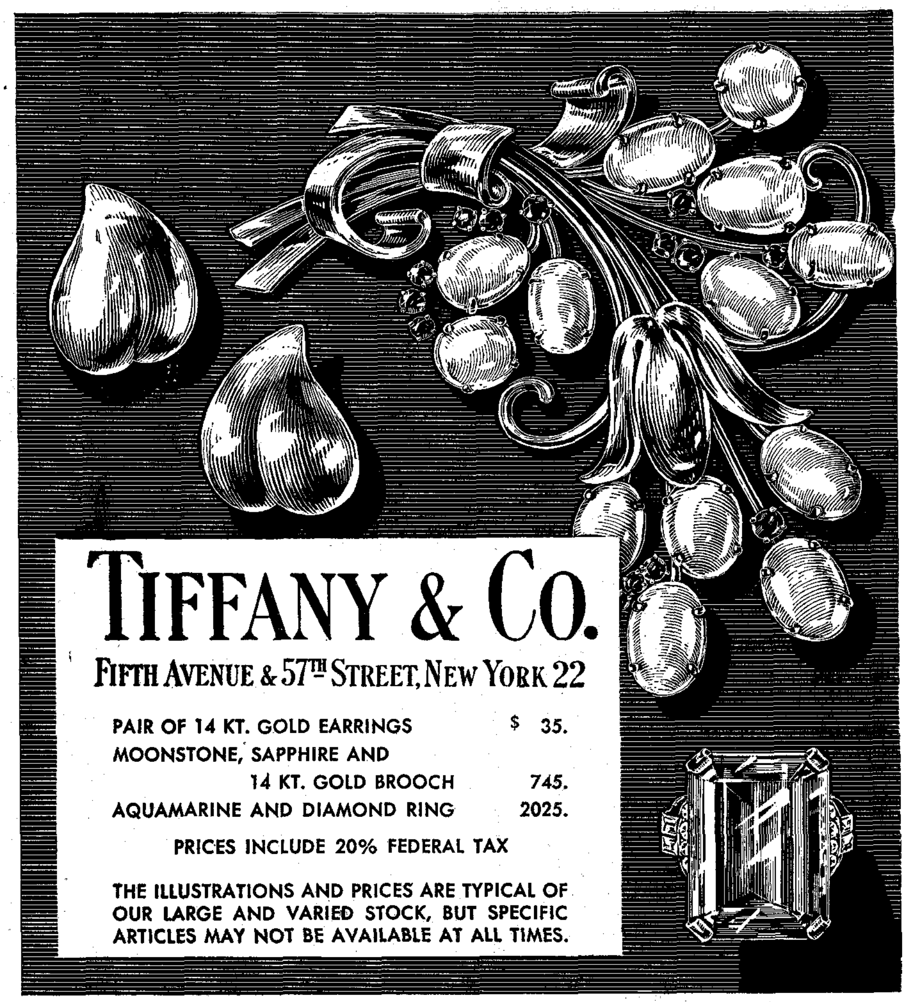
money to employees as to the tax collector), put an end, in a number of cases, to the newspapers' depending entirely on this sort of ready-made, or store, news, and scores of writers for magazines and newspapers began to arrive in the European Theatre of Operations. The large news organizations then faced the problem of proving that boughten coverage was not only cheaper but better than "original" reporting—say, Ernest Hemingway's. To accomplish this, they either suggested or accepted enthusiastically—it is not quite clear which—the Army's present principle of "limited facilities" for the coverage of news events. This meant that they concurred in the rear-area military maxim that there were never enough accommodations for the number of correspondents who wanted to see anything. The military, in return, conceded that the correspondents of the organizations which had large London bureaus should have first call on whatever accommodations there were. These bureaus established their importance with a SHAEF Public Relations personnel that seldom got out of London. The clearing house for the allotment of "facilities," which from then on assumed the character not of rights but of favors, was the Association of American Correspondents, whose headquarters were in London and which was dominated by the representatives of the large press organizations, and any facilities that were left over were distributed among the independent correspondents whom the members found most "reasonable." The key members of the Association further impressed the Public Relations soldiers with statistics about the number of readers each of their organizations served. The Associated Press claims to "fill the news needs of eight hundred million people," I.N.S. two hundred and twenty-five million, United Press (unaccountably modest) fifty-five million "in the United States alone," the Chicago *Tribune* syndicate a hundred and ten million, the *Herald Tribune* syndicate ten million, the *Times* syndicate six million, and Time-Life, Inc., which managed to wedge its way into the Association at an early date, twenty-two million. Together with the major radio chains, which reach a good billion people each, these press associations and syndicates served about twice the population of the world. This total does not even include the readers of the Chicago *Daily News* syndicate, figures for which are not on hand at this writing. Having once accepted the principle of limitation (i.e., to members of the Correspondents' Association) and having made a habit, for thirty months, of shouting publicly, "Headquarters is always right!," the dozen or so ruling members were hardly in a position to object when the Army decided on a further limitation of newspaper facilities—this time to zero.

The story that amused me most during armistice week was the one that appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday, May 9th, under the headline "Fiasco by SHAEF at Reims Is Bared: Reporters Barred from Seeing Historic Signing of the German Surrender." It was signed by Raymond Daniell, a sententious little man who, as chief of the *Times'* London bureau, had been the chief promoter of the limitations scheme, back in 1942. "The correspondents never liked the Army's plan, but they accepted it with reservations," Daniell wrote. "What made them especially angry, however, was the fact that when the time came for the surrender, it was the Army's plan for coverage in Berlin that was adopted, instead of an order of precedence drawn up at Dieppe by the newspaper representatives and followed ever since until last Sunday night by the Army where space was limited." Daniell, as president of the Correspondents' Association, had practically imposed the "order of precedence" on the Army press-relations chief in London after the Dieppe what-was-it. His reason was that it turned out after the raid that Quentin Reynolds of *Collier's* had been along without the sanction of the Association. It was never hinted that Reynolds' presence had anything to do with the sanguinary unsuccess at Dieppe, but Daniell and his opposite numbers in the other large news organizations nevertheless felt that magazine men should be discouraged. The bureau chiefs of the syndicates, conspicuously including Robert Bunnelle of the A.P., who is now involved in the Kennedy trouble, simply transferred to Europe the tendency of American district reporters to play ball with the police lieutenant on the desk. It is that which makes the rather spluttery rage of Brigadier General Frank Allen, the Supreme Headquar-

ters Press Relations chief, so comprehensible. The Brigadier feels like a keeper at the Zoo who has been butted in the behind by his favorite gazelle. What made Daniell especially angry, apparently, was that the military found room at the surrender ceremony for twenty women friends of officers but left him standing outside. He seemed to feel that this was rubbing it in.

THE Kennedy explosion has, I imagine, done no harm, except possibly to Kennedy—one of my favorite reporters, I might add. The Russians have not declined to end the war because of it. Maybe, in the absence of opposition, the Russians would have had to stop anyway, although this does not seem to have occurred to Supreme Headquarters spokesmen. The Russians had their own surrender show in Berlin, and probably had a better publicity break on it than they would have had if the two surrenders had been announced simultaneously. (They could do with a public-relations counsel, anyway.) One unconditional surrender of the Reich a day is about as much as the public can absorb. Moreover, the row can do a lot of good if it brings into the clear the whole disturbing question of military censorship imposed for political, personal, or merely capricious reasons and reveals the history of the prodigious amount of pure poodle-faking that has gone on under the name of Army Public Relations. I remember the period in North Africa when, for reasons of "military security," no correspondent was allowed to say anything against Admiral Darlan even after he was dead, and when a dispatch of my own was censored because I said that anti-Fascist Frenchmen thought our indulgence of the Fascists silly (information which obviously would have been of great interest to the German General Staff). In France, last summer, another of my stories was held up a week because I wrote about the torture and execution of an American parachutist by Vichy militiamen. It was evidently important to military security that the American public shouldn't think hard of our enemies. "Horror stuff," by which the censors meant any mention of ugly wounds or indecorous deaths, was for a long time forbidden, but recently it has been found compatible with security. Somebody must have told whoever makes the rules that the Germans know about it. But the worst form of censorship was the preventive kind exercised by Public Relations, which, in any echelon higher than an army in the field, acted on the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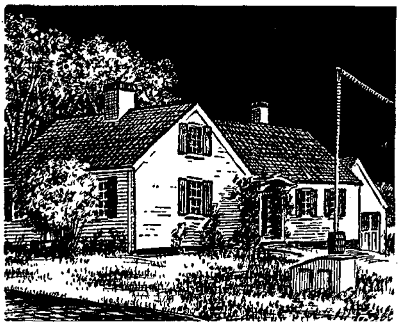

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CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY

principle that an inactive correspondent was potentially a source of less bother than a correspondent who was going somewhere. While the correspondent was in the United States, the object was to keep him from crossing to England, and once he got to England the game was to stop him from reaching Africa, Italy, France, or any other place he *might find* subject matter. If he arrived in any of those countries, there was one more line of defense—P.R.O. would try to hold him in Algiers, Naples, or Paris, as the case might be. Actually, he was safe only when he got to a front. He had nothing to worry him there but shells, for the higher echelons of Public Relations left him alone. To give Army Public Relations the only credit due it, some of the younger officers in the field were helpful, hard-working, and at times even intelligent.

The Public Relations situation reached a high point in *opera-buffa* absurdity in London in the spring of a year ago, before the invasion of France. There were at one time nine separate echelons of Public Relations in London at once: P.R.O. SHAEF; P.R.O. Twenty-first Army Group (Montgomery's command); P.R.O. FUSAC (First Army Group, which later became Twelfth Army Group); P.R.O. First Army; P.R.O. ETOUSA (European Theatre of Operations, U.S. Army), which handled the correspondents' mail, gave out ration cards, did publicity for Services of Supply, and tried to horn in on everything else; P.R.O. Eighth Air Force; P.R.O. Ninth Air Force; the P.R.O. for General Spaatz's highest echelon of the Air Forces command; and the Navy P.R.O. The Air Forces publicity people were unpretentious but aggressive; the Navy was helpful; the five other echelons spent most of their time getting in each other's way.

The P.R.O.s, mostly colonels and lieutenant colonels (a major, in this branch of service, was considered a shameful object, to be exiled to an outer office), had for the most part been Hollywood press agents or Chicago rewrite men in civilian life. They looked as authentic in their uniforms as dress extras in a B picture, but they had learned to say "Army" with an unction that Stonewall Jackson could never have achieved. One rewrite lieutenant colonel used to predict casualties as high as eighty per cent in the first assault wave on D Day. He had never heard a shot fired in anger. Others would seriously tell correspondents, that they, the correspondents, couldn't go along on D Day because there wouldn't be space enough on the landing craft to hold another man. The P.R.O.s were perhaps under the impression that you load ships for an invasion the way you would ferry boats, without regard to the organization of combat units. There was room for ninety more men on the Coast Guard LCI on which I finally crossed. The one point on which all the London officers were united was their detestation of the field army. One division commander who requested that a certain correspondent be allowed to accompany his outfit into action stirred such resentment in the London army that he was reprimanded by the Chief of Staff of SHAEF. The London P.R.O.s felt that the division commander, being a mere major general rich in battle experience, was guilty of insubordination when he disagreed with non-combatant lieutenant colonels. Daniell, Bunnelle, and the rest of the news-agency men adapted themselves to this squalid milieu and flourished in it. They agreed with everything the dress extras said, especially with the thesis that on fifty miles of Norman coast there would be room for only about twenty correspondents, who would of course represent the larger news organizations. The habit of saying yes to people you don't respect is hard to break, which is one reason I think well of Edward Kennedy for breaking it. Also, I think that if any severe punishment is inflicted on the first journalist to disobey an unreasonable order, an era of conformity will set in that will end even the pretense of freedom of the press in any area where there is a brigadier general to agree with.

HAVING finished with what I consider the deeper implications of the Kennedy case, I would like to say that it has produced some delightful examples of journalism right here in this country. On the afternoon of Tuesday, May 8th, after most of the papers had played up Kennedy's story real big and the Army had then denounced it as "unauthorized," Roy W. Howard, president of the Scripps-Howard newspapers and overlord of the United Press, the A.P.'s chief rival, broke into print with a plea for the Associated Press. Howard said that he himself had been pilloried like Kennedy in November, 1918, when he had reported the armistice four days before it had happened. The two cases were an exact parallel except that Kennedy's report was right and Howard's was wrong.

The *Times*, on that same Tuesday morning, carried Kennedy's story in

WHAT AMERICA'S YOUNGEST NETWORK IS DOING ABOUT TELEVISION

THIS is **Kenneth C. Bardin and his family of Albany.** They are listening to "Ladies, Be Seated." Says Mr. Bardin, "'Ladies, Be Seated' is a good radio program. Now that we can see as well as hear it, it's wonderful!"

VARIETY goes along: It says: "*Network (Blue) execs and its video department know whither they are going. Their carefully planned programming in television . . . was a success. From a commercial point of view, all signs point to peak returns . . . They use network shows which have the best chance of scoring strongly when televised.*"

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The Blue Network has its own philosophy about television

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Radio succeeded because it is *practical:* because advertisers learned to team up entertainment and selling, and to do it within a sound budget. This brought *radio* from a novelty into an important part of living in 33 million homes.

America's *advertisers* made present-day radio possible. Competition among sponsors for large audiences made radio increasingly better.

Advertisers and their agencies will play just as important a part in *television.* That's why *we* are not planning to "take over" the building of commercial television shows. And that's why we approach television from the standpoint of *advertising economics.* Our policy, we believe, will make it *practical* for advertisers to get in and create good video shows; to utilize television more quickly. And as it did in radio, this will speed the growth of this new industry.

The People and Critics Say, "It Works"

Blue has a regular television schedule. Our televised programs are adaptations of successful radio shows; thus, they have an assured audience interest. *And we start out by taking advantage of what we have learned about listening audiences,* rather than by trying to interest them in some experimental form of entertainment.

Costly experimental work will, we realize, play its part. But it is most important now to give television a commercially practical birth. And the televising of proven and economical radio shows is the best way to do it.

Our programs are televised on a *regular weekly schedule*—like radio programs—because we know that this is the only way to build a television habit.

Every Sunday on General Electric's WRGB in Schenectady, we are televising "Ladies, Be Seated." On Du Mont's WABD in New York we presented "Quiz Kids," "On Stage, Everybody," and currently WJZ's John David show, "Letter to Your Serviceman."

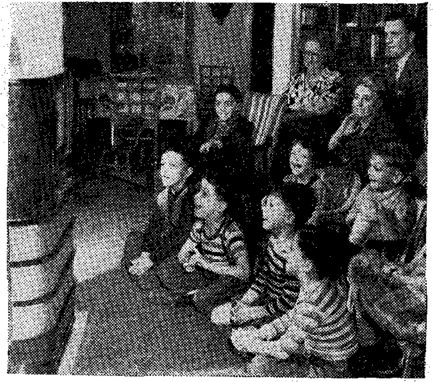
After one month of "Ladies, Be Seated," Schenectady audiences gave this program the highest rating ever obtained by a television show.

After two weeks, "On Stage, Everybody" was the most viewed and most popular with Du Mont's New York audiences.

We got these facts from these stations' polls. But we checked up on them by talking, ourselves, to the people who have watched and heard our shows.

We have great confidence in our television plan. People *like* the programs, and they are *economically sound.*

That, we think, is the foundation of practical television development.



Mr. & Mrs. W. J. McLaughlin, *family and friends of Troy, New York.*

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Mr. & Mrs. Louis F. Cordini and Family, *185 West Houston Street, New York City.*

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July 17, 1945
Josie
Josie

Send your love with these exquisite sheer Swiss hand-rolled hankies affectionately embroidered with a sweetheart rose and her name—and in a handsome satin case with hand-painted date, roses, and all.

Case and 2 hankies $10 postpaid

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MOSSE
659 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

two columns on the right-hand side of the front page, in twelve-point type, under two cross-lines and two banks dropping from its four-line streamer headline. On Thursday it published an editorial saying Kennedy had done a "grave disservice to the newspaper profession." A *Times* man I met in a saloon that afternoon said they had run the story because it looked authentic but they had run the editorial because they didn't like the way the story had been sent out. On Tuesday they also carried a boxed dispatch from Drew Middleton, one of their own men in Paris, saying that all the correspondents except Kennedy had been caught in "the most colossal 'snafu' in the history of the war."

Wednesday morning brought Daniell's remarkable *Times* story, cited above (which read exactly the way a *Nebelwerfer* sounds) and a perfectly deadpan account of the Reims function by Drew Middleton, who presumably had not been there, since he wasn't on the list of correspondents invited by SHAEF. Middleton's story appeared twenty-four hours after the *Times* had carried the Kennedy story and was practically a duplicate of it. The *Herald Tribune* had an equally deadpan account by John O'Reilly, who presumably wasn't there either, and an editorial, better-tempered than the *Times'*, chiding Kennedy. It also had on its front page an excellent eyewitness story about Berlin in the final days of the Russian attack upon it, written by its own correspondent Seymour Freidin, who was still under suspension by SHAEF for having gone to Berlin without Brigadier General Allen's permission. The story had been held up six days. The *Times* had a similar story by the equally excommunicated John Groth, but it wasn't so good. *PM*, that same P.M., had a long, involved "Letter from the Editor," by the Editor, toward the end of which it came out that the Editor was in favor of the decision Kennedy had made.

After that, the excitement seemed to be dying away, but Friday morning, Robert McLean, publisher of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* and president of the Associated Press, issued a statement censuring Kennedy. Friday afternoon brought an editorial in *Editor & Publisher*, the trade journal of the newspaper business, a publication that usually reflects high-echelon newspaper sentiment. *Editor & Publisher* made a magnificent grab for the best of both worlds simultaneously, just as if it were a newspaper. It said, "We agree with Kennedy that no military security was involved and that it was political censorship. . . . The Paris correspondents also declare they have no degree of confidence in the Public Relations Division of SHAEF, and we don't blame them. [Actually, when a motion of no confidence was proposed at a correspondents' meeting in Paris after the surrender incident, the correspondents tabled it, preferring to gang up on their colleague Kennedy.] We hope this will serve as a lesson to the military and political leaders of the Allied nations that a story of that magnitude cannot be kept secret." But the editorial also said, "Kennedy apparently violated one of the cardinal principles of good journalism—that of respecting a confidence. No amount of explanation . . . is justification." Of course, the Allied leaders would not have learned the lesson if Kennedy had not repudiated the confidence. Neither McLean nor *Editor & Publisher* challenged SHAEF's right to impose such a condition. The top side of the newspaper business obviously believes that freedom of the press goes no farther than the right to complain about corporation taxes.

To wind up, and illustrate, my morality tale, the *Times*, on Saturday morning, carried a story that SHAEF was going to retain control over correspondents in Europe even though fighting has ceased and that censors have been empowered to suppress anything they consider "unauthorized, inaccurate, or false reports, misleading statements and rumors, or reports likely to injure the morale of the Allied forces (or nations)." This means that correspondents may send no news, even though it is verified and vital to American understanding of what is happening, unless it is "authorized" by some Army political adviser like Robert Murphy, who in 1942 gave a sample of his stuff by stopping all stories unfavorable to the State Department filed in North Africa. It also means that the censors—or rather, in the last analysis, the censors' Army superiors—will decide what is true and accurate or false and misleading, and what is calculated to injure the morale of Allied forces. For example, a correspondent might say there was a strong republican movement in Italy, but the censor might decide that such knowledge would diminish the Royal Italian Army's enthusiasm for the Royal House the Allies insist on propping up. So he would stop the correspondent from sending the story to America. And so it might go—and will, if the press continues to truckle to the dress extras.

—A. J. LIEBLING

LETTER FROM MUNICH

MAY 13 (BY WIRELESS)

IF you ever knew Munich, you would recognize it, all right, but you would have trouble finding some of the places you knew. By the time the R.A.F. and our Eighth Air Force had finished with it, things were pretty well clobbered. When I arrived here, last Monday, I was put in touch, in a roundabout manner, with a certain young Bavarian wearing a beret. He looked the way a French aristocrat is supposed to look and he had once worked for Hoppé, whose photographs used to appear in *Vanity Fair*. The beret wearer drove me to the hideout of Captain Ruprecht Gernegross, head of the Freiheits Aktion Bayern, or Bavarian Freedom Movement. It was the F.A.B. that, on the night of April 27th, put on the sensationally atypical Munich uprising. It seized radio stations, issued confusing orders to the Wehrmacht, cut communications between headquarters and all divisions in and around Munich, and so thoroughly paralyzed the Volkssturm, or Home Guard, that the city's defenses were extremely *aufgelaust*, or loused up. Their call to action that night was the word "*Fasanenjagd*," or "pheasant hunt," which referred to the big-shot Nazis whose light-brown uniforms, smothered in gold ropes, medals, and tassels, made them look quite a bit like golden pheasants. When our Seventh Army's Twelfth Armored and Third, Forty-fifth, and Forty-second Infantry Divisions rumbled along a few days later, the capital of world Fascism fell to them quite easily.

Even though the Seventh Army was in the neighborhood, I had a moment of fright when the beret wearer and I reached the driveway of Captain Gernegross's house and found the grounds filled with scores of determined-looking men in civilian clothes. "Oh, oh," I said. "This is Himmler's Sicherheitsdienst. They have finished poor Gernegross off and now they will get us, too." The young Bavarian burst out laughing. They were not the Sicherheitsdienst, he said; they were members of the company of Wehrmacht interpreters that had spearheaded Gernegross's revolt. In civil life they had been writers, artists, teachers, language students, and musicians—all of them travelled men. For three years they had been plotting against the government. They had had nothing to do with the attempt on Hitler's life on July 20th, but the dreadful heat Himmler put on the entire Wehrmacht after that incident had made it necessary to reorganize the F.A.B. from the ground up; they figure they had a close call. The Bavarians are the handsomest Germans, and these rebels look to me like the handsomest Bavarians. There was not a single Nazified face in the group. Someday I hope that I'll be able to write in detail about Captain Ruprecht Gernegross and the Freiheits Aktion Bayern. In the meantime, I'll have to content myself with reporting the fairly incredible fact that somewhere in Germany I saw living Germans who had risked their lives fighting the Nazis.

THEN there's the other side of the picture. Late in the afternoon of the same day, I called on Trude Eipperle, Nazi Munich's foremost opera singer, a substantially built blonde of the sort featured in Nazi art exhibitions. She is a soprano. Her husband, a man named Heinrich Simon, was a *Stabsleiter*, only two rungs below a *Gauleiter*. The press camp I am living in is in Grünwald, a lovely wooded suburb of Munich that was favored by important Nazis. Down the road from us is the house of Dr. Robert Ley, the Nazi labor boss, and Simon's house lies between Dr. Ley's and ours. *Stabsleiter* Simon was a kind of executive and finance officer for Ley, and he evidently did a tip-top job, for both of them obviously had it very lush at home. When I arrived, Frau Simon was standing in the courtyard with two men and three girls of the companion-secretary-housekeeper-practice-accompanist type that is standard equipment with opera singers. One of the men was a blond of about eighteen, dressed in a green huntsman's uniform. The other man, who almost immediately informed me that he was sixty-two years old and a gynecologist, was wearing a yodeller's hat and plus-fours and was carrying a little whip, the sort they sell at American circuses. He was a short, clean-shaven man with a huge, potato-shaped nose and an enormous paunch. His clothes were of expensive material but altogether wrong, like those of the heiress's father in the Newport scene in a burlesque show. Frau Simon, I soon learned, had been taking a pounding. All day long, be-

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fore her very eyes, her beautiful house had been looted by displaced persons in the area, among them liberated political prisoners from the nearby Dachau, roaming the land in their blue-and-white awning-striped uniforms. Frau Simon was too exhausted to talk about it herself, but the little gynecologist was most voluble. "*Zuchthäusler*," he said to me angrily, "*es sind diese verdammten Zuchthäusler*." Now, a *Zuchthaus* is a county jail, so to speak, so I pointed out that these displaced persons were not criminals but political prisoners. "*Zuchthäusler*," he insisted. Two of them had tried to steal his bicycle that morning, but, *Gott sei Dank*, he had had his whip with him. He showed us what he had done with it.

I turned to Frau Simon and asked if I might look around the house. She said of course. I didn't take long. Everything had been pulled up by the roots; you can inspect a plundered house in a few minutes. The youth in the huntsman's suit slyly asked me how we Americans were getting along with the Russians. We got along with them *fabelhaft*, I informed him happily, simply *fabelhaft*—why did he ask? We went into this for quite some time, and suddenly there was Frau Simon in front of me with an armload of pictures. I am now the owner of two cabinet- and four postcard-size autographed portraits of Trude Eipperle as Marguerite in "Faust," Eva in "Die Meistersinger," Maria in "The Bartered Bride," Elsa in "Lohengrin," Djuelor in "Eros the Rogue," and Daphne in "Daphne."

THAT night at nine o'clock, over the B.B.C., some other Americans and I heard the news of the surrender at Reims. We had some singing of our own, in which Trude Eipperle did not join. It is *Bockbier* season in Munich, and there were those who went into the kitchen and worked out until dawn on two victory odes called "Dear Old Girl" and "Honey, Honey, Bless Your Heart."

—JOEL SAYRE

•

EAST RIVER VIEW

Queens and Manhattan
Ride the tide
Like loaded barges
Side by side.

Only a bridge
In heavy weather
Keeps the boroughs
Lashed together.

—MILDRED WESTON

MUSICAL EVENTS

Further Arrivals

ALTHOUGH the music season is almost over, premières of various kinds keep coming along. Last week, a new opera was introduced at Brander Matthews Hall, up on 117th Street, by the Columbia Theater Associates in coöperation with the Columbia University Department of Music. It was "The Scarecrow," a two-acter based on Percy MacKaye's play, with libretto by Dorothy Lockwood and music by Normand Lockwood. The new opera made a good impression, but further work on it may be necessary before all its possibilities can be realized.

Mrs. Lockwood's libretto had clarity, movement, and sense—three elements you don't always encounter in opera books. Mr. Lockwood's music was melodious, singable, and always related to the words—three elements you don't always encounter in opera scores. Nevertheless, it seemed to me that Mr. Lockwood didn't give the lyrical and dramatic high spots enough time to develop. More breadth and sweep here and there would have made "The Scarecrow" into a more compelling creation. It shouldn't take much revision to give the opera the extra momentum it seems to need, because Mr. Lockwood has shown that he knows how to write effectively for the stage. The singing and acting were for the most part competent and well coached, but the romantic and fantastic moods of the opera were not always captured. Otto Luening conducted expertly, and the stage settings by Richard Bernstein were both picturesque and practical.

"The Scarecrow" was one of the attractions in Columbia University's first Festival of Contemporary American Music, sponsored by the Alice M. Ditson Fund. Among the other offerings was an orchestral matinée by the N. B. C. Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Howard Hanson, who conducted four works, one of them his own, that hadn't yet had concert performances hereabouts. Mr. Hanson was a helpful guide to the new music, taking charge of it with stylistic sensitivity and forceful, enthusiastic conducting. His own fourth symphony, elegiac in its general tone, was persuasive music if not consistently distinctive. David Diamond's "Rounds for Strings" was attractive and well wrought, but the finale didn't seem to have the directness and conciseness of the first two movements. A concerto for saxophone by Henry Brant proved to be a viable vehicle for the remarkable saxophone of Sigurd Rascher, but most of its musical interest was concentrated in the mockery and brilliance of its closing movement. The fourth of the offerings, Walter Piston's second symphony, was best, I thought, in its gayer episodes. All of it was skillfully and thoughtfully written, but the quiet passages were not especially absorbing.

TO the list of recent American premières, I should add Norman Dello Joio's "Western Star," a symphony for voices and orchestra, which, under the direction of Robert Shaw, was introduced at Fred Waring's Carnegie Hall concert late in April. Mr. Dello Joio based his work on a poem by Stephen Vincent Benét and he succeeded admirably in conveying the sturdy eloquence of the text. Sometimes the words were handed over to a narrator. Sometimes they were sung in recitative fashion. Sometimes they were built into rousing ensembles. And occasionally singers and orchestra were blended into a composite tone that projected the spirit of the poem rather than the words themselves. There were spots in which the Benét lines were somewhat over-elaborated in the music, but that may be ascribed to the perennial difficulty in making music fit words. All told, "Western Star" was a strong, vital addition to our choral literature, and the performance by the Collegiate Chorale, soloists, and orchestra was superbly directed by Mr. Shaw. Mr. Waring's presentation of many popular airs and folk songs was equally outstanding.

—Robert A. Simon

•

The district of Wilmersdorf was seized up to Berliner strasse, while another 12,000 German troops surrendered En Masse in the city.—*Cleveland* (*Ohio*) *Plain Dealer.*

A nice district, too, as we remember it.

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the masthead of World Magazine*]

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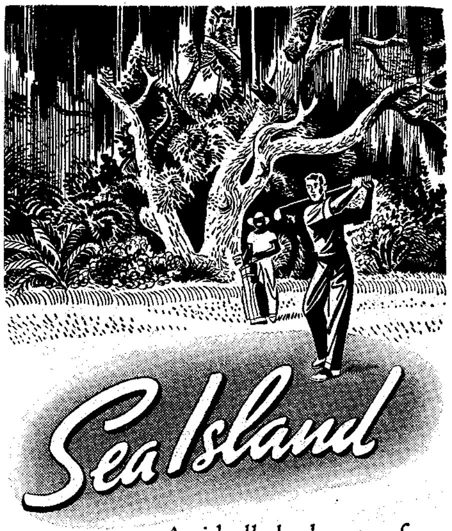

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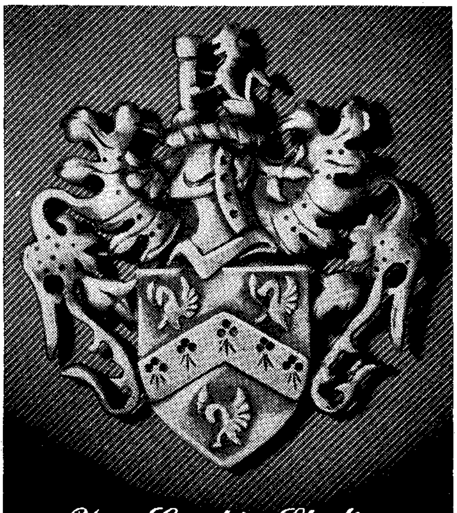

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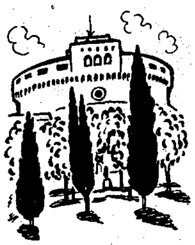
LETTER FROM ROME

MAY 8 (BY WIRELESS)

HAVING lived for a year in a troubled semblance of peace, Rome has accepted the news of peace itself with the helpless and tired shrug of the defeated. My guess is that few cities are sadder today. V-E Day has pointed up an unpleasant fact many people here had tried to forget: that Italy lost the war and can advance no claims for the rewards of peace. To the Italians I've talked with, peace in Europe means at the moment little more than a dreary continuation of their present misery—fantastic prices, black markets, unemployment, the struggle to regain national pride, and the even more difficult struggle to get people to think for themselves after two decades of stupefaction. The German surrender seems to have increased the Roman's capacity for introspection; his comprehension of the situation his country is in is almost morbid, and his personal problems have suddenly loomed larger and become more pressing: how can a young man get to Turin to discover whether his parents survived the German occupation; does the American know someone who will deliver a letter to a lady's husband, a Partisan, in Milan; please, will the United States permit Italians to leave home and settle in America; at the far end of town a wealthy friend has food enough for his friends tonight, but can the American arrange to get them there and back by jeep?



Today, Tuesday, is V-E Day, but the bars and restaurants are deserted, the streets practically empty. No more bells than usual have been rung. To be sure, some flags are out and the sirens have sounded, but something is lacking. Occasional noisy groups of young Italians parade the streets, trying with almost pathetic desperation to crash the gate of victory, but the victory is not theirs and the enthusiasm is hollow. One such procession—fifteen to twenty poorly dressed young men, a boy beating a drum, and another boy carrying a large red flag—straggled down the Via Sistina this afternoon and stopped before a British mess. Through the door they could see men laughing and drinking. *"Finita, finita, la guerra è finita!"* cried the paraders, and a British sergeant, glass in hand, stepped outside, bowed gracefully, and thanked the parade for stopping by. "Good of you to come," he said, and went inside. The procession slowly moved down the street a few doors to a hotel where some Americans live. *"Finita, finita, la guerra è finita!"* the Italians cried. Several Americans stuck their heads out of windows and yelled "Hooray!," and one man with a camera leaned out and said, "Hold it till I get this!" Then everybody stuck his head back in again. The parade disappeared around a corner, the drummer half-heartedly sounding a roll. Of all the troops in town, only the British seem to be in a rejoicing mood. Arm in arm and six or eight abreast, groups of them have been marching through the city, singing. Victory in Europe appears to have accented only the homesickness of the American troops, and, knowing very well that for most of them the end of one war means simply the beginning of another, still farther from home, they have shown little enthusiasm. Tonight I saw hundreds of them sitting alone on curbstones staring into space or ambling along the streets, hands in pockets, looking into shop windows.

ITALY last week was Milan, and, unlike Rome, Milan had its victory, a victory all the more pleasant, perhaps, because it came from within rather than from without. Our troops were greeted there almost with hysteria, but this exhilaration had already been touched off, first by the Partisan uprising in the city and then by the execution of Mussolini and his most infamous henchmen. When the Germans in Italy finally surrendered, the news went almost unnoticed in Milan. The newspapers welcomed the capitulation in modest headlines but continued to devote their biggest ones to Partisan activities. On the whole, the efficiency and triumph of the Partisan tactics seemed to stun even the Partisans, and for the first three or four days after the liberation large groups of them—almost all of whom were dashing around town in captured German cars, rounding up or finishing off lingering Fascists—could be seen embracing one another in the streets.

Because Milan is in the plains and would have been difficult to defend against any reinforcements the Germans might send in to aid the garrison troops, the Committee of National Liberation had to move slowly. Nevertheless, from the beginning of the German occupation, in September, 1943, at least fifteen thousand copies of clandestine newspapers were circulated every week. The newsprint for them was bought on the black market. In March, 1944, the Committee put on a successful eight-day general strike in Milan. In September of that year the Partisans began to attack the Fascists and Germans in the mountains of northern Italy, but they knew that it would be futile to attempt a fight in Milan yet. "Justice and Liberty" squads—one squad to almost every block in the city—were formed and told to provide themselves with arms. The main source of weapons was the garrison of twenty thousand Fascist troops, many of whom were willing to sell their arms if paid high enough prices. Many others were killed at night and robbed of their arms. The acquiring of arms was accelerated last December, when the Allies gave the Committee of National Liberation the task of leading the resistance movement in northern Italy. The Allies not only began to supply arms but also gave a lot of money to a trusted Partisan in Rome, a banker. By intricate financial maneuvering, he was able to transfer the money to the north.

Meanwhile, in Milan, the Partisans shifted their headquarters about once a week, settling now in the office of an obscure razor-blade distributor, now across town in a dismal restaurant. Mussolini, who had a villa on Lake Garda, north of Verona, appeared less and less frequently in Milan. When he did appear, he and his heavily armed cavalcade usually raced through the city, bound for somewhere beyond. By last January, work in the factories making supplies for the Germans had almost entirely stopped because Allied bombing of the Brenner Pass had cut the railway over which coal was sent into the country. In April, the Committee of National Liberation ordered railroad and tramway workers in Milan to strike, snubbed the Fascists when they suggested that everybody let bygones be bygones and that one big brotherly "sacred union" of all Italians might be created, formed a Committee of Revolt, mobilized the Justice and Liberty squads, and finally, on the twenty-fifth, told its ten thousand armed and ten thousand unarmed Partisans to start taking over the city. By noon the following day, a hundred Fascists had been killed and the Committee was in control of Milan. The Germans fought in the suburbs until the twenty-eighth, the day of Mussolini's execution, but those inside the town barricaded themselves in several hotels and refused to come out and

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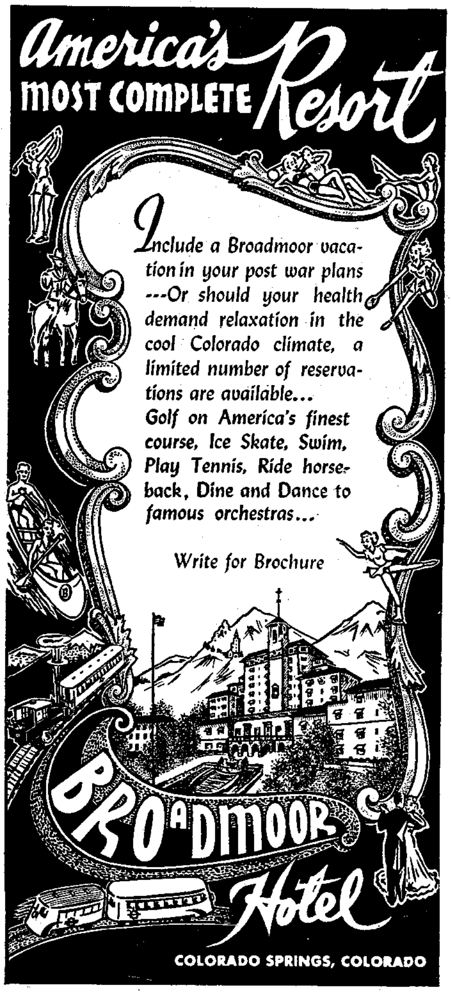
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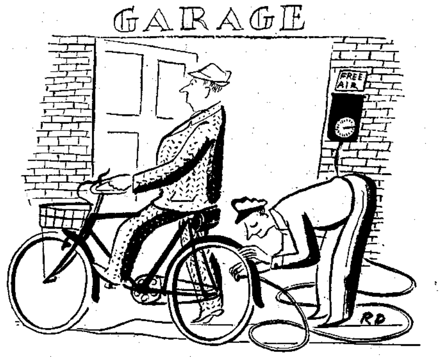
Carries you back to Old Virginny

fight, preferring to await the arrival of the Allies and to surrender to them.

Although many Romans—and quite a few American correspondents—deplore what went on in the Piazza Loreto on the morning of Sunday, the twenty-ninth, to the Milanese these events will probably always be symbols of the north's liberation. To an outsider like myself, who happened to be on hand to see Mussolini, Clara Petacci, Pavolini, Starace, and some of the other Fascists dangling by their heels from a rusty beam in front of a gas station, the breathless, bloody scene had an air of inevitability. You had the feeling, as you have at the final curtain of a good play, that events could not have been otherwise. In many people's minds, I think, the embellishments of this upheaval—thousands of Partisans firing their machine guns into the air, Fascist bodies lying in a heap alongside the gas station, the enormous, pressing crowd—have been overemphasized and its essential dignity and purpose have been overlooked. This is best illustrated by the execution of Starace—the fanatical killer who was once secretary of the Fascist Party—who was brought into the square in an open truck at about ten-thirty in the morning. The bodies of Mussolini and the others had been hanging for several hours. I had reached the square just before the truck arrived. As it moved slowly ahead, the crowd fell back and became silent. Surrounded by armed guards, Starace stood in the middle of the truck, hands in the air, a lithe, square-jawed, surly figure in a black shirt. The truck stopped for an instant close to the grotesque corpse of his old boss. Starace took one look and started to fall forward, perhaps in a faint, but was pushed back to a standing position by his guards. The truck drove ahead a few feet and stopped. Starace was taken out and placed near a white wall at the rear of the gas station. Beside him were baskets of spring flowers—pink, yellow, purple, and blue—placed there in honor of fifteen anti-Fascists who had been murdered in the same square six months before. A firing squad of Partisans shot Starace in the back, and another Partisan, perched on a beam some twenty feet above the ground, turned toward the crowd in the square and made a broad gesture of finality, much like a highly dramatic umpire calling a man out at the home plate. There were no roars or bloodcurdling yells; there was only silence, and then, suddenly, a sigh—a deep, moaning sound, seemingly expressive of release from something dark and fetid. The people in the square seemed to understand that this was a moment of both ending and beginning. Two minutes later, Starace had been strung up alongside Mussolini and the others. "Look at them now," an old man beside me kept saying. "Just look at them now."

NO city could long remain in the emotional fever of the first days of liberation in Milan, and by the middle of that week there were signs of weariness. Fewer Partisans roamed the streets, and they were less rambunctious. Only isolated shootings took place, and these at night. The slow process of rounding up the twenty-four hundred Fascists in the city continued; they were placed in San Vittoria Jail, in cells recently occupied by their captors. A good many Partisans dropped their clandestine names and resumed their own, which created some confusion among the Partisans themselves, who had never known one another's real names. It suddenly became apparent that the days ahead, like any morning after, meant a slow and complicated readjustment.

As for the city itself, its population has, in a few years, jumped from a million to a million seven hundred thousand. A sixth of Milan's buildings were bombed, a considerable number of them in the center of town. The Duomo, however, has survived; only two of the hundreds of delicate statues along its sides were chipped by bomb fragments, although five of its seven organs were wrecked by the concussions of nearby explosions. On the first day of liberation, a crude sign over the door of La Scala (whose roof had been bombed out) said, "We Want Toscanini," but someone took it down after the entrance of the Allied troops and substituted the American, British, and Russian flags. Most of the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie and all of its cloisters are now rubble, but there are hopes that da Vinci's "Last Supper," in the refectory, is intact. Be-



fore the first bombings of the war, the fresco was lovingly buttressed with heavy wooden scaffolding and bags filled with stones. The framework withstood the bombings and looks sturdy enough from the outside, amid the wreckage, but so far, understandably, no one has had time to begin the painstaking work of removing the wood and the bags of stones to find out whether da Vinci's masterpiece has survived the second World War.

—Philip Hamburger

•

ALL ACTION IS DIVIDED INTO TWO PARTS

[*Interoffice memorandum received by some people in a branch of the War Production Board*]

Subject: ACTION

Since I came to this type of work—this being my first venture as a Secretary—I have had to build myself and everybody else here up on this matter of action. This is primarily an action office.

May I suggest to each of you, and I mean every single person in this office, that we should examine each piece of paper we pick up with an eye to ACTION. Has the action been planned? If so, check it for weak spots. If not, how would you plan it? Put your notes down on it and then refer it to whoever should see it!

Action divides itself in this office into two parts—referring the project to someone else for action and bringing it to his attention solely for his information. In the first case, this means the matter is referred to a member of one of the Committees, to a group, or to one of the Committees. As I have so often said, we must get the work out of this office. We must *initiate* it rather than do it with few exceptions.

Should the action be put into writing for purposes of insuring its receipt, giving a satisfactory record, etc., etc.?

After that question has been decided and the action put in writing, who should get copies? This question of who should get copies is everlastingly with us. Check lists I find invaluable to meet this question of who should get copies. Please make check lists when feasible.

Now another phase of action here is; that we need to inform a lot of people about various developments they don't have anything to do about. Therefore, it is not a matter of initiating any action by them.

To summarize, our action on projects here divides itself into two parts:

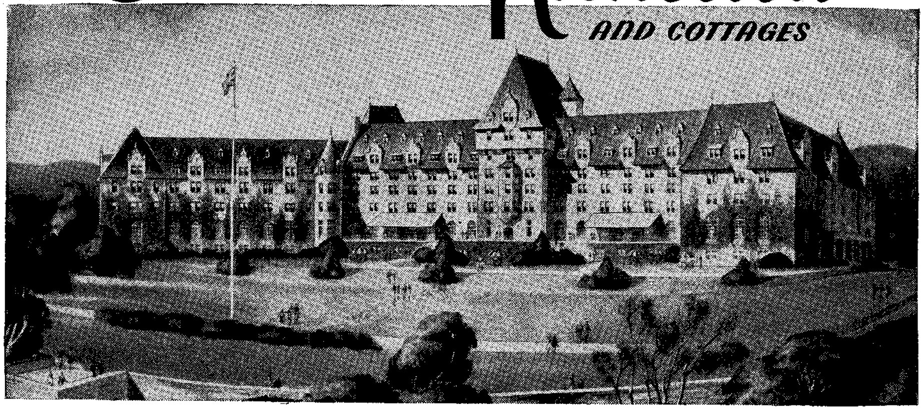
a) initiating action, and

b) informing certain parties.

There is also the question of *follow-up*. Insofar as we can, we need to have automatic follow-ups, so as to bring up actions which are not completed—a system which will enable us to check action items from time to time and to see that they are completed.

We are doing a good job on these lines; but can do better. I am more anxious to point up our action-attitude than anything else,—at this time. Thank you.

Colonel H——



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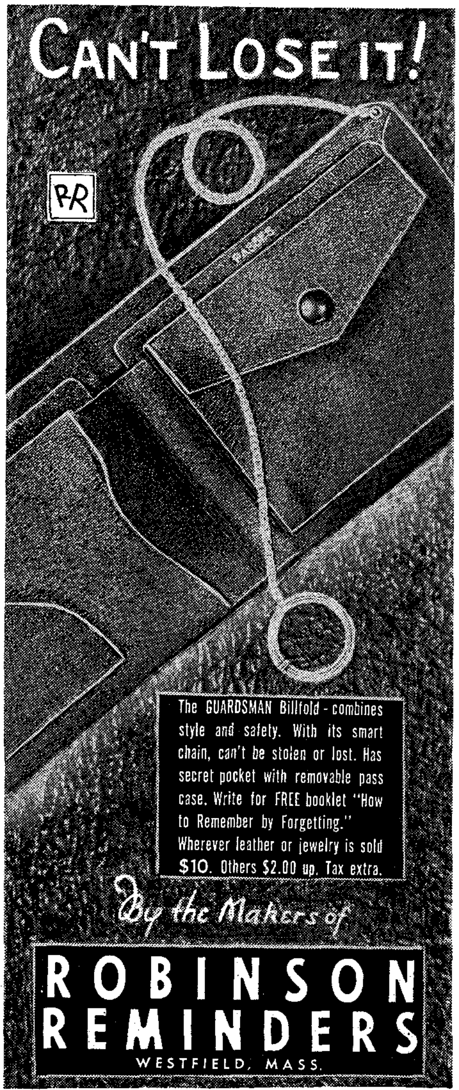
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WONDERFUL MISS MACOMBER

THE house, a remodelled brownstone with gray shutters, was in the eighties near East End Avenue. A good-looking young man in evening clothes opened the door when Edith rang and smiled warmly at her. "Oh, you must be the girl," he said, and stepped back into the hall. "You've saved our lives," he said. "Here, let me have your coat and hat. We called everyone we knew. I was even prepared to send a taxi to Washington Heights to get this maiden we thought was willing, but who proved at the last minute not to be." He took Edith's hat and coat and went to hang them in the closet. "You go to high school?" he asked.

"Yes," Edith said demurely, smoothing her collar, which her coat had wrinkled. "I'm a junior. I don't often go out to sit with kids any more, but my mother said she knew your wife in the Red Cross and that I really should." She looked beyond him at the living room, which had lamps here and there, a great, solid-colored rug, and flowers in white vases on the mantel.

"No," the young man said. "I imagine you're taken up with boy friends, eh? Too occupied at night for this sort of thing." He laughed understandingly as he shut the closet door. Then he looked up the stairway, the fingers of his right hand tugging at the cuff of his left shirt sleeve. "Joan, the girl's here!" he called. He glanced at Edith. "What was your name, now?" His smile was so boyish that Edith felt a little thrill run through her.

"Edith Macomber," she said.

"Edith Macomber is here, darling. Wonderful Edith Macomber, the eighth telephone call."

"Dan!" The voice from above had a note of warning in it. In a minute a young woman appeared at the top of the stairs and descended them rapidly. She wore a black evening gown and was fastening a string of pearls about her neck. Her head was a mass of soft brown curls with a great black-velvet bow on top. Edith stared at the young woman's bright eyes and straight, powdered nose, her beautiful rouged mouth. The young woman hurried past her to the closet and took out a luxurious evening wrap. As her husband helped her into it, she sent a vague, quick smile at Edith and said breathlessly, "The children are in the room at the head of the stairs. You'll hear them if they wake up, but they probably won't. There's nothing you have to do, really, but just be here." She fastened the wrap at her throat, her eyes darting about the hall. "Where's my purse? Oh." She snatched it up and hurried to the door, her perfume lingering behind. Her husband winked at Edith as he worked his way into a black overcoat.

"We'll be home a little after midnight," the young woman said as they went out the door. The young man called, "Good night!," and closed the door heartily behind him.

EDITH drew a deep breath and stood for a moment, her hands clasped, enjoying the sudden loneliness. The living room beckoned to her, a lovely, empty stageset. She moved slowly into it, looking about her. How different from the house she lived in! Here the furniture was fat, deep, and wide, covered with a cream-colored material on which great red poppies bloomed. There were brass andirons in the fireplace and a Mexican basket, on the hearth, holding neatly arranged birch logs. On the small, polished tables here and there were lamps and glass ashtrays.

There was a desk in the corner. Edith moved toward it and lit the small lamp, the base of which was an old-fashioned lantern. Her eye was attracted by letters tucked in the cubbyholes and she regarded them gravely for a while before she reached out a hand and pulled one out. She read it slowly. She read quite a few others.

Finally she turned, a dreamy, surfeited look on her face, and looked about the room again. She saw a cocktail shaker and two glasses on the coffee table. Crossing to it, she lifted the shaker, discovered that it was not empty, and poured herself a lukewarm drink. She sipped it fastidiously, her nose wrinkled. She didn't know what it was, but it burned her throat and stomach pleasantly. She was sorry there was not more.

After this she walked into the dining room and kitchen, inspecting each room with a bright, flat gaze. In the kitchen she discovered half a chocolate cake under a glass cover on the table and cut herself a generous slice. She found an apple in a fruit dish in the pantry, and, alternating her bites between apple and cake, she went upstairs.

She peeked into the nursery. By the

dim light of a lamp, she made out two white cribs. She went and looked into them, staring at the sleeping children with an expression of mild disdain. The room smelled sweetly of talcum powder and fresh cotton clothing.

She went into the master's bedroom and put on the light. Her face tightened as she looked about the lovely room. She went over to the bed and put her hand on the rosy satin puff folded at the foot. Her fingers clenched and unclenched a handful of the rich, smooth stuff. At the bureau she opened drawer after drawer, a dull, heavy look in her eyes as she stared at piles of scented handkerchiefs, tissue-thin underwear, layers of sport sweaters, socks, and stockings. "Oh!" she moaned as she lifted a slip, the color and weight of a cloud, and held it against her. Then, glancing at the windows to see that the shades were drawn, she took off her plain, cheap dress and the faded, sleazy slip beneath it. She put on the other slip and stood looking at herself in the mirror, smoothing her hands down over her hips. Then she pulled on her dress, rolled her own slip up into a ball and went into the bathroom. There she buried it, at the bottom of the clothes hamper. She went slowly downstairs, feeling the slip against her thighs as she lifted and lowered her legs.

Edith was sitting primly in a corner of the sofa reading a magazine when the young man and his wife returned at twelve-thirty.

"Thank you so much, wonderful Miss Macomber!" the young man called to her as he entered the room. He was bright-eyed and his cheeks were flushed. His wife's brown curls looked rather limp, but her eyes were happy and luminous and she smiled warmly at Edith.

"Thank you *so* much, dear," she murmured, as she put a bill into Edith's hand.

"Oh, that's all right," Edith said. "I didn't do much."

—DOROTHY HUNT SCHOFIELD

•

PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPT.
(YELLOW PRESS DIVISION)

[*From the Honolulu Star-Bulletin*]

Weary of perpetual changes in ships' plans, bored with promises that are seldom fulfilled, at the mercy of the unions, forced to employ any human who has at least one hand and one leg; stuck with incompetents by the manpower freeze, management looks on postwar optimism with a jaundiced American Mercury.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

A BEAT-UP SWASTIKA AND FIFTY SEN

ONE of the high-priority results of our victory over Germany will be the large-scale shifting of our combat forces to the Pacific, a migration to which the War Department has given the formal name of "redeployment." From a lofty and strategic point of view, redeployment is an impersonal, quantitative matter: obviously, the quicker we can throw vast numbers of men and missiles against the Japanese, the quicker will be their defeat and the release of all soldiers from danger and hardship. From the somewhat narrower point of view of the soldier in Europe, whose geographical thoughts seldom encompass an area more than a few hundred yards in diameter, redeployment is a highly personal matter. Pretty soon it is going to be an accomplished fact. Large units of infantrymen, to whom redeployment will be of special concern, because they are the men who will have to explore new battlefields yard by yard and meet new enemies at hand-grenade range, will be transported from the one front to the other. It will be quite a change for them.

Most troops fighting in one theatre of operations have been understandably too busy to pay much attention to any other. A soldier in Germany had a legitimate excuse for knowing only vaguely the shape of things on Okinawa. A soldier's interests are dominated by his own experiences, and, despite the length of this war, only a very small number of men have actually been in front-line ground combat against both the Germans and the Japs. Quite a few airmen have flown missions against both Germany and Japan, and there are many sailors, staff officers, and transport people, as well as such samplers of warfare as military observers, who are entitled to wear on their chests both the yellow ribbon of the Pacific-Asiatic Theatre and the brown-and-green one of the European-Middle Eastern-African Theatre. But the doughboys who wear both, and who already know the answers to the questions a lot of redeployables will soon be asking, are still a tiny group. Several days ago, out at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, first port of call for many men returning to this country from Europe, I ran into one such man and had a talk with him. He was Staff Sergeant Edward F. Allison, of Alameda, California, who had arrived in the United States from Europe a few hours earlier and was being processed before boarding a train for the West Coast to go on furlough. He is one of the few men who, in a sense, have already been through redeployment.

I met Sergeant Allison in an Army building called the Circus, the interior of which had been appropriately camouflaged with cages, stuffed animals, a brightly costumed band, and the like; it was the scene of a welcome-home party the camp was giving for a group of men just back from Europe. Most of them had blue-and-silver Combat Infantryman Badges on their chests and infantry division insignia on their left shoulders. They looked tired and they looked tough, but they all made polite table talk with the batch of New Jersey young ladies who had been invited to act as hostesses at the party, and they were all grateful for the sandwiches, Coca-Cola, and beer being passed around by the officers and enlisted men permanently assigned to the camp. The hostesses asked them if American girls weren't prettier than English and French girls, and the soldiers said yes. The hostesses urged them to dance and asked them if American girls weren't better dancers than English and French girls, and the soldiers said yes again. Then the soldiers said how much they were looking forward to seeing their wives or girls at home, and the young ladies nodded and said they knew how the men felt. Sergeant Allison, a blond, ruddy, stocky man, was drinking beer with another soldier at one side of the room. Because of the golden acorn on a green background which they wore on their shoulders, I knew they belonged to the Eighty-seventh Infantry Division, which began fighting in Europe last December. They had Combat Infantryman Badges, and Allison was wearing the ribbon of the Silver Star, which is awarded for gallantry in action. I noticed, too, that he had the ribbons of the American, Pacific, and European Theatres, with stars denoting battle service in the last two. When I asked him how he had happened to get into action in both places, he told me to grab myself a beer and sit down beside him.

"Maitland residence."

FIRST of all, the Sergeant explained that before going to Europe he had had two years' service in Alaska and the Aleutians and had fought the Japs on Attu. He had returned to the United States in the spring of 1944 and had, at his request, been assigned to a combat unit which was later shipped to France. He said

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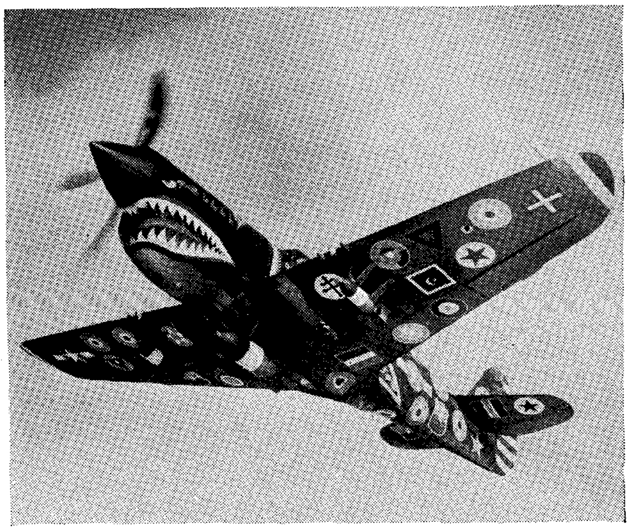

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that he had never heard the word "redeployment" before but that he got the idea. Allison is thirty-two. His military career began when he enlisted on December 3, 1941. I asked him how he had come to pick a date only four days before Pearl Harbor. "I just decided then to join up out of respect for my father," he said. "He was killed in the last war. He was in the infantry, too." Allison was sent to Dutch Harbor, Alaska, in March, 1942, where he was assigned to the Thirty-seventh Infantry, a Regular Army regiment. After training there for a year, he was made a sergeant and became leader of a squad of riflemen. He took his squad through eighteen days of battle on Attu, one of the first campaigns distinguished by the stubbornness of the Japs involved, an exceedingly small percentage of whom ended up as prisoners.

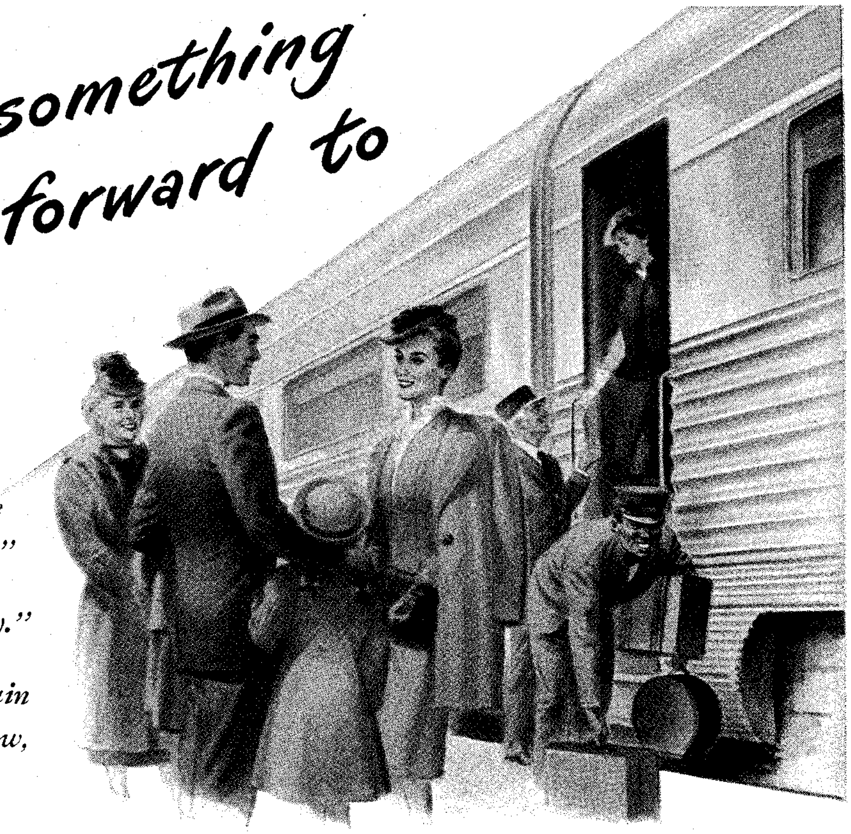
Allison returned to this country in the spring of 1944, he told me, and, as the result of rather strenuously celebrating his homecoming in Seattle, was reduced to the rank of private. "They called it misconduct," he said. He was, however, permitted to keep the Good Conduct Medal, for which he had already qualified. Depressed by the monotonous pattern of the garrison duty to which he was assigned in this country, he asked to be put in a combat unit, was transferred to the Eighty-seventh Division, went with it to Fort Jackson, South Carolina, for training, then began working his way back up through the non-commissioned grades. "I used to be a bad boy," he said, "but the Army made a good boy out of me." He took a long, appreciative swig of beer. "That European beer is no good," he said. "Not even the English. You can drink that all night and never get high. At least sake can get you high. It's made of rice and it tastes terrible." He paused. "But then, I guess schnapps is just about as bad." Such comparisons will probably be made thousands of times at future gatherings of veterans.

The Eighty-seventh sailed in October, stopped briefly in England, and then crossed the Channel and headed for the front. The division, which for the most part fought with the Third Army, was first committed to action at Metz, shortly after Thanksgiving, and later was rushed toward Bastogne at the time of the Nazi breakthrough. Allison's regiment was fairly close to the 106th Infantry Division, which caught the full force of the German assault and was knocked to pieces. "When we saw what was done to them," he said soberly, "our outfit really got together and started working as a team." They were still working, without having been relieved, in the middle of March, when the Sergeant was offered a furlough as an additional reward for the act that won him his decoration for gallantry.

I asked him about his Silver Star. "It wasn't anything," he said. "It just happened to be that a general was looking at me through high-powered binoculars—that's all." What the general saw, I learned when Allison showed me a copy of his citation, was the Sergeant, all by himself, rushing a house containing a German machine-gun nest that had a platoon he was leading pinned to the ground. When he captured the house—he insists that his men deserved as much credit as he did—he bagged six German soldiers, two civilians, and a cache of radio equipment. Allison is inclined to depreciate his exploit. "It was a more or less simple thing to capture a German," he told me. "You went in after him and he yelled '*Kamerad!*,' and there you were. But with a Jap it's different. He's not going to give up till he's really licked or he's dead. You can't just go up to him. The Germans didn't maintain a very good guard around their positions, either, like the Japs do and like we do. One time, in Europe, I had a boy on patrol with me who could speak German. We caught a whole enemy outpost sleeping in their foxholes. This fellow hit the first kraut he saw on the head with his rifle butt, and then, having some fun, bawled him out in German for being asleep and reminded him of the consequences of being caught sleeping on guard. Then he stopped kidding and told him to get his hands up and get the hell out of his hole quick, and that went for his buddies, too. You don't try that sort of stuff with a Jap."

In Europe, Allison said, the Americans more often than not attacked after dark, having found the Germans relatively unskillful at night fighting, whereas on Attu, the Americans dug in at night and didn't budge from their holes, while the Japs prowled around, made confusing noises, and now and then put on one of their frantic banzai charges. "I remember one night they counter-attacked waving long sticks with bayonets tied to the ends of them," Allison said. "They overran a hospital and a command post and we fought them right in the middle of our position. The Germans stayed farther away. As a rule, there aren't many hand-to-hand encounters in war—I've never been in a bayonet fight myself—but I've seen both the Japs and the Germans in them,

Isn't this something to look forward to

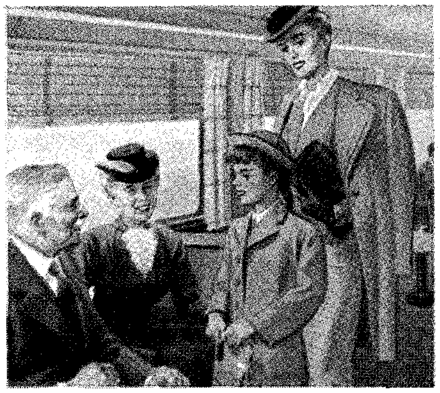


"Did you sit up all night?"

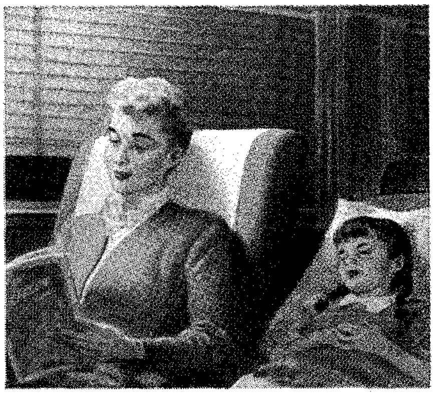
"Goodness no! We reclined. We slept like a couple of tops. It was a wonderful trip."

"I must say you both look as fresh as a daisy."

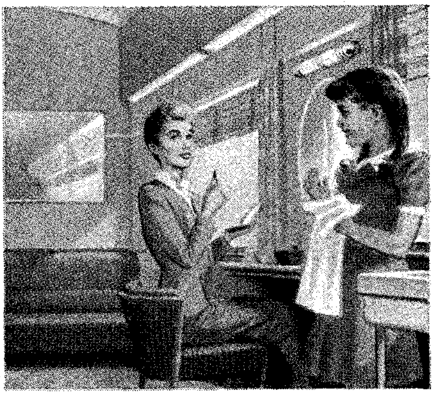
"And we are. It's the most comfortable train I ever rode in. It's stainless steel, you know, and everything about it is so modern."



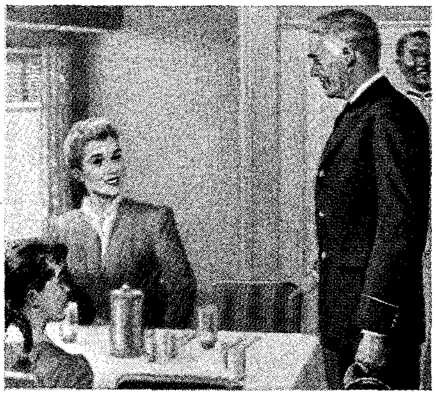
"We found friends in the lounge car. Everyone travels this way now. It's so nice—and what a saving."



"Each seat has an individual light. I read 'til Jean was fast asleep and then joined our friends in the lounge."



"The dressing room was lovely. Large and with plenty of mirrors and places to put toilet articles. And good lights."



"Everyone was so friendly. The railroad people are really proud of that train. We had a marvelous breakfast."

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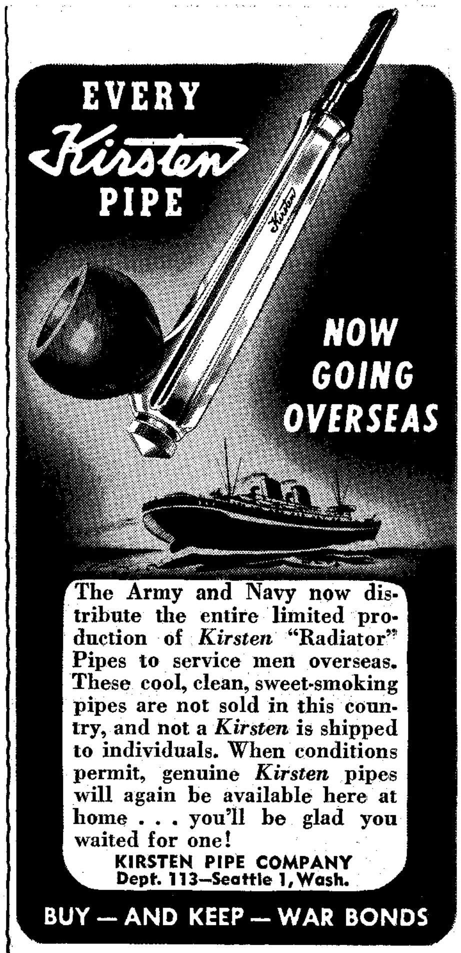
and the Japs are better. The Germans didn't have the training for bayonet fighting. I never saw an American lose in a bayonet fight with a German.

"When you come right down to it, the Jap's the better infantry fighter of the two and the German's the better artillery fighter. The Jap works more by the book. The German has more tricks. He was liable to pull anything out of the hat. He'd shoot high with tracers, and when you came out of your hole to look around, he'd let you have grazing fire with a machine gun, using ball ammunition. Or, if he fired at you at night and you fired back, he'd put mortars or eighty-eights on you and make you wish you hadn't said a word. Or, if you were new in the line, he'd shoot high, and while you were shivering down in your foxhole, his infantry would run in under their own fire and shoot into your hole. So when the overhead fire started, you had to raise your head and look around. It paid, if you didn't raise too much of yourself for too long. The Germans are smarter, but they aren't the fighters the Japs are. They don't have the old gumption. They didn't stick it out. American boys did. That's why we won."

A GIGGLING girl threw a peanut at our table and it glanced off Sergeant Allison's ear. "Shrapnel," he said, without looking up. "You know, it's a funny thing, but I never got wounded once." He rapped on the table. "Duds have landed within killing distance of me. Shell fragments and bullets have gone through my clothes. That's close enough. When they gave me a chance to come home on this trip, I decided I'd better take it. You can't duck 'em all. You've got to play your hunches. You know, I left a lot of good boys over there who'll never come back. After three months in the line, about thirty of the hundred and eighty-seven in my company were still in action. The squad I started out with had a heavy turnover. Every time we went out on patrol, there'd be a new lineup. But we won the war because we didn't run weak. We always had fresh blood to throw into the line. I think about the boys I left back there every day. That's the least I can do for them."

I asked Allison if he felt any satisfaction in having been close enough to German and Japanese soldiers to kill them with his own rifle. "Killing is my business," he said matter-of-factly. "Germans are easier to kill, all in all, but I always figured my real fight was with the Japs, because they were the first ones I was up against. There were a few of us in the Eighty-seventh who had fought against both of them, including our division commander, Major General Frank Culin, who was a brigadier with me on Attu. Most of us felt that the Germans' morale was weaker than the Japs', but of course maybe we didn't fight the best Germans. Any way you look at it, though, I preferred the European show. It was actually colder there than in the Aleutians, but you don't get that hard wind you get up north. You know, I'd like to fight in a nice warm jungle for a change. But I suppose you're never satisfied with your terrain. It was hilly and rocky on Attu. The only time we had any good holes for cover or concealment was when we took them away from the Japs. In Europe, we had almost every kind of ground. It's funny about terrain. When you're on open ground, you wish you were in the woods, and when you're in the woods, you wish you were on open ground. I guess I like the woods better, everything considered. There's always the danger of a tree burst, but a tank or a sniper can't get at you so easy."

Infantrymen are the only soldiers who, day in and day out, are obliged to perform their duties within range of enemy small arms, and I asked Allison how, as an experienced target, he felt about the marksmanship of Germans and Japs. "The German's a better shot," he said. "The Jap's not much with a rifle. His rifle has a smaller calibre, and besides, he's not trained to be the shot the German was. But his shooting habits are nastier. The German would always shoot for your head. That's where I think he was wrong. It's too easy to miss you. The Jap will shoot at your belly. Most of the boys I lost in Europe were shot in the head. In a way, that's where I'd sooner be shot at. There was always a chance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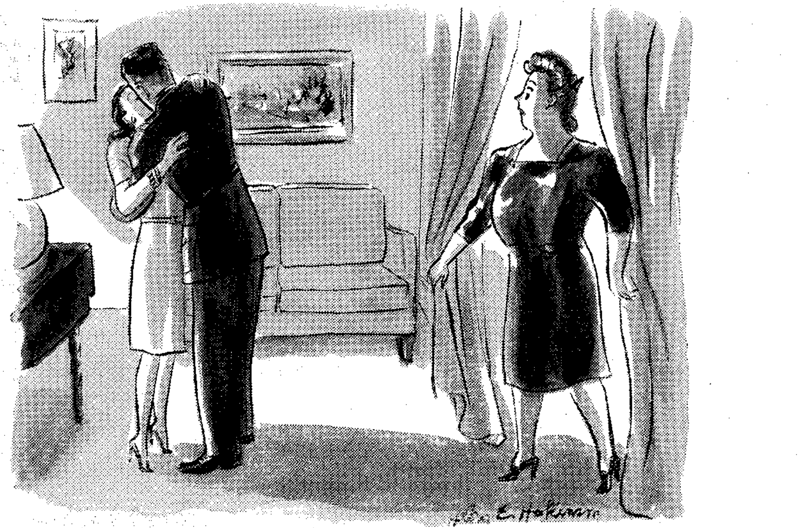

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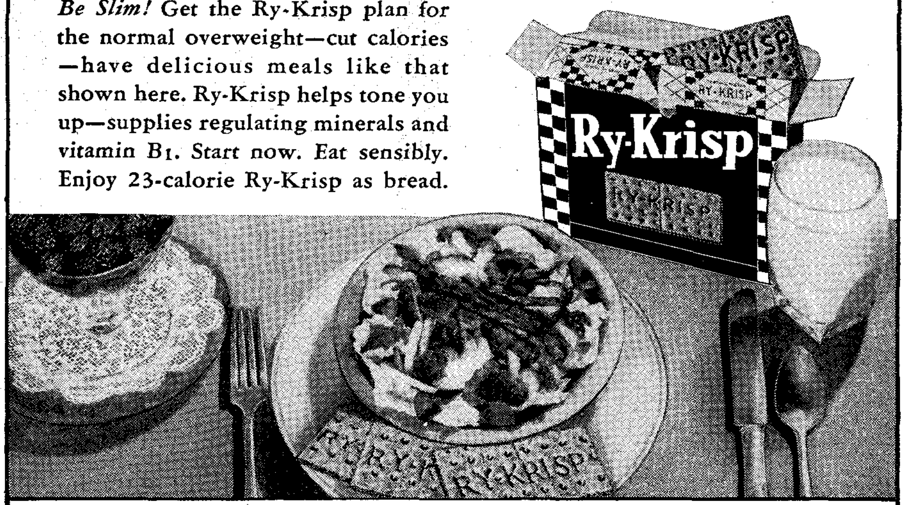

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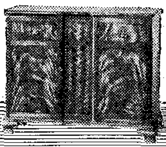

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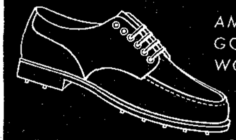

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the German would miss you—aim too high or hit your helmet without hurting you—and, if you got the business, you knew you'd get it quick. Of course," he added slowly, evaluating the problem from all angles, "with a stomach wound you usually have a fifty-fifty chance."

SERGEANT ALLISON had only a little time left in which to check his belongings before leaving for California on his furlough, so we left the Circus and headed toward his barracks. On the way, I asked if he had many souvenirs. "The usual stuff," he said. "A Mauser rifle, a couple of helmets, a beat-up old swastika flag, a cigarette lighter, and a pistol. I got the pistol on the boat coming home off a lieutenant who said he took it off that mad colonel of St. Malo. And then I've got a fistful of foreign money, naturally—German, French, Belgian, and some Italian I traded for." I asked how he had made out with Jap souvenirs, and he said he had some Jap money, too—fifty sen—along with a rifle and a helmet, out in California, at the home of a friend. He had no family, he explained, to send them to. He isn't married and he has no relatives that he knows of. A few years after he was born, in Batavia, Illinois, just outside of Chicago, his mother died, and, since his father was also dead, he was sent to an orphanage. After having had various odd jobs, he went to the West Coast in 1935 and when he enlisted, he was a bellhop at the California Club, in Los Angeles. He was planning to spend his furlough in Alameda, at the home of a lady with whom he boarded before he joined up. She is his official Army next of kin and is also listed as the beneficiary of his government insurance policy. "When I think back," he said, "I'm surprised she hasn't collected on it."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

WHICH POLITICAL COLUMNIST D'YA READ?

The objection to making Mr. Stettinius the sole permanent chairman is, of course, not a personal matter at all. Nor is it a matter of jealousy and national prestige. The Soviets have a very clear idea of how great is the power in our political life of the chairman of a national convention, or of a presiding officer like the Speaker of the House.—*Walter Lippmann in the Los Angeles Times, May 1, 1945.*

No one can believe, what is more, that Russia really cares who is the chairman of the San Francisco conference. The job is largely ornamental.—*Raymond Moley, in the same paper, same day.*

THE ART GALLERIES

Repetition and Change

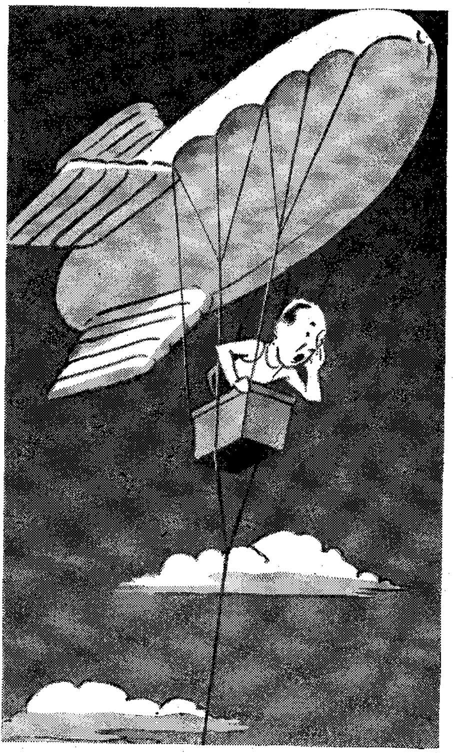
Yves Tanguy, the ex-naval officer who turned artist more or less in mid-career, has, for the past fifteen years or so, been painting an endless series of variations on a single subject, and he has been doing this with such assiduity that by now his oddly opalescent bone structures, set down gleaming on a cloudy, limitless plain, have acquired something of the value of a trademark. Like Chagall's floating bridesmaids and Utrillo's white houses, Tanguy's subjects have become fixedly and irrevocably his. No one else dares touch them, for fear of being branded instantly as an imitator, and it has come to the point where if you see a picture of some bones on a misty plain in a show, you can be pretty sure it's a Tanguy, while, conversely, if you go to a Tanguy exhibition—as, for example, the one now at the Pierre Matisse—you can be pretty sure of seeing bones on a misty plain.

Now, this is unquestionably a fault, as far as Tanguy's development is concerned, as well as dangerously close to being restraint of trade. No artist should confine his talent to so narrow a range of expression, whatever the reason, and I think Tanguy has probably fallen short of his full development as an artist by not striving for a broader outlook. And yet, having said so much in apparent dispraise of his work, I should add that in spite of its surface monotony, there is something about it that makes it perennially delightful.

That something is hard to define, but there's no doubt that its prime components are taste and a feeling for textures and pattern that, though limited in scope, are little short of impeccable. I think, too, that this side of Tanguy's artistic equipment—his ability purely as a craftsman, let's say—has been often overlooked in considering his painting. It is too easy to say, as some do, that he has merely stumbled on a formula which he keeps repeating. That would be to say that the formula itself—clouds, distances, glittering fragments—is the important thing, and that any combination of these ingredients must inevitably produce an attractive picture, a conclusion that on the face of it is ridiculous. There is more to his work than that—a kind of innocence, a bright, effortless evocation—and though these qualities may come from Tanguy's own mind, they would hardly be enough to give his painting value without the technical facility to back them up.

His work has little direct meaning, or even indirect suggestion, either. Philosophically, it is very hazy. But it seems to be almost a rule of modern painting (and it is one the Surrealists follow religiously) that the cloudier and more obscure the symbolism intended, the more exact and meticulously realistic its portrayal must be, and Tanguy has been wise indeed to develop his painting skills to this end in recent years. That he has done so with profit the current collection testifies. Seen purely as painting, as the faithful rendition of surfaces and textures, this show offers the best work he has done to date. The bones that fill his foregrounds are quite palpably bones, white and chalky, and the parchment-like covering in which he sometimes encloses them (see "La Tour Marine" and "Par Deux Fois") is dry and thin and brittle, as parchment should be. They may not mean much as symbols, and they may seem willful and arbitrary in their groupings, but they have at least the power of verisimilitude, and an uneasy and tremulous suggestion arises from them on account of it. It is this one thing, this quality of making the unreal seem real, so to speak, which lifts Tanguy's painting consistently above the level of pure decoration. There are times, as in "Les Couleurs Equivoques" and the large, rather intricately organized "Ma Vie Blanche et Noire," when it carries his work well up into the regions of true poetry.

If Tanguy paints much the same subjects year after year, Max Ernst, a fellow-Surrealist, is at the opposite extreme, letting hardly a year go by without radically changing his style. Last year, for example, it was jungles that interested him—the jungles of the mind and the subconscious, to be sure, but green and steamy and fringe-foliaged, nonetheless. This year it is geometry that has taken his fancy, and his new exhibition, at the Julien Levy, from the portrait called "Euclide" on through the half dozen or so pieces of sculpture that are on view with the paintings, is full of references to the triangle, the square, and the circle. The sculpture is a really new venture, since this is



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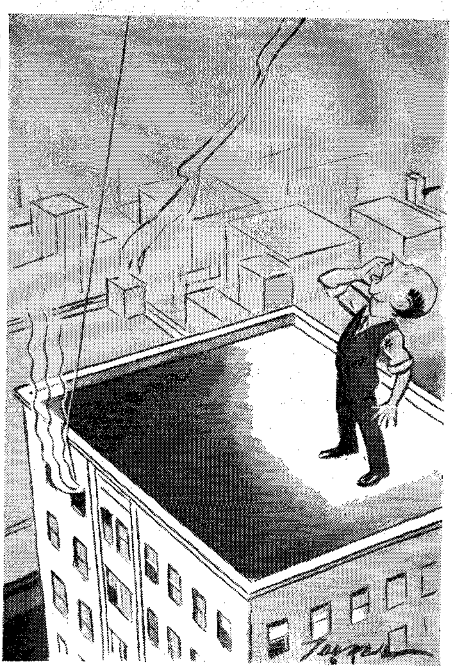

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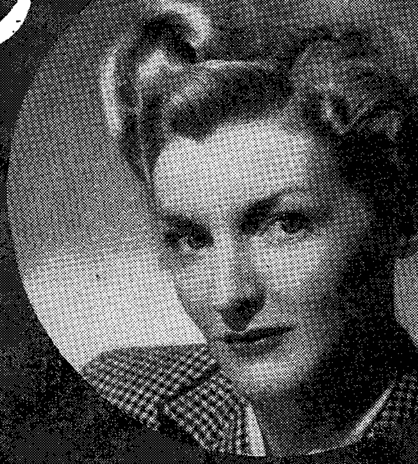

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his first showing of any size in this medium, and I found it, surprisingly, rather better than the painting—surer, solider, and, in such pieces as "Two in One" and "Nude in Exile," endowed with a strong feeling for volume and balance.

AT the Midtown, they have some Guatemalan paintings by Doris Rosenthal, who till now has confined her attention rather closely to Mexico. There's not much difference in the scenery of the two republics, however, and there's a considerable similarity in the ways of life of their inhabitants, and Miss Rosenthal's approach to the new locale is as simple and sympathetic as ever. The great value of her work, now as always, is that there is not an ounce of the patronizing in her attitude toward her subjects. There is no dressing up of the facts and no toning down of them either, no striving for quaintness. If it's a poor little country inn she is depicting, as in "Comedor," she shows the heat and the sprawling crowdedness of the place, but she shows it without emphasis and without comment, as something perfectly natural and agreeable to the people in it, and the effect of immediacy and intimacy that results is remarkable. I liked, too, "Plume Dance" and the somnolent "Pensión Granada," as well as the lovely green "Flowers and Fruit."

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Ned was exiled to the government leper colony on Culion Island off Manila. Here he lived like Crusoe for 30 years, kept sane by association with his 2,700 fellow patients.—*From a book review in the Chicago Daily News.*

Whom he called Friday?

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A. By every one being careful of how they talk when he is present, and of what they say to him and how they say it.—*From a pamphlet by Dr. Herman N. Bundesen.*

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[*From the Albany (N.Y.) Times Union*]

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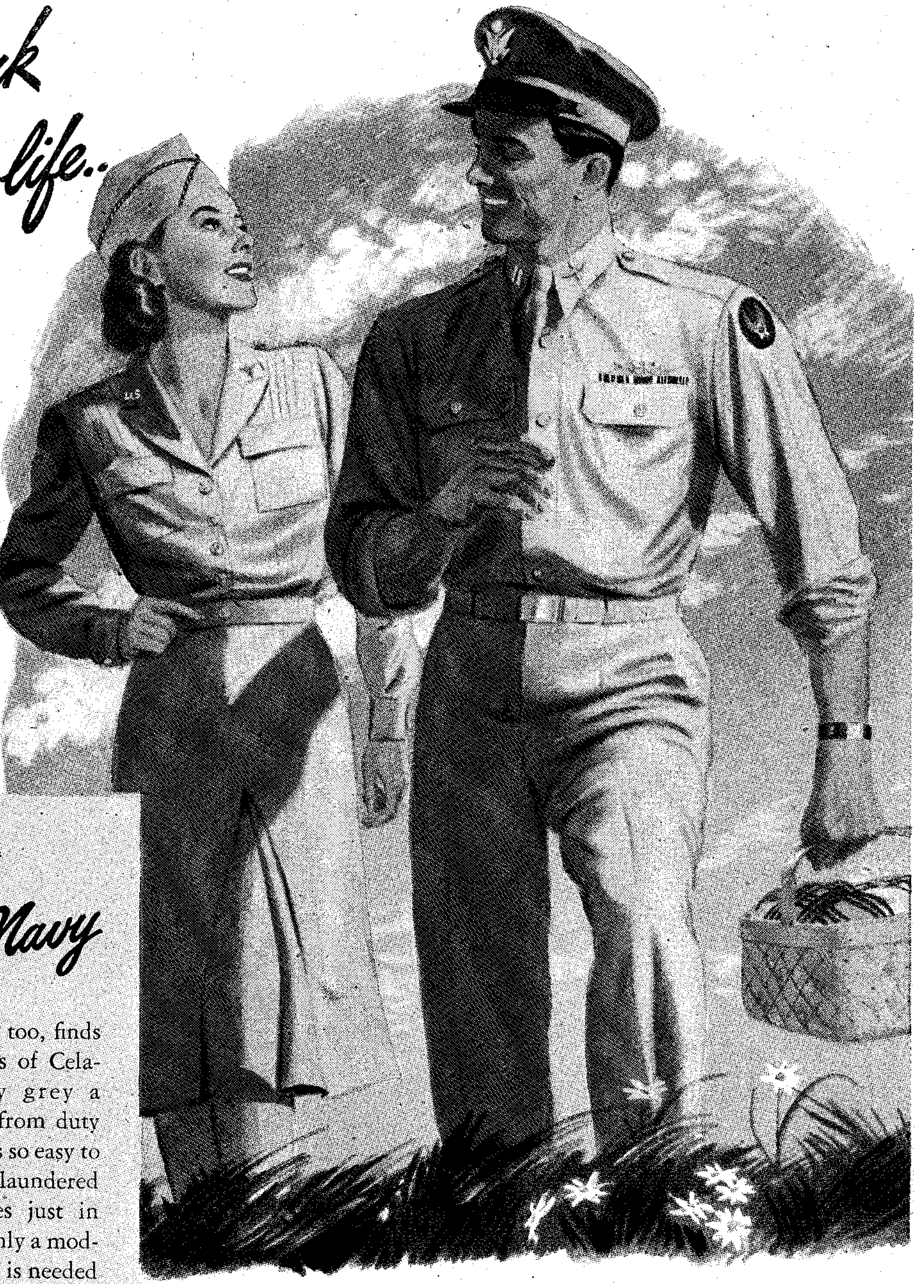

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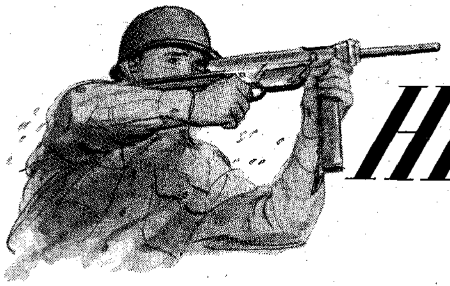

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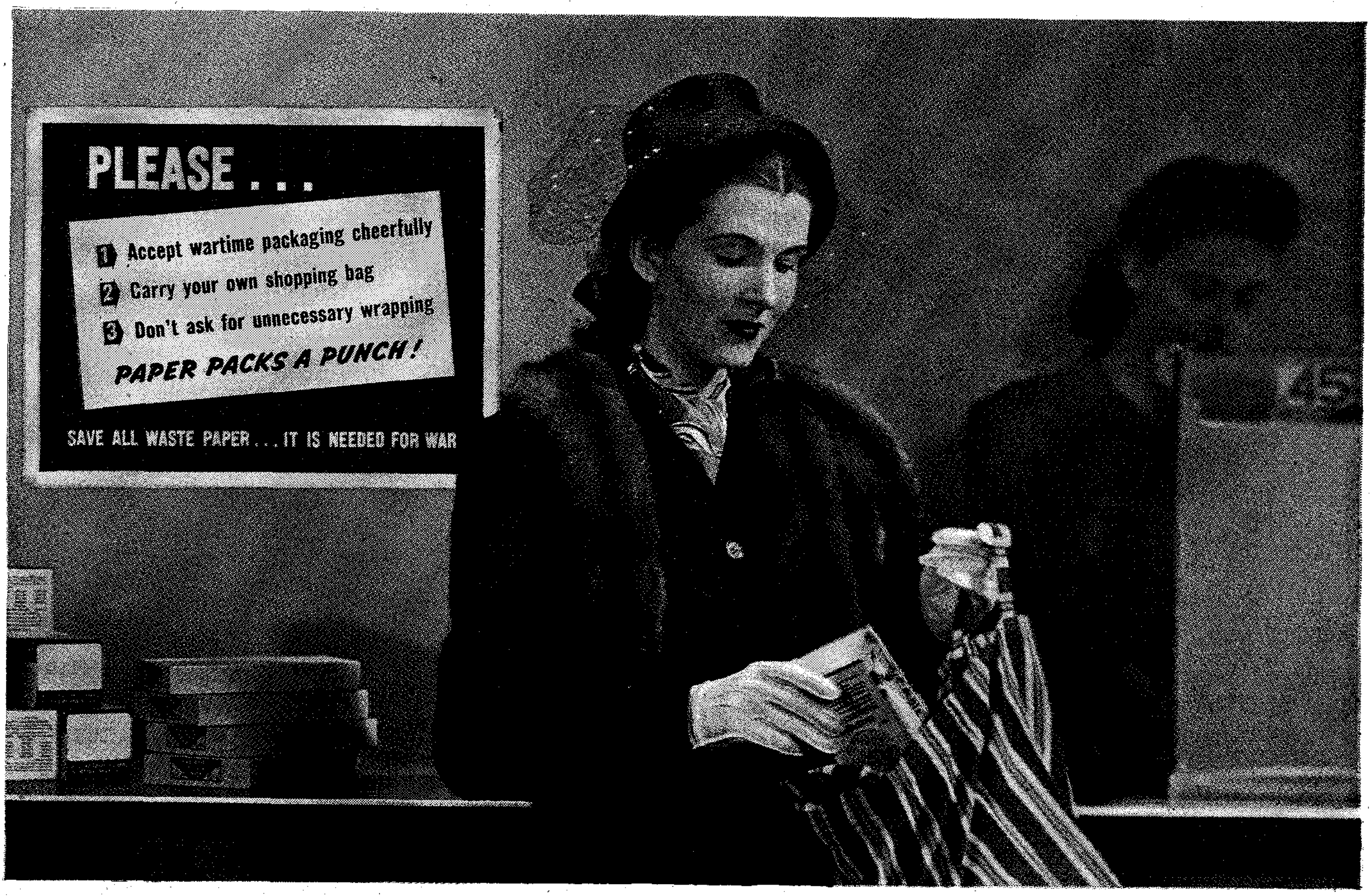
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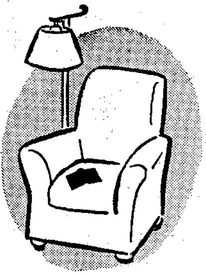
The Aesthetic Man

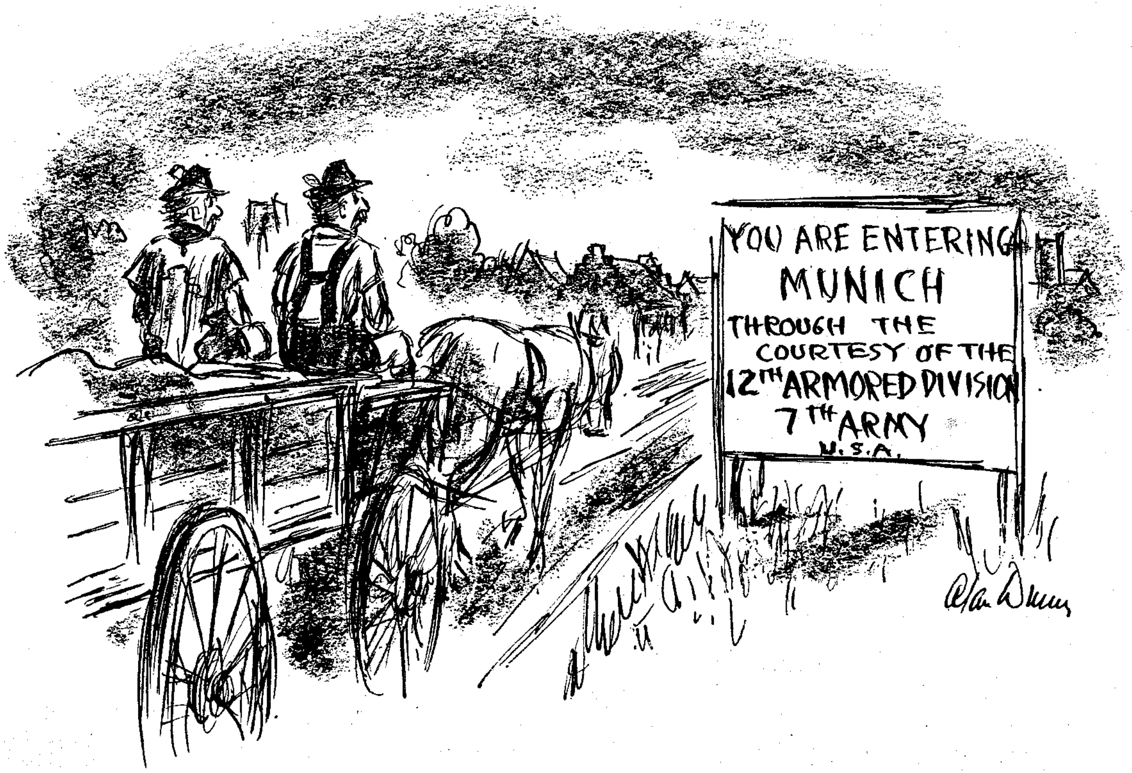


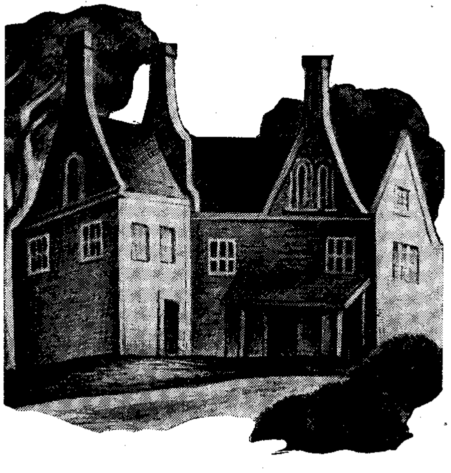
George Moore, in William Gaunt's "The Aesthetic Adventure" (Harcourt, Brace), is quoted as saying of Whistler, a rather small man, that if he had weighed a few pounds more he would have been the equal of Velasquez. After reading Mr. Gaunt's book, a comprehensive study of the writers and painters who figured in the so-called art-for-art's-sake movement in England, with references to its cross-fertilization by the similar movement in France, I wonder if, by revising Moore's judgment slightly, we might not cover that whole chapter in English letters (forgetting, for the moment, the painters involved) by saying that with a little more weight it would have been one of the great periods in literature. The fact that it wasn't, and that all its alarms and excursions seem a bit old-fashioned now, doesn't keep it from being a very interesting one. It also had an importance that is probably far greater than that of the literature it produced. The authors who participated in the art-for-art's-sake adventure in England—Swinburne, Pater, Oscar Wilde, and the rest—were not the best writers in the world, but, as Mr. Gaunt shows, they marked the emergence of a new kind of artist, using the word in the sense in which it generally has quotation marks around it, and they represented the crystallization of a special point of view. Just as the economists of the early- and middle-nineteenth century turned their subject into what it pleased them to call a science and invented the "economic man," so did the cult and cultivation of art for art's sake, as the author points out, produce the "aesthetic man." These two fellows may not look alike, but nobody need be fooled; they are the nineteenth century's unidentical twins.

The real theme of Mr. Gaunt's book, and its real interest, is the rise of the "aesthetic man." However, since he is shrewd enough to understand that few people would care much about this particular piece of genealogy, he has made it part of a larger design and written a social, literary, and artistic history of the period covered by the art-for-art's-sake experiment—quite a good history, too. It is not nearly so comprehensive as it might be, but it contains all the essential information about the somewhat *enfant-terrible* movement that began, roughly speaking, with the publication of Théophile Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin" in 1835 and ended, still roughly speaking, with the trial of Oscar Wilde on a morals charge in 1895. Many persons appeared on the art-for-art's-sake stage in those sixty years—Gautier, Rimbaud, Verlaine, Mallarmé, Baudelaire, Manet, Monet, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, van Gogh, Whistler, Swinburne, Pater, Beardsley, the Rossettis, and so on. Each played a rôle, major or minor, in the movement; each had a part, major or minor, in the fathering of the "aesthetic man."

It's about time, I suppose, to point out this man, and the movement he represented, for what they were, or, rather, for what Mr. Gaunt, who brought the whole thing up, says they were. "The 'aesthetic man,'" the author says, "recognized no duties, pursued no interests, save those of art. . . . He was indifferent to religion, morality, education, political principle, or social improvement. . . . The aesthetic movement was fundamentally selfish. . . . Only, it seemed, by a determined egotism could the precious grain of beauty be separated from the common substance in which it lay concealed. . . . The movement was never popular in Britain. . . . Though it had a profound effect in a limited circle it was uneasily placed between the prejudice of idealist and Philistine alike. . . . The denial of moral purpose, the compression of what has to be said into an exact form . . . were alien to its [Britain's] complex and romantic genius."

There are two things about this summing up that bother me. The first is that I think Mr. Gaunt is making a mistake in presuming that the "aesthetic man" passed away with the nineteenth century (he is still very much with us, I'm afraid), and the second is that I feel that the failure of the art-for-art's-sake movement in England, as measured by the quality of the work that came out of it, had deeper causes than those Mr. Gaunt gives. We get near the root of the matter if we measure the work done in France, under the impetus of the same set of drives, against that turned out in England. The literary and artistic work produced by the art-for-art's-sake movement in England was not, as Mr. Gaunt says, altogether negligible, but certainly nobody is going to argue that this work was on the same high level as that in France—that Swinburne is the equal of Baude-





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laire, for instance, or that Whistler, for all his merit, belongs in the company of van Gogh and Cézanne. More is involved here, it seems to me, than differences of talent and ability. What is strongly suggested is that whereas the Frenchmen of the time were following a natural and perhaps inevitable pattern of development, the Englishmen of the art-for-art's-sake group, as well as Whistler, that tumbleweed of an American, were moving outside the orbit of their own social frame and culture. They represented a rebellion against the standards and values of Victorian England, and they were a crowd of cultivated, perhaps overcultivated, Dead End kids, but I can't see that their rebellion got them anywhere except to another dead end. The less flamboyant writers of the time, men like Browning, Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold, who didn't hunt for their primary nourishment and inspiration in alien climates, left an infinitely more substantial body of work, and the more social-minded rebels of the era, such as Ruskin and William Morris, would appear to have kicked over the traces to a rather better effect—they, at least, made an effort to attack causes and not symptoms.

One thing that struck me over and over again, as I read Mr. Gaunt's book, was that the group of men he was writing about represented what might be called the original lost generation. If you don't look too hard, it's difficult to tell it from succeeding lost generations, including the one godmothered by Miss Gertrude Stein. I don't know what the moral is, or even if there is a moral. It may be, however, that the sensitive minority of every generation cannot help but feel lost (even Emerson did at times) and must find itself, if for no other reason than that it *is* a minority, outside the ordinary drift and current of its time. It may be, too, that one doesn't escape lostness by turning one's back on one's country, and that being lost in Paris, or any equivalent of Paris, isn't really much better than being lost at home. —HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PRIDE'S WAY, by Robert Molloy (Macmillan). Those who have been complaining that we never get any more comfortable, old-fashioned novels which present few problems but are at the same time not too cozy for the intelligent reader ought to be pleased with this one. A novel with an old lady for a heroine is always a

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risk, and picturesque Charleston as a background is downright dangerous, but Mr. Molloy has set his old lady bang in the midst of crape myrtles, fish vendors, courtly old gentlemen, turbaned *maumas* on the Battery, and all that, and got away with it. Not in the least an important book, but a pleasing one, written with humor and a nice satiric touch.

BORDER CITY, by Hart Stilwell (Doubleday, Doran). A readable novel which, though it is rather glib, manages to draw you into the thick of the uneven racial conflict between Americans and Mexicans in a small town on the Mexican border. When a gentle Mexican girl is raped by the political boss of the town, a young reporter on the town newspaper makes her cause his own, only to discover that he has taken on the whole political setup of Border City. Needless to say, he takes on the girl, too. A brisk narrative style and plenty of sly digs at the Good Neighbor policy as preached (not practiced) by the town's white citizenry take your mind off the fact that the book is none too well written.

COMING HOME, by Lester Cohen (Viking). This is a great week for rape, and political bosses too. Mr. Cohen's story opens fortissimo with an attack by an aged but lively Pittsburgh political boss on a young Polish girl whose lover is in the Marines. When the soldier comes home from Guadalcanal and finds what has happened to his girl, he beats up the politician and lands in jail, from which there is every chance he will be railroaded to a long prison term. With the aid of a crusading lawyer, he manages, in his trial, to expose political corruption that reaches even beyond his enemy. Mr. Cohen has no more style than a jack rabbit, but his book affords a certain entertainment.

ASK NO QUARTER, by George Marsh (Morrow). A better than average historical novel by a literate writer who shows an easy familiarity with the special character of Colonial Rhode Island, where part of the scene is laid. The story is largely concerned with a poor boy who takes to privateering, gets command of a ship, and makes his fortune in a long cruise to the West Indies. He returns to Newport to deal satisfactorily with his enemies and marry the heroine. There are some chapters in which Mr. Marsh manages a sailing vessel superbly. If he only had equal ability to control his characters, who talk the

Robert Molloy--

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PHOTO BY LEJA GORSKA

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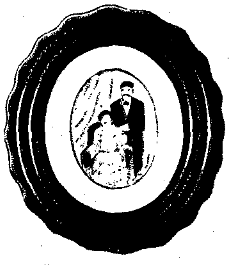

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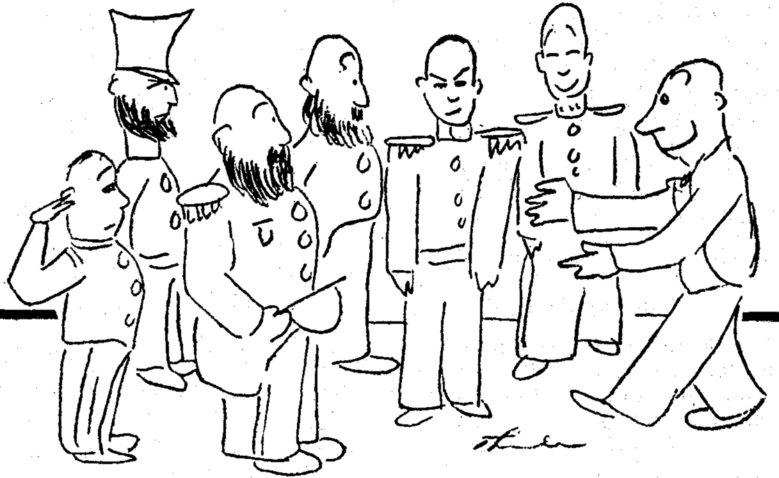

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reader's head off, his novel would have benefited.

The Higher Hill, by Grace Campbell (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). The chronicle of a likable Ontario family before and during the War of 1812. Mrs. Campbell has a nice eye for women busy in a fragrant kitchen, a facility for picturing homey farmyard scenes, and a sincere sense of family loyalties, but in spite of that her novel is never more than a prettified story with careful historical trimmings.

GENERAL

Japanese Militarism, by John M. Maki (Knopf). Militarism and aggression, says Mr. Maki, an American of Japanese ancestry who was a college professor before he took a war job with the government, are only the tactical objectives of our war against Japan. The real objectives, beyond the military defeat of Japan, are the ideas, the attitudes, the social institutions, and the economic structure that have brought about her aggressive militarism. He examines these elements of Japanese society and urges the victorious United Nations to introduce into Japan new ideas that will enable the Japanese to grow out of their almost infantile political immaturity. This is much easier said than done, and Mr. Maki isn't very helpful at telling us how to go about it, but it is rather pleasant, for a change, to come across a man who doesn't know all the answers. Anyone who has not given Japan the hard and careful attention she deserves could hardly find a better book to begin with.

Of Life and Love, by Emil Ludwig (Philosophical Library). Mr. Ludwig, who has already considered such diverse subjects as Napoleon, Beethoven, Goethe, and the life story of the river Nile, has now turned his attention to more complex matters. Among the essays included in this book are musings on jealousy, hate, greatness, Don Juan, Casanova, divorce, and just plain sex. He offers a few curious conclusions, such as that a great pianist who is married eight times is more inclined toward monogamy than most men who marry but once; he also presents many conclusions, such as that a man who doesn't notice his wife's new dress is a goose, that sound as though he had been taking a stiff seminar in Dorothy Dix. Mr. Ludwig's prose has a certain man-of-the-world strut, as if he were under the impression that it belongs in a devilish and highly sophisticated book, but this sort of deviltry, and this sort of sophistication, began to wear thin with Arthur Schnitzler and other members of the Austrian whipped-cream-with-coffee school.

Fighting Liberal, by George W. Norris (Macmillan). The posthumously published autobiography of the late dean of American liberals, with a detailed account of the legislative battles he engaged in. Mr. Norris writes as he spoke, plainly and bluntly, and the philosophy he puts forward, a mixture of Populism, Christianity, and the New Deal, is the philosophy he lived by. Few modern American legislators left a more substantial record of achievement behind them, but most of the politics in Mr. Norris's book is beginning to show its age; even his classic struggle against "Cannonism" seems to belong to a distant, happier, and more innocent time. In the earlier part of his story, in which he tells of his youth and young manhood in Nebraska, he has written an authentic American document that belongs on the same shelf as Hamlin Garland and other chroniclers of the middle border. Illustrated.

An Invitation to Chess, by Irving Chernev and Kenneth Harkness (Simon & Schuster). Two editors of a chess magazine have whipped up a manual, elementary enough at the start to explain the movements of the pieces but graduating before long to a discussion of principles and a step-by-step analysis of sample contests. Clear and cerebral, as a book on chess should be, and illustrated with photographs and diagrams.

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UNITED PRESS STAFF CORRESPONDENT
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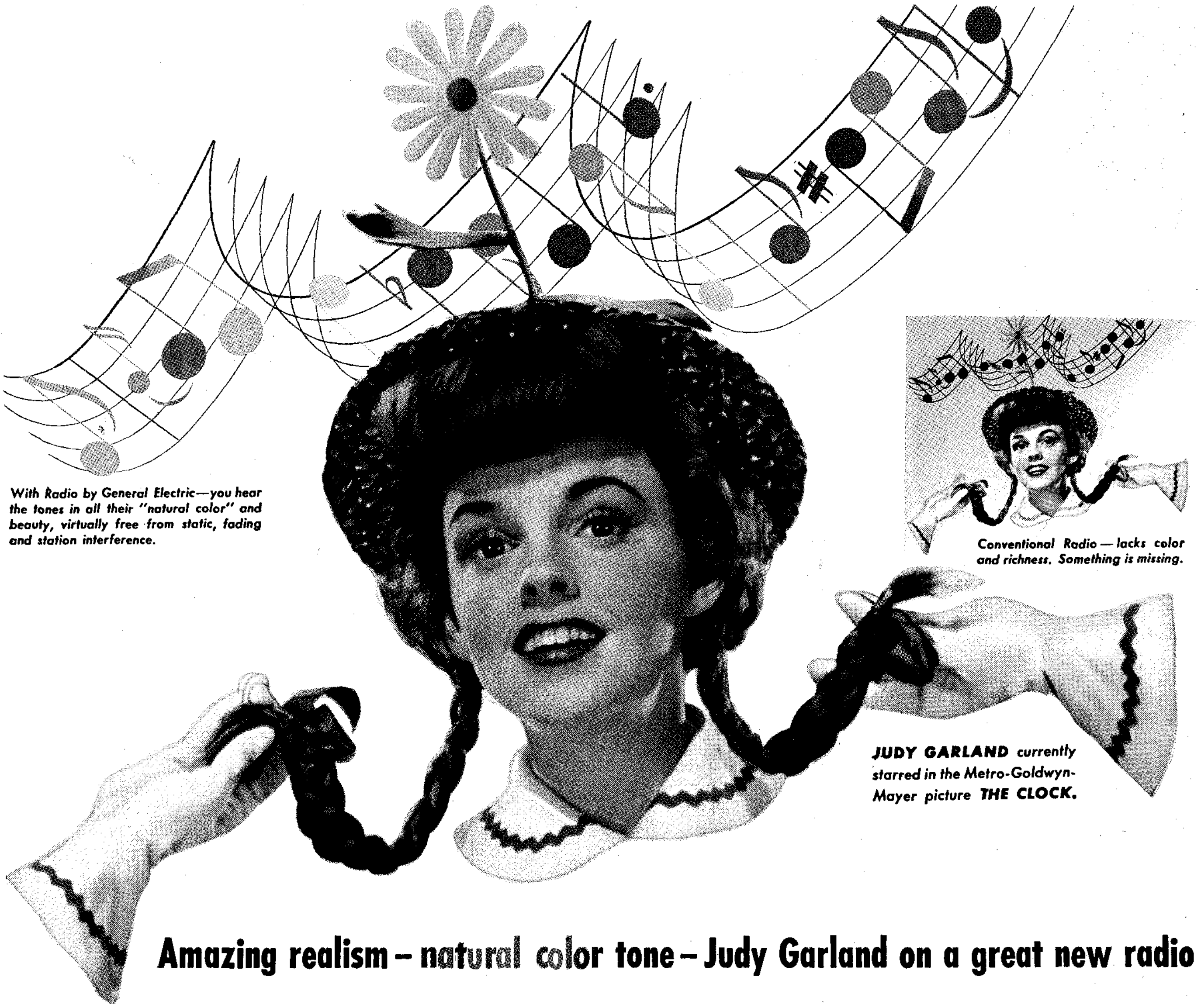

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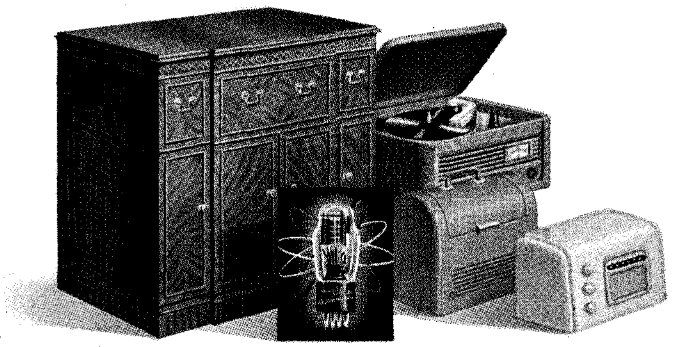

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